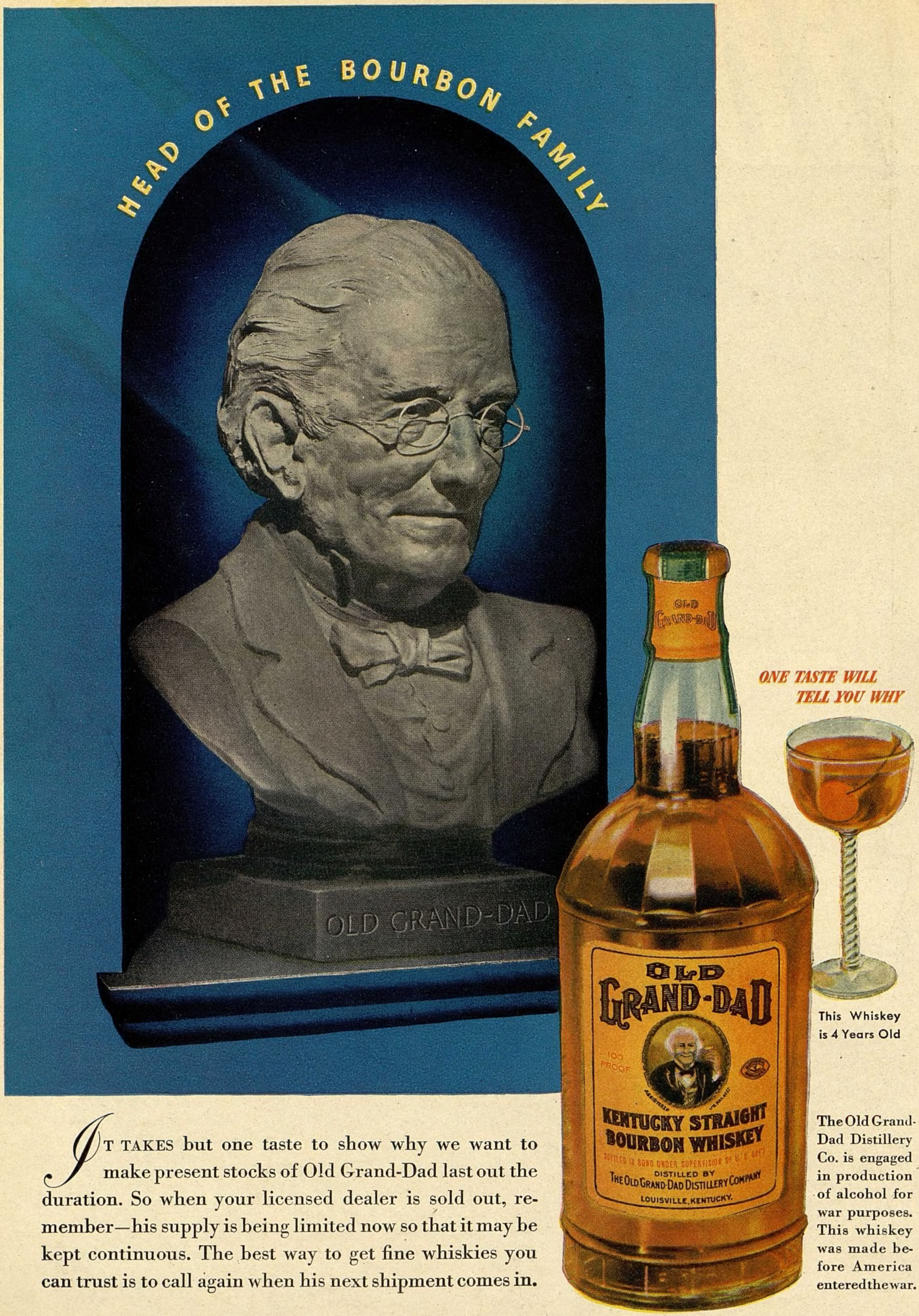
Liberty

NOV. 13, 1943

10c

Book:
Mystery Thriller
THE CROSS-EYED BEAR

Do Americans Want
a New World?
by DR. GEORGE GALLUP


HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY
OLD GRAND-DAD
OLD GRAND-DAD
ONE TASTE WILL TELL YOU WHY
OLD GRAND-DAD
100 PROOF
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOV'T
DISTILLED BY
THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.
This Whiskey is 4 Years Old

IT TAKES but one taste to show why we want to make present stocks of Old Grand-Dad last out the duration. So when your licensed dealer is sold out, remember—his supply is being limited now so that it may be kept continuous. The best way to get fine whiskies you can trust is to call again when his next shipment comes in.

The Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co. is engaged in production of alcohol for war purposes. This whiskey was made before America entered the war.

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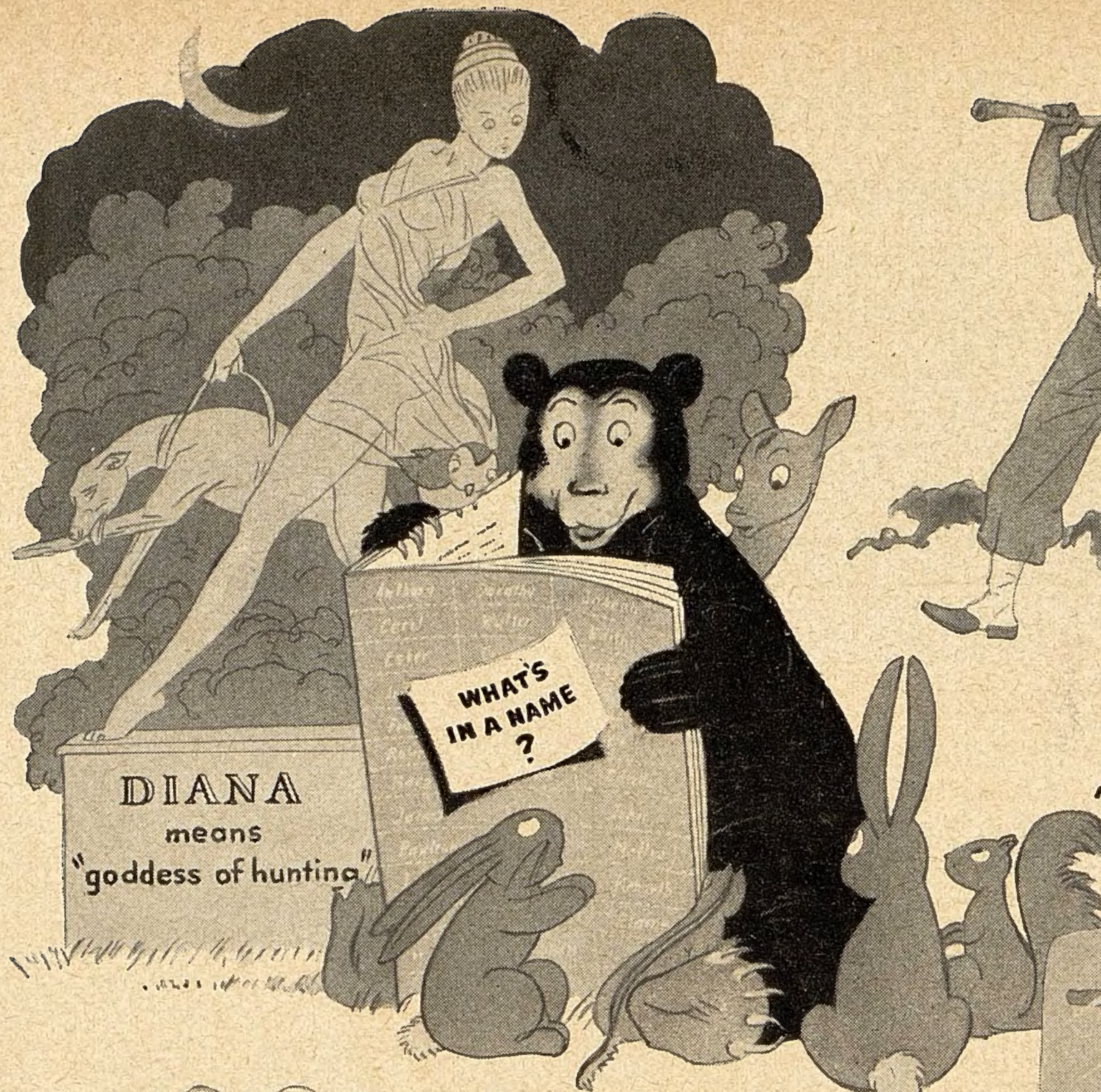
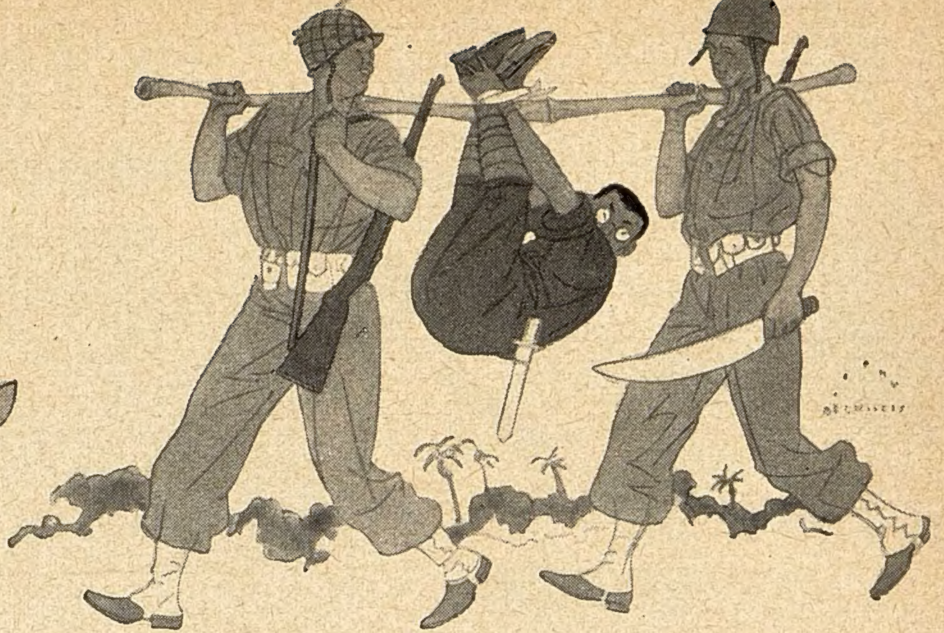
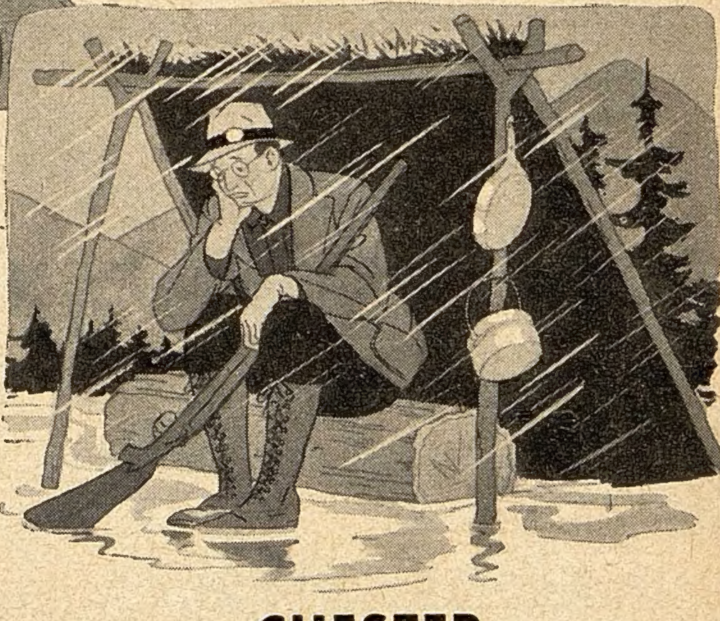

WHAT'S IN A NAME ?
DIANA
means
"goddess of hunting"

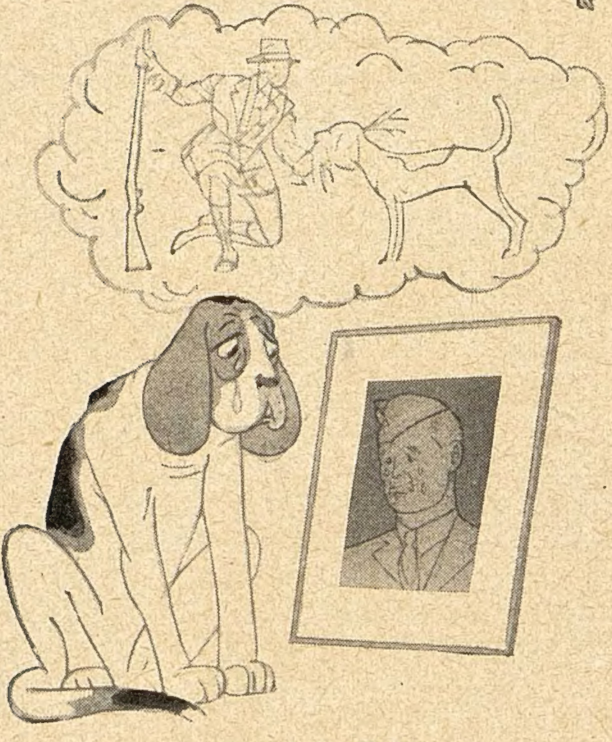


ELLIOT
means
"a huntsman"

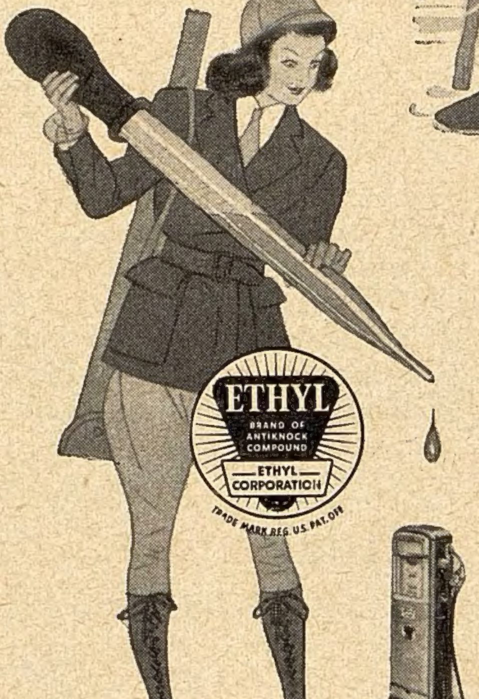
SILAS
means
"a forester"



CHESTER
means "a camp"



TALBOT
means "a hunting dog"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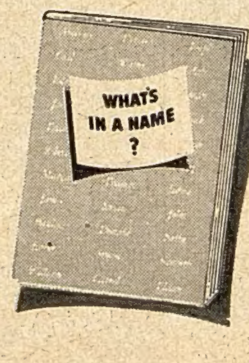
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Room 3506, Chrysler Building,
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(PLEASE PRINT)

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PAW
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LEE WAGNER, CIRCULATION MANAGER

How Increasing Your Vocabulary Will Help You Get Ahead In Life

What This Book Will Do For You

1. How you may talk and write your way to greater business success and social position.
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6. How to add words to your vocabulary, while at movies, listening to radio, reading newspaper, or looking at signs.
7. How words can make you appear brilliant or ignorant; and how to turn them into your slaves.
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26. Ten words that define and describe the kinds of words we use, and how to know specifically into which classification words fall.
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28. Here are some simple classic "roots" which will quickly and automatically increase your language-power.
29. A fascinating sketch showing how words change their meanings; how our language shifts, changes, and grows.
30. Thirty tests to prove how far you have come! How to make vocabulary-building a lifetime habit. Complete index and pronunciation key.

DR. WILFRED FUNK

is the well-known author and lexicographer, for 16 years President of the famous dictionary-making firm of Funk and Wagnalls. His collaborator, Mr. Norman Lewis, is a well-known author of textbooks and teacher of English.

IF YOUR vocabulary is limited, your chances of success are limited. The greater your vocabulary the more likely you are to succeed!

The truth of this has been proved time and again, by experts who have given thousands of scientific tests comparing the vocabularies of successful executives with run-of-the-mill employees.

In fact, many leading psychologists use vocabulary tests *alone* to determine a person's intelligence. Stanford University has found that such tests are 90% as accurate in determining your intelligence quotient as the Stanford-Binet "I. Q." tests.

AND IN BOTH THE ARMY AND NAVY a man's rating in his vocabulary quizzes overshadows any other single test in deciding his advancement!

Regardless of the field of endeavor in which you are engaged, the number of words you know and can use correctly is the most important single measurement by which others judge your ability. Therefore, a better command of words will not only help you get ahead faster, it will also give you assurance; build your self-confidence; lend color to your personality; increase your popularity.

How to Acquire a Larger Vocabulary —In Only 15 Minutes A Day!

However, the proof that you doubtless *already* realize the truth of these statements is indicated by the fact that you have probably *always* wanted to increase your vocabulary. But, up to now, perhaps you have never found a method which would actually make you *eager* to do it. That is why you will welcome this announcement of a wonderful new book, *"30 Days to a More Powerful Vocabulary,"* which really makes it exciting fun—a fascinating game—to learn new words!

This book is divided into 30 delightful daily chapters. Each day you spend 15 enjoyable minutes with this book—and it does FOR you, and for your vocabulary, the things you will read about in the 30 little boxes shown here at the left.

"I Like This Book Immensely"

Perhaps the best outline of what this new book will do for you is given in an interesting review written for the *Springfield* (*Mass.*) *Union* by Mr. A. L. S. Wood. "This book," writes Mr. Wood, "is really something. It goes at the business of giving you a better command of English in something of a novel way. You'll master not only a number of words, but use them properly, and improve not only your speech but your thinking.

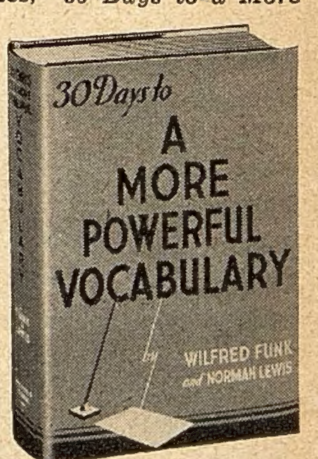
"The more you know about words, the more you know how to use and to understand, the better you will get along. For life depends upon thought; thought must precede action. The clearer our thinking, the more effective our acts. We cannot think clearly unless we think in words.

"I like this book immensely. In 30 days it really would give you a more powerful vocabulary. It will give almost anyone a better understanding of his language, a closer grasp of its infinite variety, and a greater love for this English language of ours."

You'll Enjoy Yourself With This Book

As the review you have just read indicates, *"30 Days to a More Powerful Vocabulary"* does many more things than merely add words to your speaking and writing "toolbox." It digs into your present vocabulary, and roots out the mispronunciations you have been making for years. It tells you the intensely interesting stories behind many of our words, so that you'll understand them better, use them more expressively. You will find scores of tests for checking yourself—even a whole section that will make a lively parlor game for your friends!

If you will enjoy yourself with this unique volume for just 15 minutes a day and for just 30 days—you will (as proven by tests) add more new and *useful* words to your vocabulary than the average adult acquires in 25 years.



"A First Aid to Better Speech"

"This book not only provides practical ideas for enlarging any vocabulary, but shows up the short-comings by progressive tests. The arrangement of the material in a thirty day course towards 'a more powerful vocabulary' successfully avoids making the exercises monotonous. The authors show how every day can contribute its quota."

VIRGINIA KIRKUS, Eminent Literary Critic.

"Simple, Clearly, Directly Written"

"It makes a strong appeal to the reader's own desire for self-improvement and it stimulates him step by step to work through the exercises."

DONALD L. CLARK,
Associate Professor of English,
Columbia University, New York City.

"Benefits in An Incredibly Short Time"

"Seldom, if ever, does one come across a book of this type whose many pages fairly bristle with practical knowledge so entertainingly and forcefully presented."

JOSEPH A. LOEWINSOHN,
In The Atlanta Constitution.

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It costs only a postage stamp to have this book delivered to you for FREE EXAMINATION. No money need be sent now. *"30 Days to a More Powerful Vocabulary"* will be sent to you with the understanding that you may keep it for 5 days. If, even in that short time, you do NOT feel that this book offers you the most interesting way to increase your vocabulary you have ever seen or heard of—then simply return the book to us without the slightest obligation. Otherwise, it is yours to keep for only two dollars, plus the few cents actual postage.

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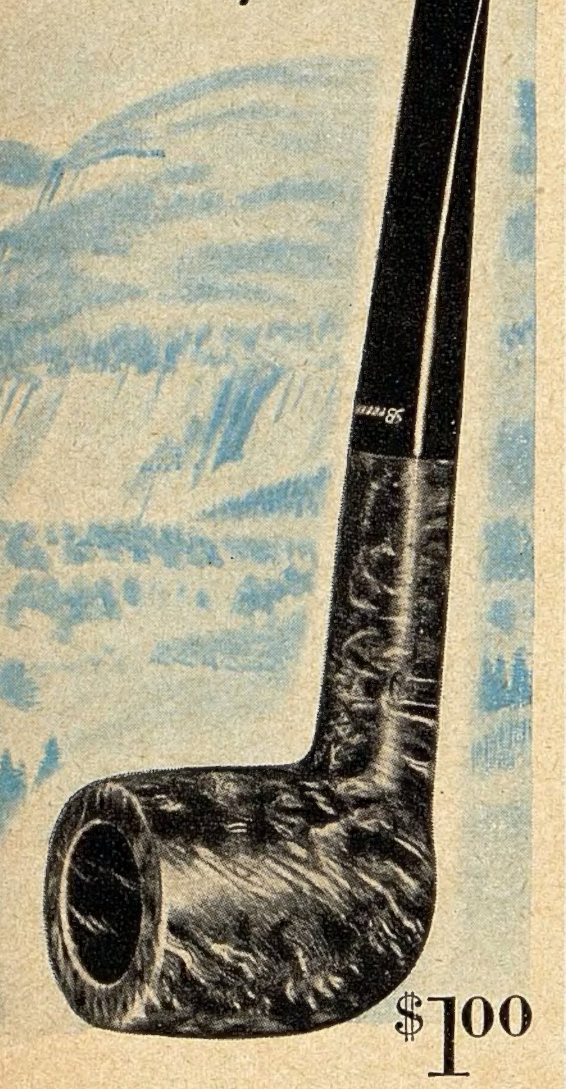
The new Breezewood Pipe



$1.00

America's hitherto untapped resources yield a pipe that is astoundingly light in weight!

Deep in the heart of the Great Smoky Mountains of North Carolina a virgin forest of pipe burls has been discovered—pipe burls of astonishingly light weight. Pipes cut from this beautiful "Breezewood" weigh, on an average, less than an ounce and a quarter, complete with mouthpiece. Discover America's great contribution to your pipe smoking comfort—Breezewood!

I GUESS IT WEIGHS 6 OUNCES
I GUESS 4 OUNCES
I GUESS 3½ OUNCES

No wonder they were astonished! They all guessed too high! Actually the astounding new Breezewood pipe weighs, on an average, less than 1¼ ounces.

Free your Hands for Other Tasks

The new Breezewood pipe is so light, it's pleasant to keep it in your mouth. Breezewood doesn't fatigue you when working, driving, or whenever your hands are busy.

Copy. 1943. The Breezewood Pipe Co., 630 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

EGOTIST

RAYMOND, MISS.—If Miss Eloise Fort James gets a lift to her ego every time she solves a Ted Shane puzzle (October 9 Vox Pop), what an ego I must possess! I solve Ted Shane's puzzles 100 per cent *every* week.—*Roger Wilson.*

SH-H-H!

LOGAN, W. VA.—Frank Wood asks that radio announcers occasionally put on the air an appeal to remember the night worker who must sleep in the day. (October 9 Vox Pop.)

Radio Station WLOG used such spots a year ago, asking its listeners to tune down their radios so their neighbor, awake or asleep, would not be disturbed. These announcements brought compliments to us, rest to many. All stations should heed Mr. Wood's Vox Pop request.—*Radio Station WLOG.*

MUSICAL CONSOLATION

NORTH KANSAS CITY, MO.—Vox Pop of September 18 contained a note signed Two Grief-Stricken Helens and regretting there are no songs dedicated to that name.

May I offer my latest composition entitled Helen? It is unpublished and probably will remain so, but as owner of the Club Hacienda in this city I use the song nightly and will be glad to send the two young ladies a manuscript copy free of charge.—*Herb Cook.*

If Mr. Cook will send a copy of his song to Vox Pop we will hold it in reserve for the Grief-Stricken Helens.

LET US SOW CONFIDENCE

CINCINNATI, OHIO—In the editorial Let's Break the Deadlock (September 25 Liberty), reference is made to the existing distrust of the Russians.

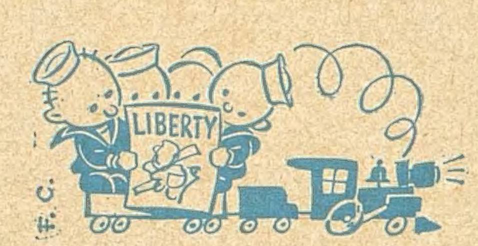
It has taken Russia more than fifteen years, virtually playing a lone hand, to establish herself as a world power with a punch, yet you expect her to let the barriers down, forget all the nasty things being said about her, kiss and make up, and everybody will be happy from now on.

You hint that it is going to be Russia's fault, and not ours, if she persists in remaining coy. In the same breath, and quite sarcastically, you intimate that it is common knowledge that treaties made by our highest ranking public officials are null and void indeed unless they bear Congressional blessings.

It is a hard-and-fast rule, the law of compensation, and we shall reap what we sow.—*Louis Thoma.*

CHASING THE BLUES AWAY

EN ROUTE—We have just finished Love at First Flight and want to tell you how much we enjoyed it. We're air crewmen in the Navy Air Service and know just what he (the author) went through. It gave us a lot of laughs on a long train ride.—*Four Sailors.*



RACE SUICIDE?

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I was very much interested in an article by Gretta Palmer titled alarmingly Race Suicide Strikes America. (August 28 Liberty.) This article deplored the gradual decline in the birth rate of Americans, particularly in urban areas.

Only once did Mrs. Palmer suggest that this decline might be other than completely deleterious. That was after she had stated that the birth rate is still declining despite the fact of the record three million babies born last year.

Alarmists worried about the erratic birth rate should concern themselves not over mere numbers of babies born but over means of keeping alive those babies that are born, so that our infant and maternal deaths for a single year won't be something like fifteen times higher than our tragic death toll of soldiers during an equivalent year of war.

Though I did not always agree with the tone of Miss Palmer's article, you and she are to be congratulated on bringing the important and neglected subject of population before the public. —*Margaret Sanger.*

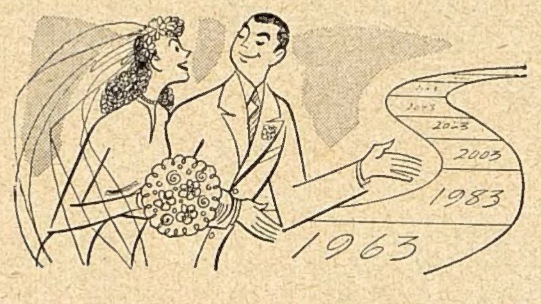
WILD OATS IN THE ARMY

U. S. MARINE HOSPITAL, DETROIT, MICH. —As a veteran of World War I, it was

Woman-Talk

By MARGARET FISHBACK

WHY MARRY?—Here's one good reason: the death rate among married people is lower than among the unmarried at all ages over twenty-five, according to statistics compiled by Dr. J. V. DePorte of the New York State Health Department. Death rates from accidents, homicide, alcoholism, tuberculosis, pneumonia, and syphilis are considerably lower for married men than for single. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company also published some interesting figures on the tie-up between longevity and marriage. A married man between thirty and forty-four has about twice the chance of staying alive as his single brother. Wives' chances, according to this insurance company, are about one and one half times those of spinsters. Nice going, eh wot?



THESE TAXING TIMES: Only eighty Britons have an income, after taxes, of more than $24,000. Five million British adults have had to move from their former homes. The average work week for men in England is fifty-eight hours, plus an additional twelve hours a week *required* in unpaid civil defense or allied work. And still we gripe because we have to work Saturday afternoons and can't get enough beef or gas. . . . An American officer writes me of attending a tea dance in London: "You really drink *tea.* Each table, which seats about twenty, is run by a society or near-society matron who has her regular crew of girls. There are about fifteen hundred people present. The grand prize for the best couple was a single fresh lemon, an almost unheard-of delicacy in these parts. . . . Last weekend I had my first fresh egg in eight months."

It Smarts to Be Thirsty

The stock of liquor's getting low—
Some states have rationed it, and so
It's evident we ought to muzzle
Our dizzy wartime urge to guzzle.

IT IS TO LAUGH: "We are specialists for women who wear sizes 38 to 44," boasts a New York department-store full-page ad. In typical store fashion, the six full-length sketches show all the dresses, slacks, and jumpers, supposedly designed for ample figures, on reedlike babes so hollow as to waistline, so minus as to hips, that any size 38 to 44 knows the suggested wardrobe won't look that way on her. Not that the ads should depict fat females in their true curves, but there should be some remote resemblance to real life. It's true we all want to appear young, slim, and beautiful, and nobody likes to be called a stylish stout or a matron, regardless of size or age, but the glamour should not be laid on with a trowel, or we just don't swallow it. No one can stomach too much of a good thing, whether it be lobster Newburg or phony flattery.

UNNECESSARY FASHION NOTE: The information clerk at the North Station in Boston would have been justified in hanging up on her when he was asked by a phoning female whether the air-conditioned cars on the Kennebec Limited would have blue or brown upholstery. It seems she couldn't wear her purple dress with the brown!

AUTHENTIC REPRODUCTIONS: In Vineland, New Jersey, Mrs. Harry Litwack became the astonished mother of a baby girl born with two upper and two lower teeth. . . . In Washington, D. C., there are two sets of twin offspring, begat by two sets of parents named Mikesell, who think they may be "distantly related." The twins were born in George Washington University Hospital forty-five minutes apart. The younger twins are girls, the daughters of Alfred Mikesell, an astronomist. The twin boys are sons of Raymond Mikesell, an economist. . . . In two days, one week recently, the Stanford-Lane Hospital in San Francisco boasted nineteen births—all girl babies. The next week there were two days in which twenty-two babies made their appearance—all boys.

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you can't work due to SICKNESS or ACCIDENT?

new limited plan pays you

$25.00 WEEKLY in case of Accident, Sickness, Hospitalization

● You can't *prevent* sudden accident or sickness—but you can *protect* yourself against financial hardship. New plan pays $25 weekly benefits for stated sickness and accidents—plus doctor and hospital benefits that bring CASH—not sympathy—when you need it most. North American—largest and oldest company of its kind in America — guarantees this plan. Write today for FREE booklet giving complete details.

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Doctor Bills Coverage
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Men & Women 16 to 69 eligible.
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CITY........................ STATE..........

FOR
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AND
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USE
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MILLIONS OF BOTTLES USED YEARLY

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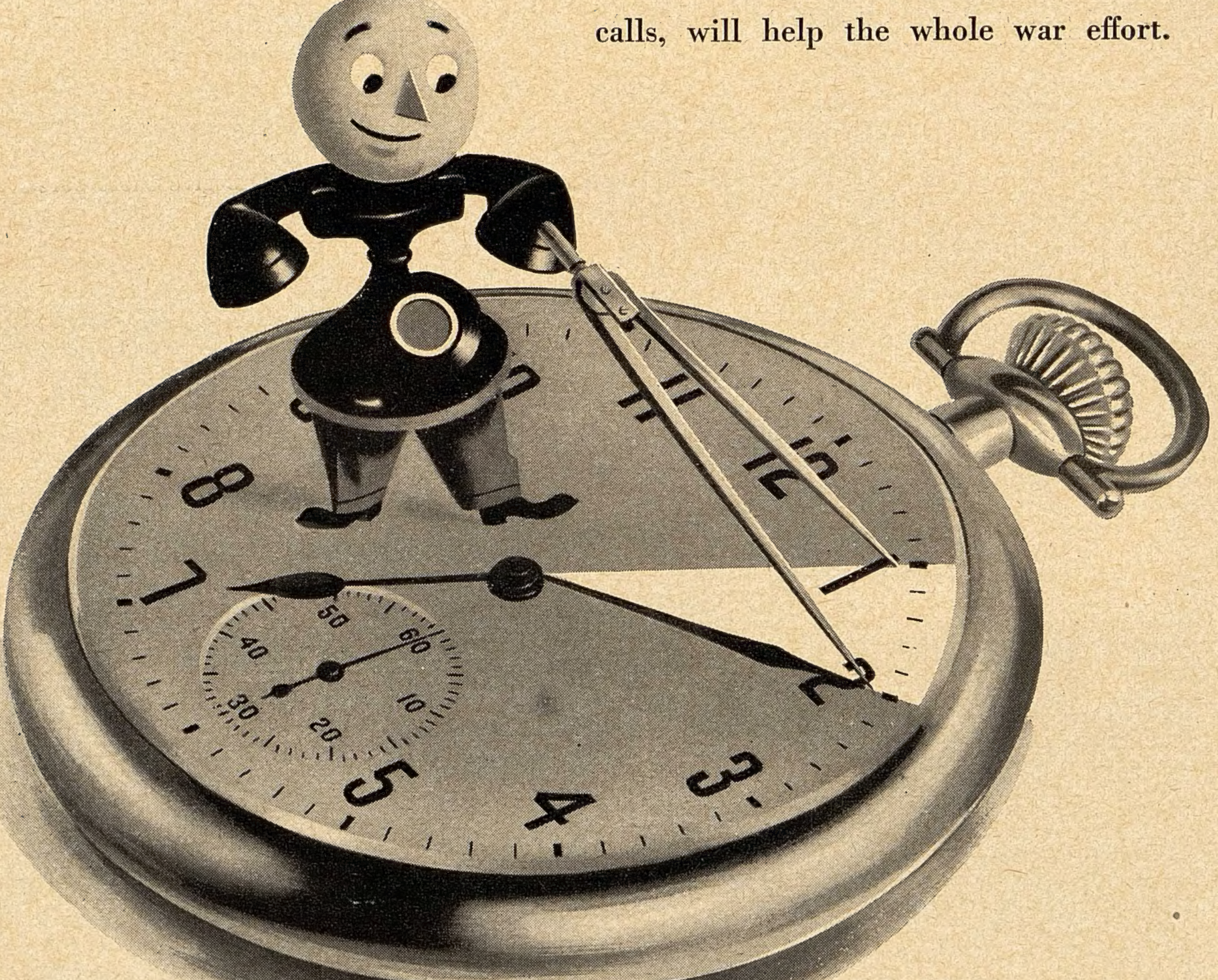
COLA
ERNEST C. GUTH, INC.-BALTIMORE, MD.
THE BEST FIVE CENT DRINK

PLEASE LIMIT YOUR CALL TO FIVE MINUTES

When a Long Distance circuit is crowded the operator will say: "Please limit your call to five minutes."

Observing this time limit on essential calls, and avoiding all unnecessary calls, will help the whole war effort.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

DO AMERICANS WANT A NEW WORLD?

BY GEORGE GALLUP

Director, American Institute of Public Opinion

WHAT kind of world do the American people want when this war is over?

The shape of things to come is seldom predictable, but from public opinion polls to date it is at least possible to obtain a general glimpse of what is in the public's mind as it looks ahead.

Probably the most startling fact is that, so far as life *in the United States* is concerned, people don't seem to want the world of tomorrow to be very different from what it was before the war. A recent Institute survey found that only one person in three in our population (32 per cent) thinks many reforms or changes are needed after the war, so far as domestic American affairs are concerned. The rest either think none are needed or haven't made up their minds.

Even the youth of the country is conservative in that respect; only 35 per cent think reforms are needed. "Back to normalcy" seems to be the current attitude, just as after the last war.

To many sincere social planners this will come as a shock. They are likely to point to the fact that the bulk of New Deal reforms during the past decade were willingly accepted by the voters. That is just the point. The majority attitude throughout the country seems to be that we have had our period to reform and that it has lasted long enough. This does not mean that people want to abandon the social gains of the New Deal. What they balk at is a wave of new reforms.

America's ace opinion-caster finds out from Mr. and Mrs. America what kind of postwar world they *really* want

The attitude of Americans toward postwar alterations at home is markedly different from that in Britain. There the public is deeply engrossed in discussion and planning of social changes after the

(Continued on page 68)

LITTLE DAVID, PLAY ON YOUR HARP

Clarence goes native during the retreat at Kasserine to foil the Nazis and save his major's life in this further adventure of the dusky hepcat in khaki

BY ELEANOR MERCEIN

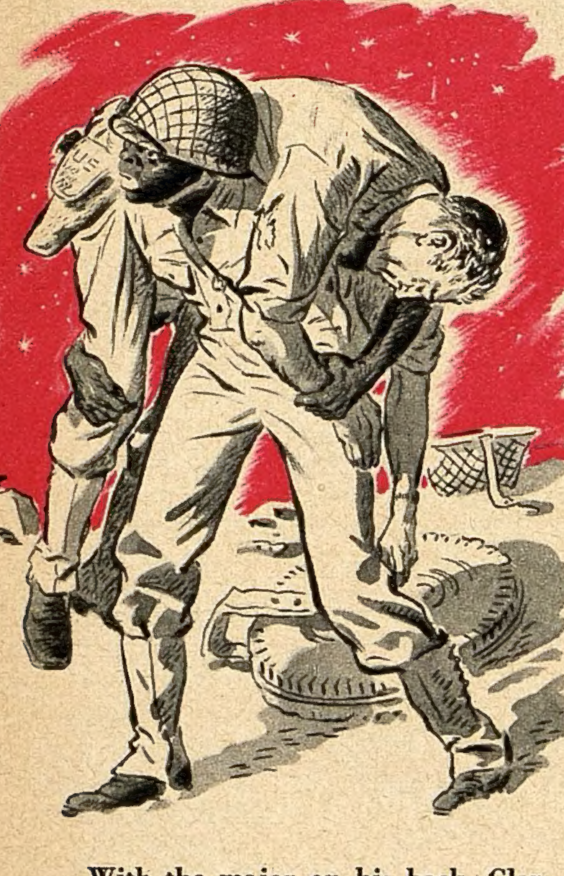
ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

CLARENCE, emerging from the foxhole in which he had lain half suffocated for some hours, looked about him, dazed, at a scene he no longer recognized. It was quite dark now, except for the growing effulgence of the North African heavens, which seemed fuller than usual of outsize stars. The brooding silence was accentuated by the usual distant undercurrent of artillery; only this appeared to be coming now from the wrong direction. No sign remained of the familiar tents, or trucks, or tractors, or indeed of any human activity whatsoever.

"Gorry!" he whimpered. "Is ev'y-body done gone off and lef' me here?"

Then, as his eye grew more accustomed, he saw that he was not entirely deserted. A number of his companions lay around in odd positions, sprawled singly or in motionless groups. The nightmare memory of the plane with the cross on it came back!

ALL day the unit had been working at double time, with a natural human zest for destruction, cheerfully undoing their labors of the past week, under exhortation of their noncoms and even of the major himself, strolling about in his casual democratic way, with a jest here, a word of raillery there—the major being far less of a martinet than the colored officers under him. It was Clarence himself who had been privileged to broadcast the first definite tidings of what was afoot, having observed his commanding officer talking over a field telephone, under the open flap of the tent which served as headquarters. Effecting a detour behind the tent, on his way to the dressing station to have a hand bandaged, his ear had caught one side of an illuminating conversation: "Yes, sir, the boys are leaving this earth scorched, all right! Sure they'll stick. About two or three hours now? . . . O. K., colonel, I'll use my judgment. Thanks, sir. Be seeing you."



With the major on his back, Clarence staggered toward the gully.

Popeyed, Clarence had been in the act of disappearing, when the major caught sight of him. "Here, you! Get back on the job! What company—Oh, so it's you again, Mabel! Well, what's up this time?"

Clarence, used to being called "out of his name"—Mabel or Gertrude or anything that came handy—was not offended. Gentlemen must have their little pleasantries, and the major came from his own part of the world. "Sergeant 'lowed I ain't so much good today, 'cept maybe in de cook tent, Mr. Major, suh. I's done been wounded," he explained, in a plaintive die-away voice that seemed suited to the occasion.

"What by? A mosquito?"

"Naw, suh, it were a spade handle. Done bit me clear to de bone!"

Despite certain preoccupations of the moment, Major Simms grinned. Young as he was, he owed his rank to a long experience of the Negro temperament. "Here, let's see. Yes, that blister is a pretty good alibi. That's what comes of keeping your lily-whites so soft and smooth to play all those band instruments with," he said, examining the huge pink-palmed paw held out to him. "Got any of 'em about you now?" he added thoughtfully.

"Who—me?" Clarence felt himself all over, as if hoping to produce a trombone or a snare drum or perhaps his own treasured saxophone, known to the regiment as "Hot 'n' Sweet." But his pockets yielded up merely one stick of chewing gum, a folding razor, a pair of large red dice, and, from the innermost depths, a cheap harmonica.

"Thought so," said the major. "How much noise can you make on that?"

"Much as anybody, I reckon, boss. I was practically born playin' me a mouf organ."

"All right. Play it, then. Don't do anything else but. Your orders are to strut all over the field, making a one-man fife-and-drum corps of yourself till further notice. Get me?"

"Yessuh! Does you want oomph or zip?"

"Anything that's hot enough to speed things up and keep their minds off what they are doing. Two or three hours—h'mmn!" He glanced at his wrist watch, a unique trifle much admired by Clarence, which, when a secret spring was touched, sounded the hour in an accurate elfin tinkle. "No time to waste. Get going, boy! 'Little David, play on your harp.' "

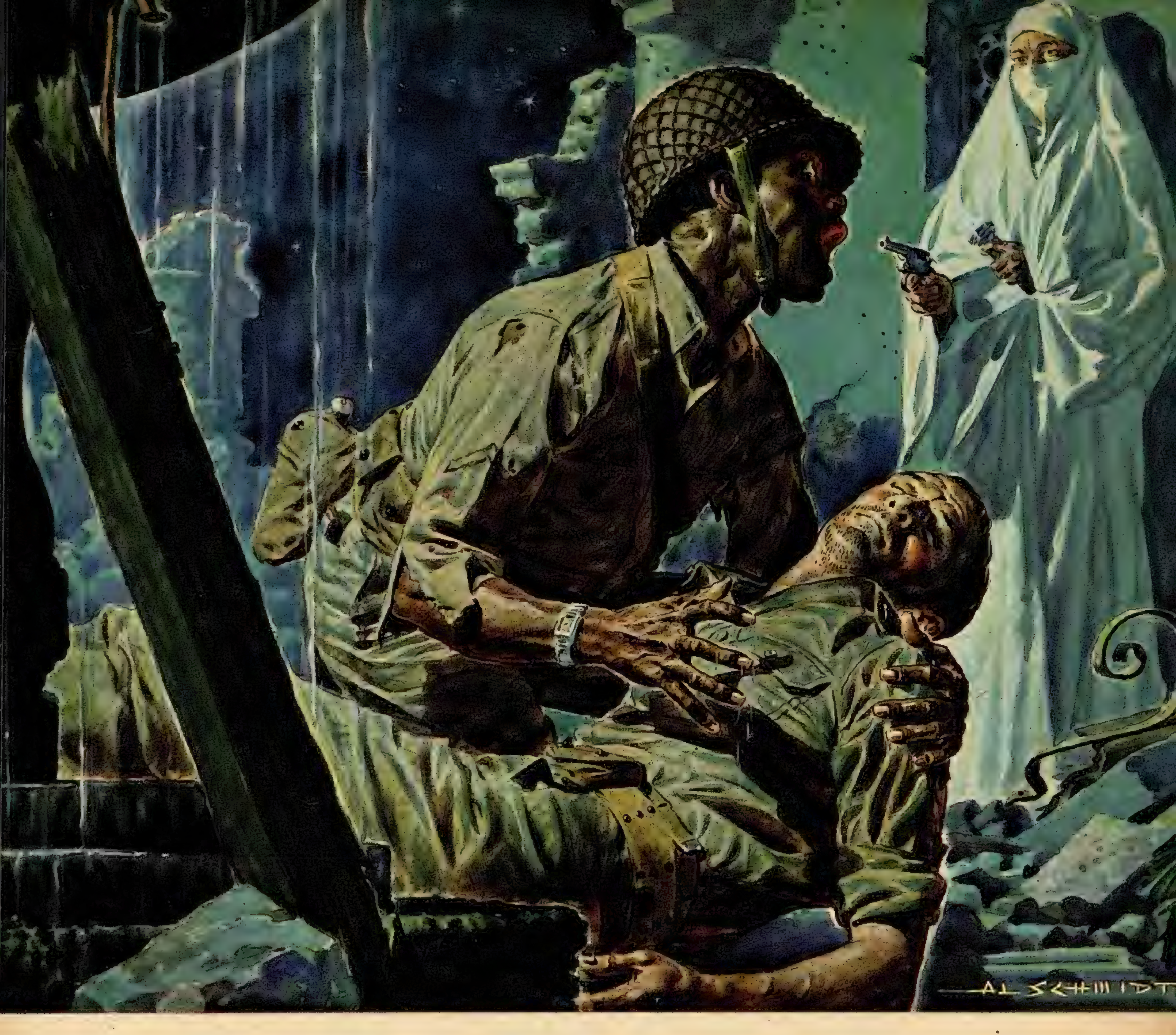
Rumor had already come, via the Arab grapevine—always a swift and accurate source of information—that up ahead somewhere the fleeing enemy had suddenly ceased to behave as a fleeing enemy should, and had turned at bay.

"Like a crawfish do when it aims to git forrarder anudder way," reassured Clarence's sergeant—a gentle black Tennessee giant known as Big Smoke.

BUT there was no denying that the constant mutter of artillery, still a comfortable distance off in a northerly direction, was growing appreciably louder; while along the macadam highroad that bounded their western field of vision, the rapid forward movement of troops and tanks and mobile armament had slowed down visibly; was even beginning to move confusedly back.

Gorry! thought Clarence as he strutted rhythmically about, giving his all to his art. I sho does wish Uncle Sam hadn't of tooken us to make no airfields way up here! In retrospect, by contrast with present possibilities, the late perils of the Liberian jungle seemed quite a relief to contemplate.

However, under the influence of martial music and the heartening presence of their officer in chief, the work of demolition went on apace: concrete revetments and runways being blown up; half-completed



Clarence turned with a strangled yelp. The lady, or her ghost, had a pistol pointed steadily at his head.

hangars and barracks dismantled; furrows plowed crisscross of the broad plateau they had leveled so carefully for a landing field; mounds of earth thrown up at random; everything destroyed that could give any possible aid to a returning enemy. The tents had been already struck; the lorries stood lined up, waiting.

Takes me and the major to git folks humpin', thought Clarence.

Even when one of the planes which zoomed overhead with increasing frequency, too high and swift to be any concern of theirs, swooped suddenly lower—so low that Clarence was able to note the cross painted on its fuselage—his musical utterance did not falter. He was deep at the time in the intricacies of the St. Louis Blues, a rhythm which requires attention.

It was only when a column of infantry, filing along the road beyond, suddenly lay down, like corn before a sickle, while the low-flying plane went chattering busily up and down the length of it, that he realized quite what was upon them. Then, just behind him, the earth went up to heaven in a deafening roar; and Clarence found himself on hands and knees, crawling into the nearest hole and pulling it in, quite literally, after him. There, what with terror, and an insufficiency of ozone, and repeated shocks of concussion, he had passed into a state of merciful oblivion.

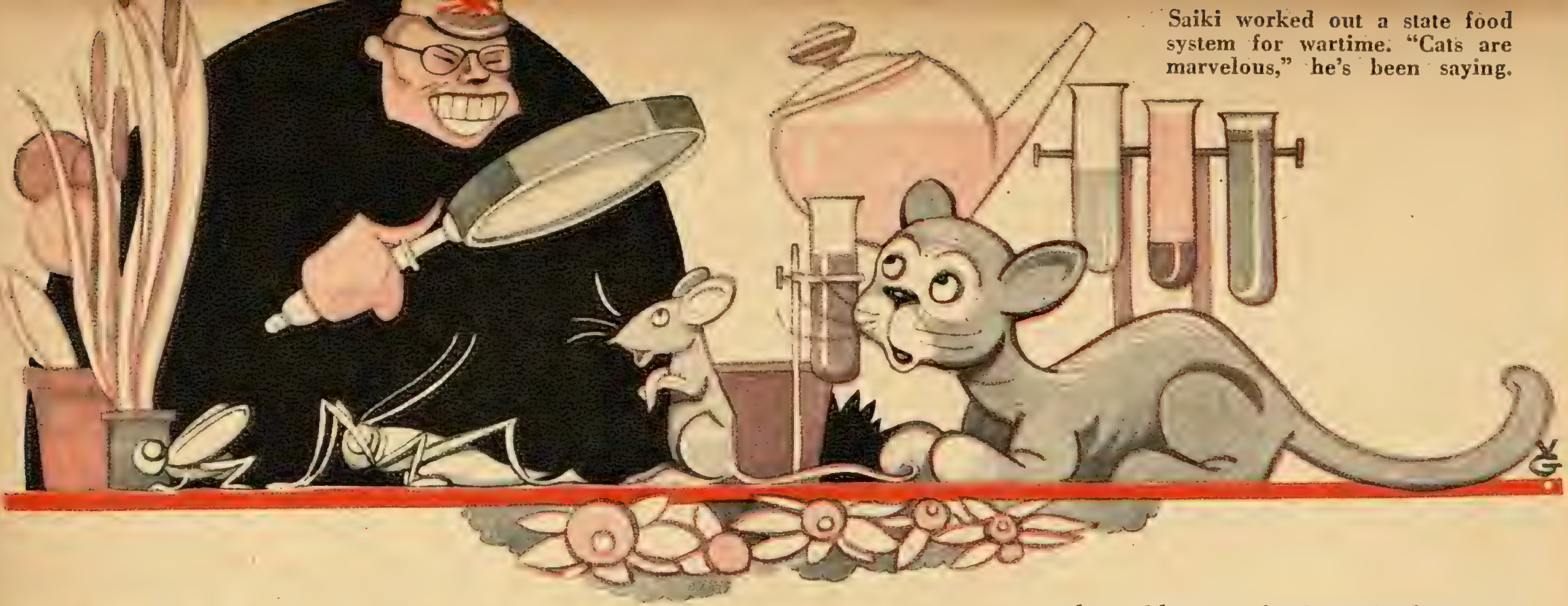
NOW, emerging into starlit emptiness, he realized the plane with the cross on it must have returned, with friends, to make a thorough job of the Negro labor unit.

"Oh, Lawd, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart out of here right quick!" prayed Clarence aloud, and started to run, making wide detours about those silent companions who had become as strangers to him. But as he passed one huddled group, something that glittered, attached to an outflung arm, caught his eye. It was a watch he could not but recognize, having taken the occasion once, while serving temporarily as the major's personal attendant, to investigate the coveted object thoroughly, even to the sentiment engraved inside the back of it: "To Bert from Rose on our wedding day. Mizpah."

Wincing, he hurried on, feeling slightly nauseated. The major had been almost home folks.

It was the thought of the wrist watch, however, that finally halted him. Surely it would not be the act of a patriot to leave behind such treasure-trove for the benefit of the

(*Continued on page 55*)



Saiki worked out a state food system for wartime. "Cats are marvelous," he's been saying.

BANZAI NIPPONOMICS

War costs billions, so how come the Japs aren't busted already? Here's your answer: a combination of shrewd belt tightening and Hon. shell game

BY WALTER B. PITKIN

ILLUSTRATED BY VERNON GRANT

WANT to understand how to run a global war on practically nothing? Then study Nipponomics, the science of the New Order. There's nothing like it.

Turn first to food in present-day Japan.

Long before Pearl Harbor, thousands of Japanese were living on a nickel-a-day diet and liking it—thanks to Professor Tasasu Saiki, director of the Imperial Government Institute for Nutrition in Tokyo. More than ten years ago he had been commanded to find the cheapest possible well balanced diet for the Japanese people, one that could serve the nation well in wartime under a blockade. Money was no object when it came to research. But no money was the object of research—if you follow me. A diet as cheap as air would have pleased the emperor and his warrior clan.

Saiki came as close to thin air as he could. Too bad Americans haven't studied his achievements. The League of Nations knows him well, for he was long a member of the Health Office in Geneva and has long been recognized as one of the world's ablest scientists in nutrition.

He applied Nipponomics to the food problem, which always has been grave in Japan. While analyzing all sorts of strange cheap foods he worked out the details of a state food system to be used in wartime. And we may be sure that it has been used ever since Pearl Harbor, at least in its fundamentals. Food would become a state monopoly. All meals would be cooked in collective kitchens. Nobody would fare better than anybody else. But this would not force identical food on all. Saiki undertook to organize 6,000 foods into 500 daily menus, each radically different from all others.

For years he had been experimenting on all kinds of people. Probably he has more case records of diet than anybody else on earth. For he has had almost unlimited funds. Japan knew food could win the war or lose it. She was going to win. So every yen for Saiki was a yen for victory. And what a yen for victory Japan has!

The Germans aided him enormously in setting up his laboratory. So, alas, did our own scientists. Science, as you know, is supposed to be an international institution. But in Japan every scientist learns all he can from his brother scientists in other countries, while they learn nothing from him. So Professor Saiki knows all about our nutrition studies, but we know nothing about his except what leaked before Pearl Harbor, mostly via the League of Nations.

He proved his diets by testing them on school children, policemen, coolies, peasants, professors, and finally on the mikado's own family. Everybody throve better than on the old-time foods. Children on Saiki's nickel-a-day diet resisted an epidemic far better than did children eating the usual foods.

Having established his nickel-a-day diet firmly, the professor went on into the future. He prepared for the worst kind of wartime blockade. His staff of 250 experts brought in samples of absolutely every green thing that grows anywhere on the islands of Nippon—as well as of mushrooms, lichens, silver moss, etc. They examined every part of each plant, seeking in it something man might digest. As soon as they found anything, no matter how trivial, they drew a chart which showed the edible parts in color.

Not a few common garden flowers had highly nutritious bulbs. Many common husks were excellent. Several molds proved rich in certain enzymes aiding digestion. Today every village in Japan has a set of Saiki's charts and every housewife knows where to find a weed she can cook in a pinch, and has Saiki's recipes for using dry bean and pea pods. She has been taught how to

The boys shot the wicked man and stood

cook grasshoppers and serve them with soybean sauce. She knows how to stew a cat. "Cats are marvelous, a true delicacy fit for a great banquet," Saiki has been saying personally for the last ten years.

I recently talked with Americans who left Tokyo just before Pearl Harbor. "The Japanese," said they gleefully, "are on the verge of famine. At the very swankiest hotels they were serving rats. Ugh!"

My good friends all, you don't know Saiki. Those cooked rats didn't prove famine. Not in the least. You see, Saiki thought it would be fine to try out wartime foods on foreigners. If they died or went goofy from eating something—so sorry! But no son of heaven would then eat the stuff. So many a rich American became a guinea pig to Saiki.

IN Nipponomics, if you can't do it one way, do it another. Saiki isn't the last word in cheap food. Beyond science lies another technique, much older and better established. It is commonly known as thievery.

We now move to China—any part of China occupied by Hon. Nippon of late. Here we observe the expert Nipponomist out-Saiki Saiki. How do? Equipped with formidable documents and a twinkling uniform, he enters the office of a Shanghai warehouse, presents documents, and assumes control of the place. In the warehouse he finds, among other things, a shipload of Siberian herring, duly tinned. The owner is a Chinese merchant away back in Ichang, up the Yangtze River. To him our Nipponomist mails some bright new paper money, payment in full for the herring. This is strictly fresh money, Grade A. Anybody who refuses to accept it at face value will be shot on sight.

To persuade the Chinese that this is real money, the Nipponomists put on several road shows during their first months in China. A squad strolled up a business street. The sergeant or his stooge entered a store, bought something, and proffered the New Order money. The merchant, never having seen it, refused it. The squad hauled him out into the street. The stooge told the bystanders about this wicked man. The boys shot him and stood his remains up against his shop door. Business as Unusual While Alterations Are Going on Inside.

The Japanese apply Nipponomics to steel, also. As you know, to make steel shaped up ready for the shipbuilder and the bridge builder, you first dig up iron ore. Then you dig coal. Then you coke the coal. Then you blast loose a lot of limestone and grind it up coarsely, or at a pinch leave it in chunks. Then you build a blast furnace. From it you get pig iron, then pig steel. Next you set up a rolling mill, feed the pig into it, and shape the molten metal.

A Japanese coal miner does well to get out 1.5 tons of soft coal a day. (In hot Formosa, where the mine temperatures are deadly, they get out barely one third of a ton a day, and rotten coal at that.) An American miner gets out 5 tons a day. In the steel industry Japanese workers are about one fourth as efficient as Americans. Which may seem good reason for more whoop-las than banzais. But wait a moment.

To dig ore and turn it into one ton of pig iron, Americans put in about 12 man-hours, all told. The Japanese must put in about 48 man-hours. To start down in the iron mine and to end up with a finished girder or plate, Americans expend some 53 man-hours for every ton, but the Japanese put in about 212. In this the experts include all the trimmings, up to general managers and cost accountants.

Surely, you might say, the Japanese go broke making steel. Wrong! We were paying our steelworkers before the war an average of 82 cents an hour. The Japanese were paying 10 cents. So, though they used four times as many man-hours as we on a ton of steel, their total charges for labor were running only half as much as ours. Laugh that off—but not in my hearing, please.

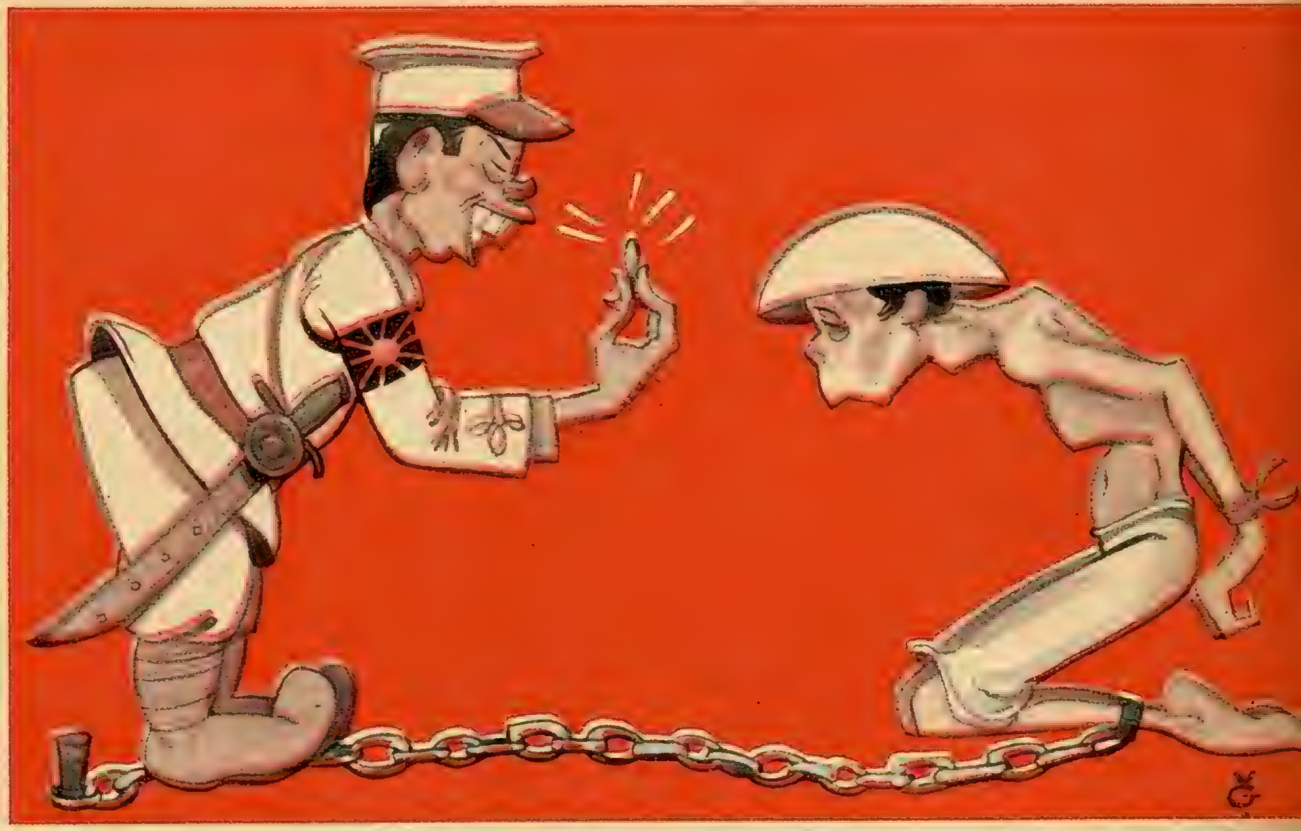
But the largest cut in costs has come through the ancient ways of theft and slavery. The Japs first stole all the iron deposits they could lay hands on. That reduced the capital investment on Jap account books to the cost of laying on of hands.

Right now, on a war basis, having full control over at least 250,000,000 slaves in China, the Philippines, Indo-China, Thailand, and the Malay States, the Japs must be making standard steel products for not more than one fourth of the current American cost—and perhaps for as little as one tenth. That's where you come out if you steal the ore beds and mills, enslave all workers, and feed them on Professor Saiki's rations. Your over-all capital investment is one long, loud laugh.

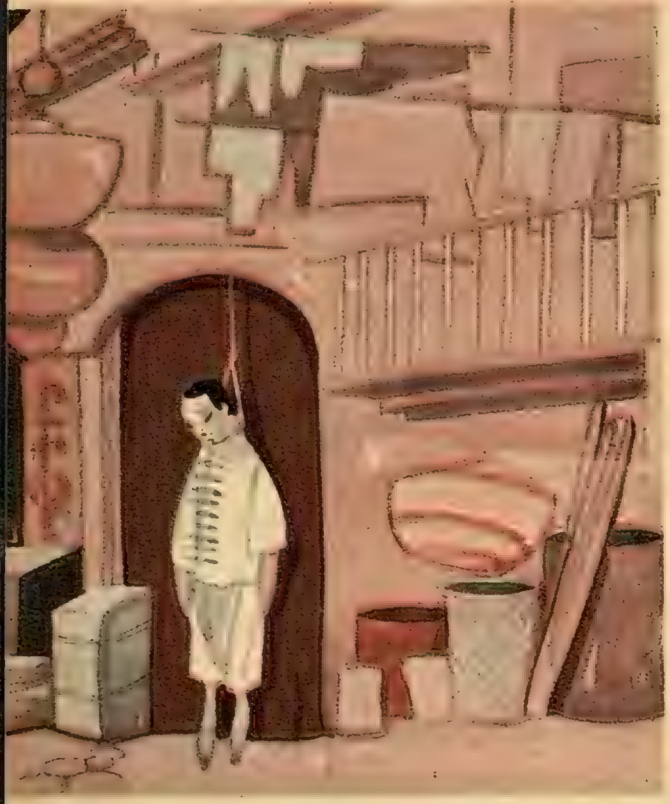
Japan used to produce about 7,000,000 tons of steel a year. Now she is probably turning out considerably more than 10,000,000 tons. The director-general of the Kalgan mines, stolen from the Chinese a few years back, stated in a confidential report to Tokyo (which our scouts picked up) that by 1943 the Japanese would be producing 20,000,000 tons. It now looks as if the gentleman knew what he was talking about. And so we come to war.

Almost the last official report of government proceedings that came out of Tokyo, back in Pearl Harbor days, presented a debate in the Diet over war costs. Eminent statesmen demanded a full, frank statement of the costs of maintaining the Army in China. Somewhat reluctantly the government read them off. They squared neatly with studies made by

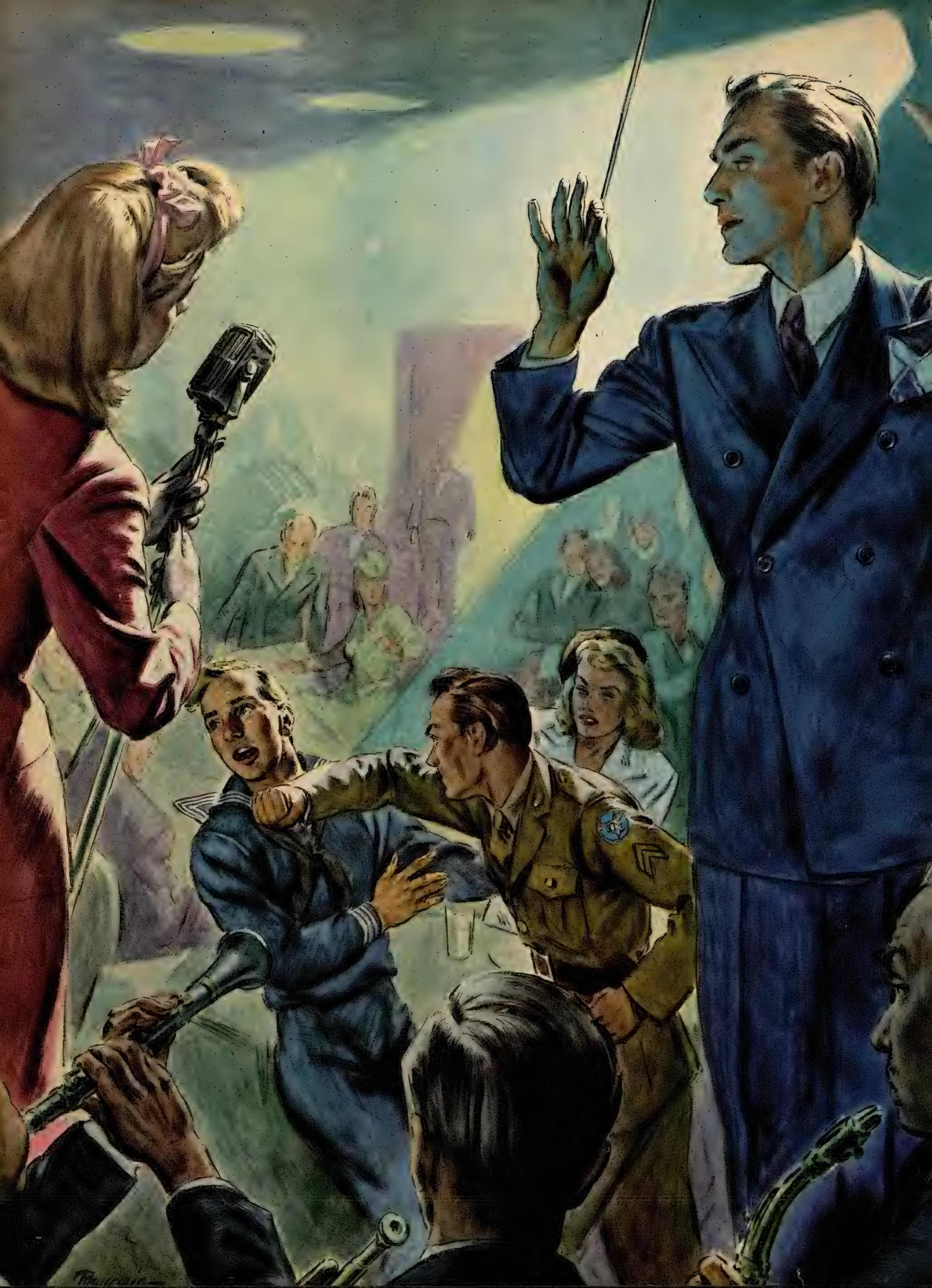
(*Continued on page 60*)

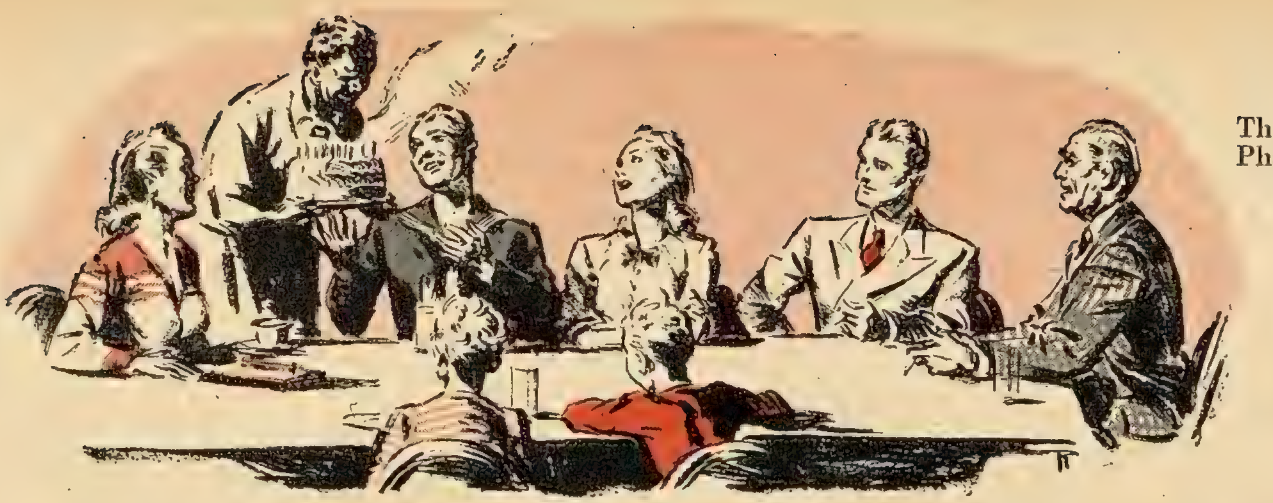


The chain-ganged receive one cent a day of the beautiful New Order money.



his remains up against his shop door.





The way Joe thanked Phanny for her cake!

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

THE FAMILY HAS A LOVE AFFAIR

Joe was a delightful guy to have around and all the family liked him, including June, who discovers in time that charm is sometimes the disguise of a perfect heel

BY MARGARET LEE RUNBECK

THEY all had fallen in love with him at first sight. The twins, Jeep and Peep, because he could scoop up both of them at once and pretend he was going to juggle them in the air like rubber balls. Mom, because he was "just so handsome . . . seems funny he never went into the movies, coming from California and everything. . . ." Phanny, in from the kitchen on the slightest excuse, to gaze at him and then go off into whoops of approval. "Yas'm, you make me right smart patriotic, Mistah Joe!"

Even dad was crazy about him. "Reminds me of myself," dad said, "when I was his age."

Mom exploded into giggles at that. "In what way, pet?"

"Well, maybe in the way you were keen on me."

"Just about," mom said, going over and sitting on his lap as if the children weren't in the room. They always acted like kids, no matter how much they tried to be grown-up parents. Other people their age tried to be young, but mom and dad really were . . . so young they had to try to do something about it. Nobody ever told mom she looked like June's sister, because it was so true it would have been silly to mention it. And dad . . . well, dad looked like a perennial boy friend.

Joe had arrived in Devon with a bunch of other anonymous service guests one Sunday morning in May. Everybody wanted him on sight, but dad and Handy got him, because they had gone down to the railway station to drive the boys to the various homes entertaining them.

June saw him from the window when he got out of the car, and her heart had tripped on the top step and flip-flopped down a long flight. "Oh, me," she had said to herself, "I better take off this apron." He was coming up the drive with Handy McGurk, who was practically her brother, and he had his arm thrown around Handy's shoulder, and he was limping in an almost imperceptible, tactful way in order to keep in step.

In a flood of tremulous understanding, June thought, A boy who'd just instinctively limp when he walked beside somebody lame. . . . She had no time to think it through, but it seemed a pretty swell thing. They were at the door then, and Handy was looking as pleased as if he were bringing some personal gift into the house.

"This is one of those guys named Joe," Handy said. "Must have a last name written down somewhere on the record . . . but seems to me he wouldn't need a last name very often."

"That's right," Joe said. "Don't know as I've heard myself called Martell more than a couple of times." He took June's hand in his and looked down at her a long moment. "Maybe I've been keeping the Martell new and shiny so I could put a Mrs. in front of it sometime and dress somebody real cute up in it." His look made an island in the room on which they two seemed to stand alone. Then he turned around and invited the family into that big warm climate of cheerfulness shining around him.

He beckoned with one huge forefinger at Jeep and Peep, and they made a lunge at him, tackling him around the knees. From then on the two of 'em were practically always underfoot, Jeep whose curly hair stood up in a question mark, and Peep whose straight cowlick made an exclamation point.

Mom, too, was just as frankly enslaved.

"They're the age that can show it," June said to herself in a dazzle. "They're too young and too old, so they can show it."

She showed it pretty much herself. No matter how she tried not to, she found herself gazing up at him while he rambled on in that lazy, lovely way he had. Her lips were parted and her eyes were unguarded, and she could feel her heart shining out at him like some kind of star. What'll he think? she kept scolding herself. What on earth will he *think*?

YOU could see what he thought. He thought exactly what was true, that all of them were in love with him in a sudden, gay, exciting way. Mom said, beaming at him, "We've had forty-six servicemen here to dinner." She didn't need to say any more. And Joe didn't need to pretend to be modest and not know what she meant. It was so mutual there was no need for pretending.

"And I've been to twenty-one Sunday dinners," he said.

All of them laughed excitedly, knowing what everybody meant.

The afternoon was almost over before he realized that Handy McGurk wasn't really June's brother.

"Say, I thought you belonged to this family," he said, grinning.

"I practically do belong," Handy said. "They took me in years ago."

Mom said, "You can call us mom and dad, too, Joe." By the way she blushed, you couldn't help seeing how different it would be from hav-

Mike struck Joe on the jaw. The band hiccuped to a stop, then leaped in again.

ing good old Handy "practically" belonging. Suddenly they were all self-conscious. Joe didn't recover from it as quickly as the rest of them did; he looked almost as if he liked looking embarrassed, because it sort of emphasized how different this was from the way Handy McGurk fitted into the family.

"I've been waiting for a family," he said at last. "I kind of gave up hope, I guess." He looked over at June, and then he looked away, and she thought she would simply melt with feeling.

Later they popped popcorn, and then he showed mom how to conga, and mom said of all the boys who'd taught her, Joe was the best and she hoped she'd go on having to be taught every Sunday he could get off from Quonset to come down.

"That's all I wanted to hear," he said. "I'm taking that as a standing invitation. O. K.?" They all waited a second, knowing from the way he said it that he wanted June to put her little O. K. on his. For the life of her she couldn't think of any cute way of saying it, so she just stood there and nodded. Then, for some reason, tears came into her eyes, and everybody saw them.

"Oh, honey," Joe said, "I didn't go to say anything to make you cry."

"It's only . . . it's only . . ." The kitchen was terribly quiet for a moment, then mom said, "That's all right, Juney. We know."

In horror, June saw what they were thinking, and she blushed. "It isn't that," she said. "It's just . . . I just wish this war could be finished."

"Sure," said dad huskily. "It kind of sweeps over you sometimes. All of us, honey."

When it was time for Joe to leave, she went down to the station with him. The village had never seemed so beautiful before, with its houses lighted, and the frogs in the valley strumming lonesomely across their cellos.

"IT'S certainly pretty," Joe said. "It's the prettiest thing that ever happened to me, June."

"You mean this little town?"

"With you in it." He took off his cap, and the street lamp gilded his tall blond head. He lifted up his face to the sky and didn't say a word, but you couldn't help knowing that he was thinking something too beautiful to say. Then he gathered June's warm little hand into his.

"You're too little to know how big this is," he said. "You better grow up a little next week, my baby."

"I'm not so little. I'm practically twenty."

"Zat a fact? My grandmaw had two children when she was twenty. But times were different then."

"Not so very different. Not inside people, anyway."

He looked at her a burning moment. "How big *are* you, anyway?"

"Big enough," she said, almost suffocated with excitement.

"You'll have to show me." He whispered it. "I can only judge what I see." Under a big yellow fountain of forsythia he stopped and put his hands very gently on her shoulders. June knew that something was expected of her, and she wondered wildly if he could see her heart beating like a mad thing under her white silk blouse. He held her eyes a long moment with his own, then he sadly shook his head.

"Nope," he said. "You're just a little bittie girl having fun."

"I'm not!" she said passionately. But she knew it wasn't just words he was talking about. She knew it was something else, and she wanted with all her heart to show him that she knew, but she didn't quite know how to.

The train, the blunt-nosed little Diesel that went to Providence, came sleekly along the track, spraying light before it like the street sprinkler on a hot summer afternoon. June thought, He'll kiss me now . . .

But he didn't kiss her. He took her hand and turned it over, and on the answering palm he drew an invisible heart with the tip of his finger. The heart shattered through every cell of her body in echoing little chimes. Then he bent over and kissed the little finger, a warm, slow, deliberate kiss.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Merely having an open mind is nothing. The object of opening the mind, as of opening the mouth, is to shut it again on something solid.

—*Chesterton.*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

He didn't even say good-by. He just ran and jumped on the train with not a second to spare. After the train left, the twilight was still and melancholy, and out of a chaos of feeling June thought, Why . . . he didn't even say he'd call up! . . . He didn't even ask if he could come next Sunday!

She felt limp with the kiss she had not been able to give him. She felt it quivering all through her, the way you sometimes hear messages along telegraph wires when you're taking a walk in the country. It was the first time in her life she had really wanted to kiss somebody. He had made her want it . . . he had made her get it all ready for him, and then he hadn't taken it.

She walked back up the hilly little street, and there wasn't an orderly thought in her mind. It felt like a bureau drawer which had been yanked open, ransacked, and then banged shut.

She heard somebody coming down the street, whistling like a youngster.

Then a long swinging shadow unfurled along the pavement, lurching ever so slightly, like a sailboat in a rocking wind. It was Handy, limping along home to the other side of the railway tracks. Handy, lame and whistling and unaware. Dad said he was a genius . . . but then dad had always been his friend. They worked together now, in the laboratory of the big new factory.

She hoped he wouldn't want to stop and talk; she couldn't bear that.

"Hello, June," he said. "I brought your coat down to you." He had her old Teddy-bear coat on his arm. "Thought you might be cold when you came down to earth." He grinned down at her in a very gentle way, as if he understood. As if he had any right to understand! She felt suddenly angry with him, and relieved that she could express this tangle of feeling in something as tangible as anger. All afternoon he'd been there on the side lines watching her. She had dimly resented it all day, and now suddenly she was furious.

"VERY funny," she said. "You're quite a wit, aren't you?" He put the coat around her carefully and buttoned the top button under her chin. His face in the light of the street lamp looked sharp and sad.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I don't mean to be nasty, Handy. Fact is, I'm just tired. Don't you get fed up entertaining strangers sometimes?"

"Not servicemen," Handy said softly. "Gosh, if they'll *let* me hang around 'em . . ." He shrugged his shoulders, and June realized for the first time that he found it pretty terrible to be a boy with a limp in a day that needed strong men.

"But you're doing work that's just as important."

"Sure."

"No, but you are! Anybody can enlist, but dad says you're doing what only one man in five thousand could do."

Handy patted her shoulder. "Sure," he said and grinned at her. "Liable to prove myself a hero of the laboratory. Liable to be cited by the government."

June wanted to say, "But it *is* bravery, Handy. It's a special kind of bravery. And you've always had it . . . everybody knows that." But she didn't know how to say it.

"Walk back up with you," he said.

"No. Please don't. I know you've got to be at the plant by seven."

"O. K.," he said. "Can't blame you —after the hero stuff you've had this afternoon. He's the real McCoy, isn't he?"

"Who?" she said in a little gulp. "You mean Joe?"

"Sure I mean Joe," he said. "Who else would anybody mean, after Joe had passed their way?"

When she got into the house again, mom was in a starry dither.

"Honey, it's just the way I met dad . . . it just feels like yesterday, and here it is all happening the very same way."

He didn't telephone the next day. Nor the next. June was on pins and needles waiting for the phone to ring, but you'd never have guessed it to look at her.

(*Continued on page 63*)

WHAT MAKES 'EM DIE FOR ALMA MAMMY

BY BILL STERN

PHOTO FROM U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY

Trophies and mascots are part of football's undying tradition, inspiring players to do or die. Here are seldom-told tales about some of them

EVERYBODY who knows anything about football has heard of the Little Brown Jug, the Old Oaken Bucket, the Army Mule, and the Navy Goat. But how many know the fascinating stories behind these tradition-bound gridiron symbols?

The Little Brown Jug, fought for annually by Michigan and Minnesota, has probably caused more black eyes and more bloody noses than any other piece of pottery the world has ever known. Annually Michigan and Minnesota students all but riot to see this sacred trophy. Their football teams are sent out on the field with blood in their eyes to bring it back.

Actually, the Little Brown Jug is not brown at all. One side is blue and the other is maroon. The story of it dates back to October 31, 1903, when a mighty Michigan team coached by Fielding Yost descended on the University of Minnesota campus ready to administer a sound thrashing to the Gophers, but an underdog Minnesota team rose to superb heights to tie the "point-a-minute" Michigan Juggernaut 6—6.

On the following Monday, Oscar Munson, janitor of the Minnesota gymnasium, came in to clean up the visiting team's dressing room. He saw on the floor an old five-gallon earthenware jug, evidently left behind by the Michigan invaders, who had brought it to Minnesota to carry their team's drinking water. He took the jug to the university athletic director. They painted on it, "Michigan Jug captured by Oscar, October 31, 1903." For the next six years it hung over the janitor's desk in the Minnesota gymnasium in Minneapolis, gathering dust, for Michigan didn't meet Minnesota again until 1909.

Then again a Michigan team came to play the Gophers. Feeling ran high. The game was a sell-out. Just before it started, Munson brought out the jug. He told the Michigan captain how he had found it, and told him that the only way Michigan would ever get it back was by beating Minnesota. Hardly any one considered a Michigan victory possible that year. Minnesota had not lost a single game. But again the underdog won. Michigan defeated Minnesota 15—6 and the jug went back home to Ann Arbor.

Minnesota didn't see the jug again until 1919, when the Gophers won 34—7. After the game Munson, still the Minnesota janitor, asked for the jug. No one could find it. It was finally found in an old trophy room and was returned to Minnesota—but not before a street fight had broken out in Ann Arbor when Michigan football fans heard it was being taken away from them. They raided the special Minnesota train and tried to rescue it, but the train pulled out and they had to jump for their lives without the precious trophy.

That was the last time it was called the Michigan Jug. Until then it had been its original dark brown clay color. But when it was returned to the Minnesota campus half of it was painted in Minnesota colors and the other half in Michigan tappings, with a white space on one side for each year's football scores.

PHOTO FROM UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The Minnesota-Michigan "Little Brown Jug," reverently held by Oscar Munson.

From that year on, when it became inappropriately known as the Little Brown Jug, it has shifted back and forth between the two schools as a regular trophy. Lately Minnesota has had all the better of it. For, despite the great Michigan teams of recent years, led by the immortal Tommy Harmon, Michigan hasn't been able to beat Minnesota and get the Little Brown Jug back. Perhaps the Wolverines will win this year. That's how it looks on paper. But you can't tell. For when these two teams meet, "form" goes out the window—influenced, no doubt, by the Little Brown Jug.

EQUALLY famous is the Old Oaken Bucket, which symbolizes the football rivalry between Purdue and Indiana. The Old Oaken Bucket is exactly what its name implies—a bucket some three feet tall, very old, and made of oak. It came into being as a trophy in the fall of 1925, when the Purdue and Indiana Alumni Associations of Chicago presented it to the winner of that year's game.

Actually the Old Oaken Bucket has a history that dates back to before the Civil War. It was originally used by General Morgan and his Morgan Raiders on their raid through Indiana. After the war it turned up on a farm outside Hanover, Indiana. For some time it was used on this farm by the Bruner family, and later it was acquired by Dr. Harvey Wiley, a professor of German at Hanover College. For many years he treasured it as a relic. He sold it to the Purdue and Indiana Alumni Associations of Chicago in 1925.

I doubt if any possession in the world has been stolen more often than has the Old Oaken Bucket. Student ingenuity has been stretched to the limit in framing plots to steal it. One of the most exciting thefts occurred after the 1930 Purdue-Indiana game, when Indiana scored a surprise 7—6 victory and was planning on the Old Oaken Bucket as the *pièce de résistance* of its victory celebration. On that day the Old Oaken Bucket was started safely on its way to Indianapolis by Purdue officials. They heaved a sigh of relief once it was turned over to the express company. At Indianapolis it was delivered to Indiana University's authorized agent, who was to guard it during the remainder of the journey to Bloomington. The Indiana University man was met at the railroad station by students wearing Indiana jackets. They told him they had been sent as a guard of honor to take the trophy to Bloomington. Needless to say, they were not Indiana students and the trophy never arrived in Bloomington.

On another occasion the bucket was found suspended from the chandelier over the desk of the president of the University of Indiana. Still another time it was discovered by a bewildered young co-ed in the ladies' room of the gymnasium. It once turned up in the window of the Marshall Field store in Chicago. But always it has been returned to either Purdue or Indiana.

The scores of each year's football game have been conspicuously recorded on the sides of the bucket. Today it is so well known that, were it to appear in any city in the United States, it would soon find its way back to one or the other of its parent schools.

It was quite logical that West Point should choose a mule as its mascot. The mule has always been closely identified with our Army, which made good use of mules long before it had tanks, trucks, and tractors. The dusty archives of West Point contain the fact that the mule was first used as a mascot for an Army football team in 1900. This particular mule was named Henry. He was a regular Army mule detailed to West Point. Henry was a very ornery beast and took delight in kicking anybody who got behind him. The idea in 1900 was to march Henry in front of the Navy cheer leaders and let him do his stuff. Henry performed to perfection. At least one Navy cheer leader wound up in the first-aid room at West Point. This made such a hit with the cadets that the next year Henry was trotted out again. But that time the Navy cheer leaders refused to get in back of him.

FOR several years Henry was the official Army mascot at all Army-Navy games at the Point. He had not attained such importance as to justify his traveling with the Army team. At games away from home the nearest Army post was requested to provide a mule. The appearance of the Army mule at all games gave rise to the story that he traveled in a suitcase.

Today the Army football team has its own mule, carefully trained. He goes wherever the team goes. Expert riders exhibit him, and one of the high lights of the annual Army-Navy game is seeing a cadet ride him into the stadium just before the game starts. Actually, the Army now has two mules. There is quite a story about how it acquired the second one.

Not many years ago Ambassador Colon Alfaro of Ecuador was a visitor at an Army-Navy football game. When he returned to Ecuador he sent the Army a new mule for a mascot—a mule that was just three and a half feet high. The West Pointers gave this tiny one a miniature blanket, a miniature bridle, and a miniature rider. Three years ago at the Army-Navy football game he made his first appearance, disguised in a goatskin and with goat horns adorning his head, in a take-off on the Navy goat. It was only when he was brought into midfield that he shed his goatskin and revealed himself as a midget mule, much to the delight of the Army cheering section.

Like other traditional football mascots, the Army mule has been stolen. He was kidnaped by the midshipmen at Philadelphia just before an Army-Navy football game, and placed in an express car bound for Florida, along with some thoroughbred race horses. I can imagine the look of consternation that must have been on the face of whoever opened that car at Hialeah Race Track.

Only once has an Army mule ever gotten out of hand. That was when President Harding was attending the annual Army-Navy football game. As the President crossed the field between the halves, he was introduced to the Army mule; and although today at West Point they still speak of this in hushed tones, let it be recorded for posterity that at that moment the mule let go with a terrific kick with both hind legs. Warren G. Harding was struck a glancing blow and the mule was taken off the field in disgrace.

SINCE 1925, all Navy goats have been known as Billy VIII. Actually, the present one is Billy XIV.

The Navy football team has had a goat as its mascot since 1890, but the Navy itself had goats as pets long before a football was ever kicked around. It was a matter of course in the early days of our fleet to have a goat as the official mascot of each ship that went to sea. The first Army-Navy game was played in 1890, with Navy the visiting team. As the Navy players got off the train at West Point and started walking the half mile to the campus, they saw a goat grazing in a pasture. They appropriated him, nicknaming him Billy, and so he was the first Navy goat to become a mascot at a football game. Incidentally, Navy won that first game. But after it the goat was returned to the pasture.

At the next year's Army-Navy football game no goat appeared. Then it happened that a naval vessel put in at Annapolis on the day of the 1892 football game. It had had a goat on board as mascot, but the animal had died. Some of the bereft crew had decided to save the skin and have it mounted. Two young ensigns were entrusted with it. Instead of going directly to a taxidermist, however, they went to the football game. Between halves one of them had an inspiration. He draped the skin around him and capered up and down the side lines. Navy won the game!

That settled it. From that year on, Navy had a goat as a mascot. The first one with a known name was the goat who accompanied the Navy team on all its trips in 1901. That goat was named Mike. But after Navy lost that year's Army game Mike was given the gate. None of his successors made a name for himself until 1910. Then came the Navy goat that started the long line of Billies.

That year, Army and Navy were battling to a 0—0 score as the game came down into its closing moments. Suddenly the Navy goat broke away from his handlers and ran out on the field. Just as he did so, Jack Dalton booted a field goal for the Navy and won the game 3—0. Every Navy man was positive that Billy I had been responsible for the field goal, and Billy I became the first Navy goat to be held over for another year. He made good the next year, too, for then again Jack Dalton booted a field goal to defeat the Army 3—0. Billy I lasted until 1913, when West Point defeated Navy.

PHOTO FROM ACME

In this revival of the old feud, the Army mule went home with drooping ears.

In 1914 Billy II took over, but Navy was again defeated by Army, and he was quickly dispensed with. The following year Billy III could do no better. A year later staid New Yorkers were somewhat startled to see among the conservative advertisements in the New York Times the following:

WANTED: The meanest goat in the world. Would like to see him before purchasing. Address communications to A. S. Health, U. S. Naval Academy.

Navy got a mean goat that year—and a victory over the Army.

Then came the World War I and no Army-Navy games were played. But when they were resumed, Navy came up with another Billy.

One of the most beautiful of all Navy goats was the one acquired in 1926. He had long silky hair which was the delight of Navy opponents who had a can of paint handy. Twice before Navy games he ran out on the field wearing Army colors. Not to mention the time in 1931 when, before a Navy-Notre Dame game, he ran out on the field painted a bright green.

By that time old Billy VIII—for that was his real number—had become the most famous of all Navy goats. In 1933 he was captured by Columbia rooters in New York City and led down Broadway in a parade. He died in 1934, but his memory lives on. His fame is the reason why all Navy goats have been called Billy VIII ever since. The present one has been with the Naval Academy for two years.

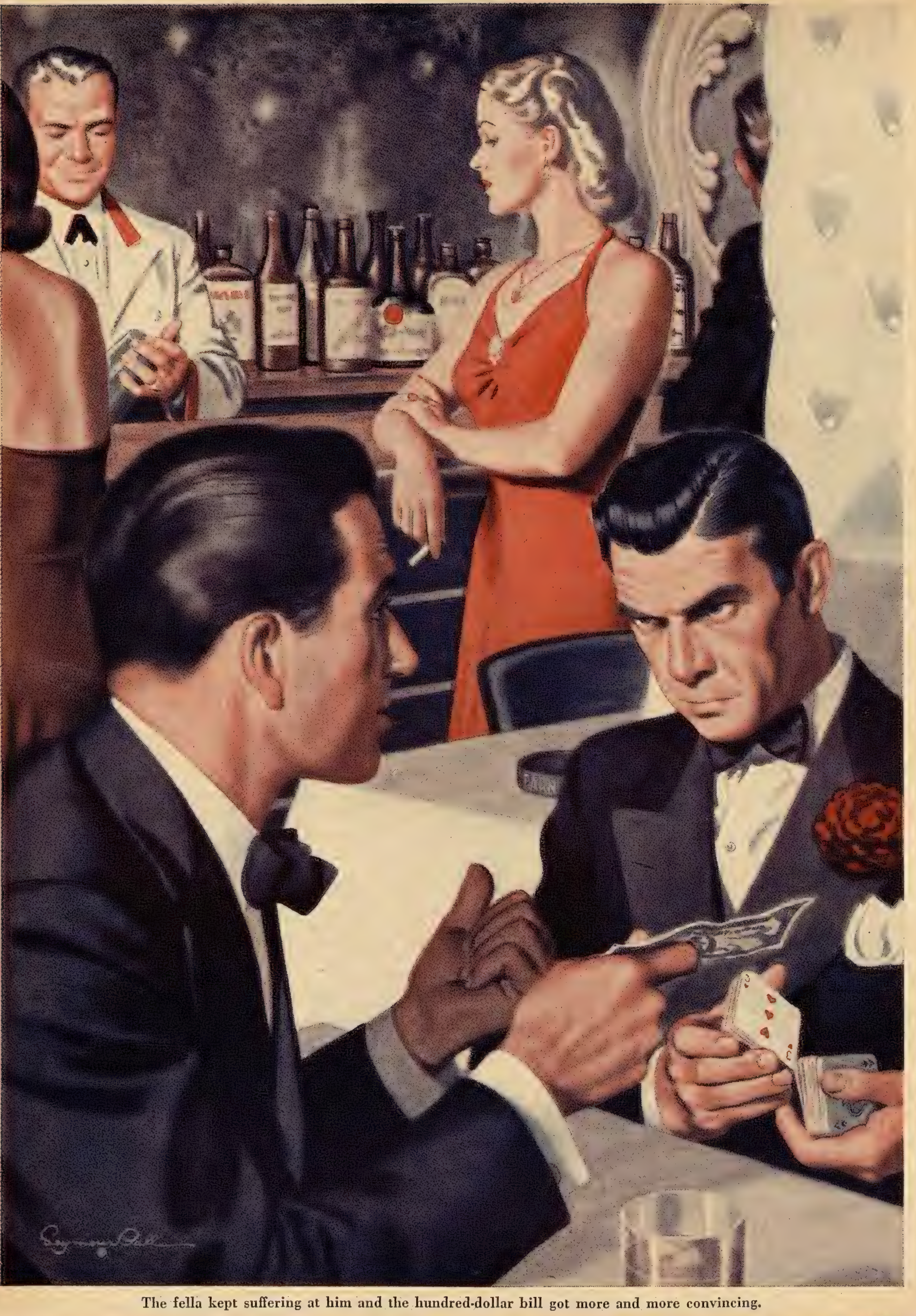
THE highlight of Billy's career each year comes when he is escorted into the stadium. Four years ago Billy XII rolled up in a splendid limousine complete with a uniformed chauffeur and two footmen. As the big car stopped in the huge municipal stadium in Philadelphia, the doors swung open, a red carpet was rolled out, and His Majesty emerged, walking with dignity, much to the enjoyment of the thousands looking on. In 1940 Billy arrived in an armored truck. It roared through the gateway just before the kickoff, and slid to a halt. Armed guards leaped forward, the steel doors were thrown open, and Billy stuck his head out, *baah-ed* disdainfully at the Army mules, and trotted over in front of the midshipmen, where he received due acclaim.

Certainly the Army mule has kicked the Navy goat many times, but each Army-Navy day you can hear the Navy rooters cheering:

"The goat is old and gnarly and he's never been to school,
But he can take the bacon from the worn-out Army mule,
He has no education, but he's brimming full of fight,
And Bill will feed on Army mule tonight."

Such are some of the famous fables of a great game.

THE END



The fella kept suffering at him and the hundred-dollar bill got more and more convincing.

ONCE IS TOO OFTEN

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

Set a thief to catch a thief is an old saying, proved once again by this amusing story of a pickpocket who met his match and lost his heart

BY EDDY ORCUTT

ILLUSTRATED BY SEYMOUR BALL

"DIDN'T you ever get caught?" I asked him.

"Well," the little guy said, "here I am, whiz-copping in this clip joint. And there is the wife over there at the desk, checking trays outa the kitchen. We turned square. Figure it for yourself."

He gave me kind of a sad, contented smile.

This was in the Crocodile Tavern, out Sunset in the County Strip, and the little guy had wandered over to my table about 3 A. M., after the crowd thinned out. First he did me some tricks with nickels, palming and passing and picking them out of my clothes. "That's the kind of dough I take down now," he said. "Nickels. Buttons. And me with hands like these!" His hands were smooth and small and fast. Around his left wrist he wore two or three loops of thin gold chain, with a heart-shaped locket dangling from it, but it did not seem to get in his way. "Sometimes a guy will spring a fin or a sawbuck for the entertainment," he said, "and once in a while some sucker buys me a drink."

So I called the waiter, and after we ordered, the little guy pretended to frisk a deck of cards out of my inside breast pocket.

"Scared of your wallet?" he asked, and I told him I did not keep it there. "You're smart not to," he said. "Smart." He riffled the deck and glanced down at the floor. "Wait a minute," he said. "You must of dropped your handkerchief." He bent down and handed me my handkerchief. "And did you lose a watch charm off your chain?" he asked. He grinned and gave me back my elk tooth. "All in good fun," he said. "For many years I used to be an Elk," he added. "In Logan, Ohio."

Then he did me a number of card tricks, good ones, and I bought several more drinks. But all the time there was this mild, contented kind of sadness about him. He had been a pickpocket, of course—a "wire," that is—and when he called himself a whiz-cop he meant that now he was hired to spot any dips that might still be working at it. He protected the house, and the house let him earn wages and free drinks with his tricks, and his wife had this job at the checker's table. "Nickels," the little guy said. "Buttons."

He ditched the deck of cards then, and began showing me various reefs and fans and stalls, explaining how good he used to be. But when I asked him if he had never got caught, he finally grinned and admitted it.

"Just once," he said. "But once is too often."

"They bust your thumb?" I asked, but he said no.

He showed me the chain and locket on his wrist. "A souvenir, see?" he told me, and went into his dance.

BLACKIE, the little guy's name was. Three years ago, come September, Blackie said, he was working a high-class ginmill in St. Looey, called the Parnassus, and one evening a fella asked him to lift this chain off a sweet-looking big blonde at the bar. Blackie had already turned square, he said, and he was just working the tables in the Parnassus, the same as he was now in the Crocodile.

This big fella was alone at a table, dressed good, but looking sad, and Blackie sat down and tried to cheer him up with some tricks. But the fella stayed sad until Blackie began on the pickpocket stuff. And then nothing would do but Blackie must sneeze this chain and locket off the blonde. The fella began begging him.

"A hell of a thing to ask a man in my position," the little guy told me, as if he'd got hold of this chain and locket against his will.

"So," I said, "I suppose you refused."

"Certain'y I refused. On'y the harder I nixed him," Blackie said, "the harder he begged me. An' he started offering me dough. First it was a sawbuck, then a fifty, then a hunnert. A hunnert smackos!"

The locket and chain together were not worth fifteen.

"A dick," I said, "ribbing you up so he could make a pinch." But the little guy shook his head. "No," he said, "that wa'n't the angle."

The big fella explained that his picture was in the locket, and some writing, and he said the big blonde was aiming to shake him down for a lot more than a hundred bucks. He got to waving the century around and practically crying.

At first Blackie could not believe him, owing to the blonde's looks, but the fella kept suffering at him and the hundred-dollar bill got more and more convincing.

"So finally I went for it," Blackie said. He smiled sadly and made a pass, and then he was holding a pair of nail clippers in his right hand. "This is a Tiffany," he said. "If you're dancing with a lady, the right hand is free. Anything you want off of her in the way of junk—well," he said, "clippo-clippo!" And he pawed me slightly, showing me how easy it was.

"Well, then I braced this doll for a dance, an' sneezed the junk off her. O. K." He waited, still sad. "On'y then, when I went to pass it to the big fella, the fella was gone!"

"And you with his hundred bucks in your kick?"

"That's right," the little guy said. "But when I went back in the bar, I hadda borrow a buck off this blonde to buy her a drink. Because I found out," he explained, "that my kick was gone! So was my small change," he said, "an' so was my cigarette case, an' so was my matchbox, an' so was my watch, an' so was my watch chain! About all that this blonde missed was a couple gold fillings in my back teeth!" He looked around at the waiters stacking chairs, and the Croco getting ready to close.

"And the big fella was just her stall?"

"That's right." Blackie took my billfold out of his pocket and gave it back to me. "Count your dough," he said, but he showed me a five-dollar bill. "This must of dropped out," he told me.

"Don't mention it," I said. "Still," I said, "even if this lady pickpocket did clip you, it isn't the same as getting caught."

"You think not?" Blackie asked.

AND this time I could not tell whether the smile was entirely contented or entirely sad, because the little guy's wife showed up at our table right then. She was blonde, still sweet-looking, but probably she had put on considerable weight since he met her. She reached out a smooth little hand for my five spot.

"Here, Precious—let Baby keep it for you," she said.

And I saw the souvenir bracelet on her left wrist—a gentleman's gold-watch chain, quite nice, with an elk-tooth charm on it.

THE END

EXECUTIVE ---- OFFICE ---- SALES HELP
TECHNICAL and MECHANICAL
Night Factory Supt.
Machine Shop Foreman
Process Engineers
Plant Layout Men
Time Study Men
Electrical Engineers
Mechanical Engineers
Designers
Draftsmen
Design Checkers
Detailers
Lay out inspectors
Tool inspectors
Float inspectors
Casting Checkers
Layout men
Factory First Aid Man
Factory Time Clerk
Male Stenographers
Male Typists
Grocery Clerk
Wood Pattern Makers
Toolmakers
Bench-Hands
Diemakers
Boring Mill Oprs
Automatic Screw Mach Oprs
Lathe Hands
Shaper Hands
Mill Mach Oprs
Hand Screw Mach Oprs
Machinists
Mach Repair Men
Millwrights
Die Setters
Hotel Auditor
Rivet Mach Set-Up Man
Trade School Grads
Salesman Floor Covering $30 & Comm.
Collector with Car
Car Allowance
Dept. Store Job.
Salesmen Salary
Salesmen With Car for Beer Terr.
SPECIALS
Printers
SPECIALS
Bus Boy
FEMALE

MUST WE DRAFT LABOR?

How will we fill our shortages of workers? Is the West Coast's new manpower rationing scheme the answer, or will Uncle Sam have to stop asking and start demanding?

BY ALFRED TOOMBS

DURING the late summer and early fall the roads that lead from Washington to the Pacific Coast were heavily traveled. Top officials of the War Manpower Commission, the War Production Board, the War and Navy Departments, hot-footing it to the West, formed a rush which rivaled anything since the days of '49. What they sought was not gold but enlightenment. And having conferred with every one on the Coast, they raced back to Washington to sound the alarm.

There was a grave shortage of manpower in California, Oregon, and the State of Washington.

There just didn't seem to be enough workers on the Coast to build the implements of war which we needed so desperately. In Los Angeles, industrialists said they were short 30,000 workers; in San Francisco, 46,000; in Portland, 42,000; and in the Seattle area, 41,000. One airplane manufacturer, trying hard to expand his working force during the summer, reported employment dropping month by month—until he wound up with 9,000 fewer employees than he had at the start. And during this period the plant had fallen forty or fifty planes short of its production goal.

It was at this point that Mr. Justice Jimmy Byrnes' Office of War Mobilization moved in to set up its manpower plan for the West Coast. Any one desiring to take a job was, in effect, required to apply at a plant suggested by the U. S. Employment Service. The Employment Service sent workers first to the plants whose products were most urgently needed and whose labor needs were genuine. Factories were allowed to hire only if they had a priority, and workers were allowed to quit one job for another only if such a change fitted into the plan. And the Coast manufacturers were told that their contracts would be transferred elsewhere if they didn't play ball.

The War Manpower Commission had estimated that 500,000 more workers would be needed on the Coast before January 1. And WMC figured that, by beating the bushes and by pepping up at strategic intervals with Selective Service's General Hershey looking very mean, it would be possible to corral about half that number.

When WMC Chief Paul V. McNutt was taxed with this, he merely smiled enigmatically. He knew that the West Coast plan represented all the power that he had—and perhaps a little more. If the undertaking failed, some one was sure to ask the sixty-four-dollar question:

"Why don't we draft labor?"

ONCE McNutt had said such a step was inevitable, but this declaration had raised such a howl that he had said no more. Pending the day when some one else would raise the question, he had drawn up a proposed manpower draft law and tucked it away in his desk.

McNutt's reticence was understandable. The question of drafting labor for war work is loaded with high explosive. There are some who have made up their minds in favor of it. Most of these have rallied to support the Austin-Wadsworth bill, which would make every citizen "liable to contribute by personal service to the war effort in a noncombatant capacity." This would be accomplished by requiring all women between eighteen and fifty to register, along with the men who have already registered under Selective Service. Those not in the armed services would become part of a great labor pool. If the President, after calling for volunteers, couldn't get enough workers in a particular area, he could draft the needed labor. Under Secretary of War Patterson put the case for this measure very succinctly when he said:

"If it is democratic to tap a man on the shoulder and send him to fight the Japs in a New Guinea jungle, can it be undemocratic to select a man or a woman to load shells, work on an airplane, or stay on a farm?

"It should not be possible for some to say 'I do not choose to serve.'"

The answer to this, voiced by opponents of the labor draft, is that it's one thing to put a man in uniform and in the pay of his government, but it's quite another thing to force a citizen to work for another man's profit. Organized labor has reacted to it like a mongoose to a cobra. Many industrialists are just as violently against it. They know that a labor draft will mean they will have to guarantee wages and working conditions and assume a host of other new responsibilities. Opponents of the draft believe that you will get more work from people who volunteer for their jobs.

The manpower situation has replaced the Einstein theory as the nation's number one incomprehensible. It starts off easily, like this: In July, 1943, the labor force included 64,800,000 persons. In July, 1944, we will need a labor force of 65,900,000. In addition to recruiting a million additional workers, we are going to have to shift several million. Some 2,000,000 men will go into the armed services. Another 2,000,000 will be shifted from nonessential to war industries.

There are enough employable people in the country to do the job, as McNutt has admitted. But they are not distributed properly. The war industries which are going to need the millions of new workers are located, almost without exception, in areas where it's hard to find an unemployed person.

In California, war plants will be 100,000 workers short by the early part of next year, it is estimated. In Hartford, Connecticut, the shortage is put at 10,000; in Baltimore, at 15,000; and in Detroit, at 65,000. West Coast magnesium and aluminum plants have been operating far under full capacity because they don't have enough workers. Joseph B. Eastman, Defense Transportation Chief, has warned that the manpower shortage on railroads—particularly in the West—is leading us perilously close to a transportation breakdown.

WMC has been striving to meet these shortages through voluntary methods and by threatening recalcitrants with induction into the armed services. Sometimes this has been successful, sometimes not. In Baltimore the Employment Service called in 2,734 persons who were qualified for war jobs open there. Only twenty-six of them are known to have actually taken the jobs recommended.

Certainly one of the glaring weaknesses of the present system is the inability of WMC to bring any effective pressure to bear on men who are not liable for military service. A salesman of ladies' shoes, informed that he will be drafted into the armed services unless he gets into war work, thumbs his nose at WMC. He knows he's 4-F. A forty-eight-year-old florist stays in his nonessential work because he knows he's over the draft age. And of the 7,000,000 men granted deferments because of dependency, not more than half are believed to be in essential work.

The greatest pool of draftable labor, however, is female. Since 1940 more than 6,000,000 women have taken jobs. But in recent months the number of women coming into industry has dropped sharply. In the period from January to July, 1943, less than 500,000 women entered the labor market. Yet WMC says it will be necessary to recruit 1,000,000 new women workers between July, 1943, and January, 1944. There are more than 5,000,000 nonworking, nonfarm women in the country who are less than fifty years old and who do not have responsibility for children under sixteen. Draft proponents feel that this group could be called up without fuss, muss, or bother. Well, without too much, anyway.

EVEN in England, where war spirit is high, it has been necessary to use the labor draft to bring about an orderly distribution of the working forces. In recent months the English have used it more and more in order to shift workers—particularly women—to the places where they are needed. And the British have not found the law unbearable.

Then couldn't we use a law with teeth in it? In some communities—New York City, Scranton, Pennsylvania, etc.—there are large pools of unemployed. With a labor draft, the government could pay their railroad expenses to places where they are vitally needed.

But the manpower crisis is not due merely to a shortage of manpower. It would not be solved if, for instance, 100,000 smiling workers marched into California tomorrow.

Two big factors are the rate of job turnover and absenteeism. In some West Coast shipyards 20 per cent of the working force quits every month. To increase the labor force by 12,000, West Coast aircraft plants had to hire a total of 125,000 new workers in the first six months of 1943. In many war industries 10 per cent of the force is absent every day.

The conditions which cause high turnover and absentee rates are often analogous and usually correctable. Union officials interviewed more than 2,000 workers who quit jobs in an aircraft plant in the Detroit area, in an effort to find out why the plant couldn't keep a working force. The interviews revealed that more than half of the workers were leaving because of poor housing, poor transportation, or crowded conditions where they lived. In a Maryland munitions plant, management was trying to build the working force up to 2,000, but old workers would quit as fast as new ones came in. By providing better housing and making certain other improvements, the plant cut its quit rate from forty-two to twelve a day. Soon the regular working force was built up to 2,000.

Industry has discovered that it is possible to cut the absentee rate by two thirds if a little attention is given to the subject. Many persons stay away from work in order to take care of other necessary duties. A West Coast plant installed grocery stores, beauty shops, rationing boards, banks, etc. on company premises. It offered prizes for good attendance records by departments, and within a short time had cut the absentee rate from 10 to 3 per cent.

(Continued on page 72)

Crowding the "Exit Interviewer's" office, these workers in the Lake Washington Shipyards in Seattle seek permission to change jobs.

Lots of women work in industry, but by January 1 one million more will be needed.

DESTINATION TOKYO

Shaken by an air attack which costs the life of one man and proves the courage of another, the submarine heads for Dutch Harbor where new orders hint of a daring adventure to come

BY STEVE FISHER

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES R. KINGHAN

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

LIEUTENANT RUSSEL QUADE boarded the U. S. S. Copperfin, submarine, on Christmas Eve. As a reserve officer, he had been ordered on a secret mission, destination unknown. He introduced himself to Captain Cassidy, the hero of many encounters with the Japs, and was accepted as "extra cargo" on the ship. In time he met the crew, among them Mike Danton, the Kid, Browski, Wolf, Tin Can, and Pills.

The sub's mission was to Attu, to refuel bombers.

A week later, lying in his bunk, Quade heard the strains of Auld Lang Syne. It brought thoughts of Betty—beautiful blonde Betty Miller whom he had met in Tokyo while she was on a world cruise. She was seventeen and he twenty and they fell in love—but parted the next day.

Quade had lived all his life in Japan, and when, a year later, he went to the States, he marveled at the novelty of seeing so many white faces and was happy that at last he was among his own people.

His first desire was to find Betty; his next, to further his ambition to become a diplomat.

But it was Betty who found him!—at a moment when he was overwhelmed with loneliness and a desperate feeling of futility.

Their reunion had taken place on New Year's Eve, nine years before.

Betty and Russ were determined that nothing should part them again.

THEY were young, Russ and Betty. And they were very happy together. Each was career-crazy. They talked career day and night. They realized they might not succeed at once and they budgeted their money — spent only for bare necessities. She had to have clothes, make-up, professional pictures. He had to have books. But they denied themselves luxuries. They lived in poverty, reveled in it, ate beans and cheap hamburger, went without lunch.

Betty was plugging heartbreakingly at the studios. She acquired an agent, and though at first he didn't seem to be much help, she never ran out of hope. She burned with an unholy fire to make good.

Quade, Sr.'s clothes arrived finally, and Quade took them to a tailor to have them made to fit him. One afternoon, trying on a frock coat in the back of the tailor shop, he told Betty a little of what his first job might require.

"Manners, finesse, etiquette. Impeccable dress." He paused to remember what his father had said: "'You must be formal, but make formality seem perfectly natural. At the most stately functions you must be meticulously correct yet seem utterly at ease. You must dance well, talk brightly, and be charming. You must be part gigolo, part actor, part liar—yet seem, instead, to be naïve, simple, down-to-earth. The pay is small and a social background is an asset. Most of the jobs, even small ones, are political.' But dad had some friends in Washington, and I think when I'm ready they'll get me something. I'm willing to take anything for a start!"

In the spring, Quade felt he was ready. He decided he would live in Washington a few days until he got acquainted, then look up the men he hoped would help him get the appointment. Then one night Betty came home, her face flushed with excitement.

"I've got a job! Russ. Warners is testing me for a part. It's not big—about eight lines—but it's a start!"

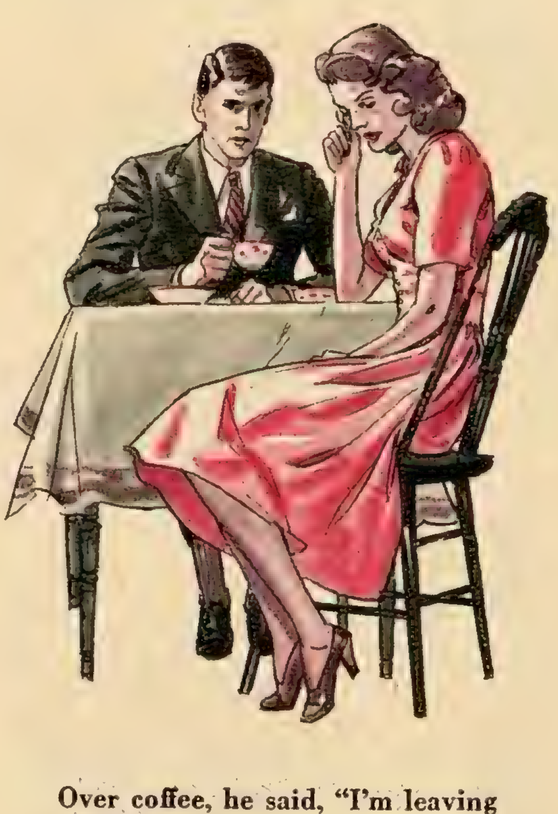
He let her go on. Through dinner he said nothing, except that it was absolutely wonderful. Then, afterward, over coffee, he said:

"I'm leaving for Washington. On Saturday, I think."

She just stared at him. He explained all of his reasons. She kept looking at him, and she seemed frightened. It was as though (wrapped up in herself) it had struck her for the first time that some day he would have to go away. For his part, he had considered it inevitable. He had not examined the emotional relationship. Neither of them had. Perhaps, subconsciously, he had never seriously listened when she'd talked of her work: it was very possible he had absorbed her inspiration and fire as part of his own momentum—propelling him toward his own success. He felt odd now, confused. He spoke haltingly.

"Listen," he said. "Why can't you stay here, Betty, and later we'll—"

"No."



Over coffee, he said, "I'm leaving for Washington—on Saturday."

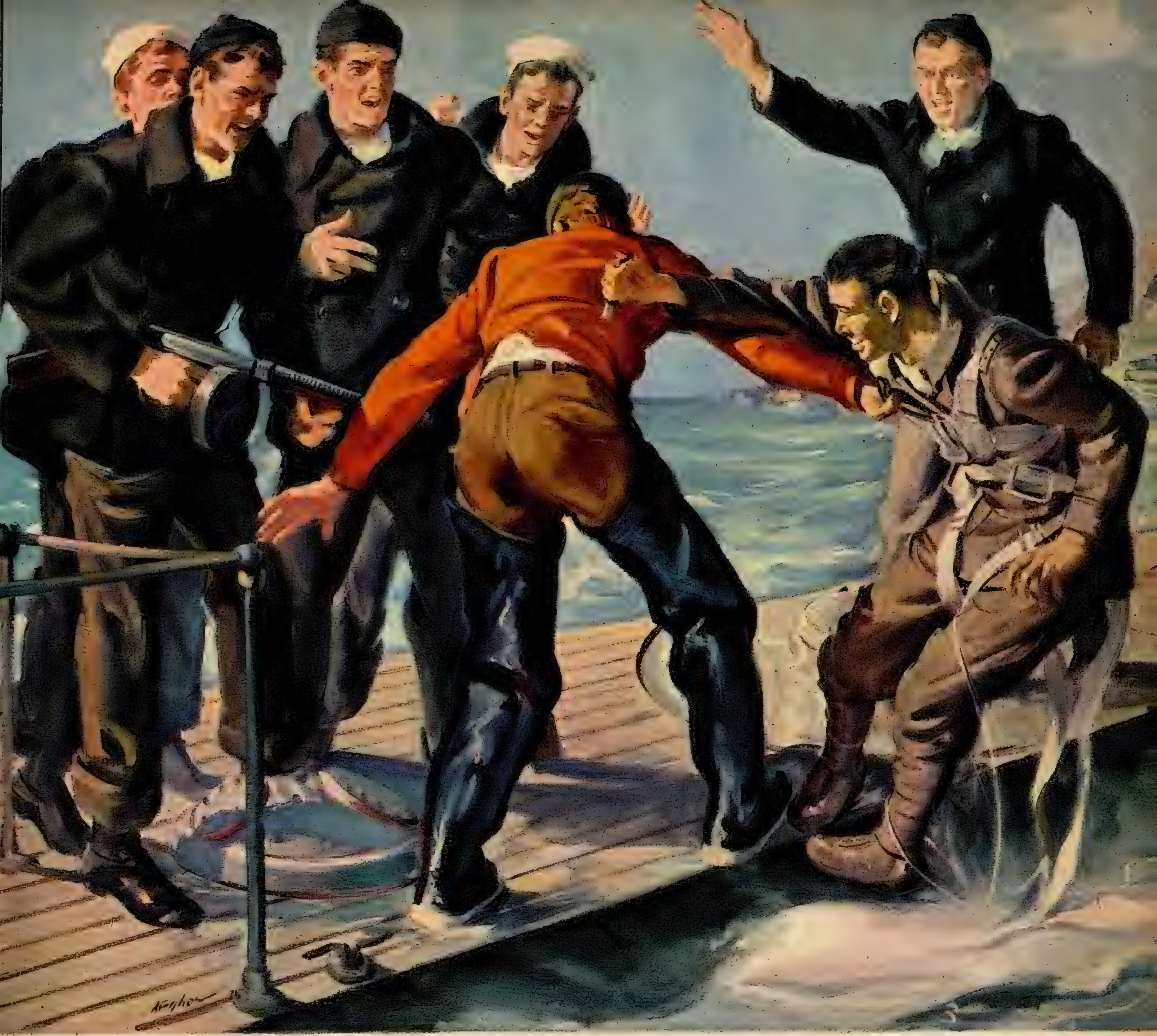
HER face was white. Her breasts rose and fell. She wore a white organdy blouse and green skirt, her nails were lacquered and her hair was upswung; she wore the make-up she always wore to the studios, the soft eye shadow and the glistening lipstick; she was gorgeously, radiantly beautiful. It actually hurt him to look at her. She was dazzling! Young and lovely—and she had talent. Night after night he'd listened to her read lines and he knew she had talent. In this moment, if she asked him to stay he knew he would. Nothing was important except Betty. He must have been crazy, drunk on himself, not to have considered it before.

"I'm going with you," she said.

There were tears in her eyes. As long as he lived he would remember her sitting there across the table from him, saying "Of course I'll go! You knew I would, didn't you?" She was crying softly. And that night, in the dark, she whispered, "I love you, Russ! I love you more than anything else in the whole world."

War Diary

U. S. S. Copperfin *January 5, 1943*
2400—0400: On surface, cruising as before. Visibility zero. Weather freezing



Then it happened—so quickly none of them could move. The Jap ripped out a knife and plunged it into Mike's back.

—heavy night fog. Speed 4 knots. Approaching rendezvous area. Snow flurry 0305—stopped 0338. Ice particles in water.

Lester Baker, Lt., U. S. N., O. O. D.

0400—0615: On surface, cruising as before. Visibility poor. Weather freezing—pockets of drifting fog. Speed decreased to 3 knots. Approaching island designated in orders. 0600—sky overcast, heavy gray, first signs of daylight. 0615—Captain to bridge. Bridge watch secured. Ship diving to periscope depth. Captain at scope.

W. E. Mathews, Ensign,
U. S. N., O. O. D.

CAPTAIN CASSIDY kept glued to the eyepiece. Tex, who was navigator as well as executive officer, stood by. The men were at their stations. Now, suddenly, there was a brief break in the fog—and Cassidy smiled. Through the field of the scope he made out two huge rocks looming dead ahead of them!

Near him the fathometer was mounted on the bulkhead of the radio shack. It was impressive—approximately fourteen inches wide, twenty inches deep. It projected half a foot from the wall. In the center of the upper portion was a twelve-inch dial which was revolving now. It had a double scale with an annular ring through which a light shone at intervals. The light indicated the depth. The fathometer revolved continually under water—making a *beep-beep* sound.

"One thousand fathoms."

"Rudder amidships," Cassidy said. "Steady on course. Two-nine-O."

"Eight hundred fathoms."

Cassidy watched through the scope. They were moving toward a steep ascending shelf of rocks the peaks of which looked like the top of a subterranean mountain.

The soundman's voice was steady, continuous.

"Three hundred fathoms."

"Left five degrees rudder," Cassidy said. "All motors stop."

"Left five degrees rudder," the helmsman echoed. The enunciators rang. "All motors stop!"

"Two hundred fathoms."

We're getting in, Cassidy thought. He made a three-hundred-and-sixty-degree sweep with the scope.

"One hundred fathoms. Getting into shallow water fast now, captain!"

"Surface! Get ready on all main engines!"

On the surface, the submarine broke water at a five-degree angle.

The fog was clearing. They drifted forward through it. In the distant sky on the horizon were the wings of approaching aircraft.

As the Copperfin's black hull emerged fully, Cassidy and Tex climbed up into the bridge, followed by the O. O. D. They began sweeping the horizon with binoculars.

"There they are!" Tex yelled.

Cassidy picked up the planes in his focus. They were tiny specks. By right they should be U. S. Navy PBYs—but he couldn't be sure. He was taking no chances!

"Stations for battle surface!" He glanced at the quartermaster. "Right to two-nine-three."

Behind him, below on deck, the hatch opened. Sailors climbed up lugging a fifty-caliber machine gun and a pan of ammunition.

He returned his glasses to the planes. They were closer, but he still could not be positive.

"Come right to two-nine-five."

"Right to two - nine - five," the quartermaster echoed.

Cassidy waited. Then: "All ahead on third!" The order was repeated. Cassidy was watching the planes again. He was tense. "Gun crew—hold your fire!" To the quartermaster: "Get ready to challenge!"

The quartermaster climbed up to the bridge with his blinker tube. Cassidy watched him. In these waters they didn't dare open up with the radio. He told the quartermaster, "Make recognition call."

The quartermaster began flashing the blinker tube. On deck and in the bridge all hands were watching the sky now. Presently the quartermaster turned.

"Planes answered challenge correctly, sir!"

"What signal did they use?"

The quartermaster told him. It was prearranged code.

THE planes were closer. Their motors made a heavy throb in the sky. In another minute they were coming in, easily distinguishable now. They look very good, Cassidy thought. The fog was gone, and the dim winter sun cast light on the water. Cassidy ordered the engines stopped. Then he called down:

"Fueling detail on deck!" He turned to the quartermaster, who was climbing down from the signal platform. "Keep our bow into the wind."

Cassidy watched the PBYs now. There were ten of them, in formation. In a moment one peeled off, flew in low. It glided straight through the twin rock peaks and landed on the water.

On the sub's deck, the chief machinist, with the help of Browski and several sailors, was breaking out refueling lines.

The big PBY taxied up as close to the ship as it dared. The sailors shouted to the flyers, but the roar of the plane's motors drowned it out. Forward, on the big deck gun, Mike, Tin Can, and five others were still at battle stations, but they were gazing at the plane, grinning. The plane's motors went off and at once there was the crack of a line gun. The men in the plane began dragging the line through the water. It was attached to the nozzle of the fuel hose.

The pilot of the PBY pushed his window back, stuck his head out. He was the squadron leader. Cassidy suddenly recognized him. Laughing, he lifted his megaphone, called over:

"Join the Navy and meet your friends in the Aleutians! How are you, Spud?"

"Swell!" the pilot yelled back. Now he looked the submarine over deprecatingly. "You should have come to Pensacola with me, Cassie." He was grinning. "Have the boys check my tires and wipe the windshield while they're about it!" He laughed. "How's it feel to be a seagoing service station?"

"We aim to please," Cassidy called. "Got your ration coupons with you?"

Spud called back that he didn't—he'd left his A book in Dutch Harbor. Other planes were circling overhead now. One of them glided down between the twin rocks, and landed on the water. It lay off, waiting, its motors idling. The fuel hose from the sub stiffened as gasoline began pouring through it.

Cassidy stood by, watching, as the fueling continued. Lookouts kept glasses turned to the sky on continual alert. On deck, Taber, the engineer, had taken over. The fueling proceeded rapidly. The first plane left, and the second came in; when it was gone, the third swung alongside, while the fourth lay off, idling. There was banter back and forth between the sailors and the flyers. Aft, Cookie was on the fantail with a fishing line. "They say these Alaskan salmon sometimes weigh a couple hundred pounds," he'd said. "Stand by to give me a hand! Maybe we'll have *poisson* for supper."

Later, Cookie actually got a bite, and began yelling excitedly. "Quick! Bear a hand! Gaff him!" And big Mike Danton came over and helped. When it was on deck Mike rubbed the fish scales off his hands on his dungaree trousers and returned to the deck gun. The air was icy, and most of the sailors had on peacoats, the collars turned up, but Mike wore only a sweater and a wool cap. It was a civilian sweater, Cassidy observed, but it was very thick, had a turtle neck, and he guessed Mike was warm in it. He wondered where he'd picked it up. Although it was permitted on a submarine, Mike had never been much for wearing clothes that were out of regulation.

BURMA SURGEON

By Gordon S. Seagrave

Lieut. Col., M. C.

A war story, yet not a war story, this saga of Dr. Seagrave, American medical missionary in the North Shan States. Starting out with only a wastebasket of surgical instruments, he ends his story accompanying General Stilwell on the famous march from Burma to India.

There's humor, humanity, and inspiration to be found in it. Read Liberty's condensation

Next Week!

The ninth, and next to last plane, was alongside, and cast off now. The flyers waved from its window; its motors roared, the propellers whirled. Then the craft skittered across the water, gained momentum, and lifted gently into the air. Off to bomb hell out of somebody, Cassidy thought. I wonder if it's Paramushiru, after all. The last plane hauled in. The fuel line was connected.

Cassidy lit a cigarette. Suddenly he thought: Maybe we'll be going in. Then the thought left him. They still had a full load of torpedoes, and they hadn't sunk anything yet. Besides, Quade was aboard—for reasons not yet known. Undoubtedly another and probably bigger job lay ahead of them!

ALL at once he was startled by the piercing shriek of a lookout: "Planes approaching off the starboard bow."

Cassidy grabbed his binoculars. Tex was already scanning the sky.

"Float Zeros!" he yelled.

They were Zeros, all right! Cassidy dropped the binoculars.

"Secure fueling!"

The men on deck were electrified. They looked skyward. Browski was yelling: "Get that fuel hose in!"

The lines to the PBY were cast off. The fuel hose was jerked out. The Zeros were approaching fast!

"Commence firing!"

The guns crashed deafeningly. At the same moment the motors of the last PBY started up with a shuddering roar. It took off, skimming frantically across the water. Aft, on the sub, Browski was shouting:

"Fuel line secured! All clear aft!"

The guns kept blasting. The Zeros were overhead.

"All ahead full!" Cassidy snapped. "Full left rudder!"

On deck, the Kid yelled over to Mike, "How come we're not diving?"

Mike yelled back, "Rock bottom—it'd tear hell out of us! We've got to get out first—into deep water!"

Amen, Cassidy thought. They couldn't dive now! They were trapped here, trapped on the surface!

The three-inch gun was thundering. On the bridge a machine gun was aimed and ready. In the sky, the PBYs were streaking out. The Zeros took after them. But now one peeled out of formation. It came diving down after the sub! The wings grew large fast. The motor was red-hot, whining. Machine guns, both on deck and on the bridge, began chattering. Now the plane was on them! Its guns cut loose—strafing. A bomb dropped from its belly, started down.

(*Continued on page 48*)

THE NAVY ISN'T KIDDING

BY KEITH AYLING

The life of a Navy pilot often hangs on his ability, in a split second, to distinguish friend from foe. Here, at Corpus Christi, cadets study ship and plane recognition.

Bad news for Tojo! That's the meaning of the Navy's vast training program now turning out sky warriors keyed to knockout pitch

VICE-ADMIRAL HORNE warns that the war may last until 1949. The U. S. Navy has an appropriation of four and a half billion dollars for air development in 1944, the largest in the history of our naval air power. This huge appropriation indicates the nature of our forthcoming Pacific campaign. Naval air power will play the major part in smashing the Japs. The Navy knows that air power must strike first. Japan, with her ocean frontiers and her huge submarine fleet, cannot be conquered by sea power alone.

That is why the Navy is undertaking an aviation training program of unbelievable physical proportions. Navy flying schools are spread over the entire face of America, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, along the Canadian border, and on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico.

Thousands of young men are in training as pilots, rear-seat gunners and radio operators, and as technicians. At some of these training stations graduations are held twice a week. Every young man at that graduation ceremony who hears for the first time the dramatic command, "Officers dismiss!" has been trained sixteen hours a day for fourteen months, at an estimated cost of $27,500 per flyer. Ahead of him is a further two months' operational training on the machines he will fly in combat. Training with him simultaneously are thousands of flying and non-flying specialists, each with a vital part in the picture of naval combat aviation.

Actual figures of the size of the Navy's air-training program are secret, but in the two-week period ending June 30, 1943, the Navy trained three and a half times more student pilots in primary training alone than in a similar period ending August 20, 1942.

The growth of naval air training is one of those incredible things that can only happen in America. The Navy certainly means business. The size of Uncle Sam's naval air power looks to this reporter as if it may any day outnumber the entire strength of Germany's Luftwaffe. I formed this opinion after flying 7,000 miles across America, visiting naval air-training stations. I landed on airfields that had blossomed miraculously on deserts, and I found 5,000-acre training stations, with paved streets, impressive buildings, and internal bus routes where a few months before had been waste scrubland. In Oklahoma, a $7,800,000 naval air station appeared on a 1,500-acre tract of cornfields in the astonishing time of three months.

On the Great Lakes, fighter-plane, scout-bomber, and torpedo-bomber trainees qualify for aircraft-carrier service, using a converted Great Lakes steamer as a flat-top. In the University of Chicago's former vocational school thousands of rear-seat men and technicians follow the curriculum of the Navy's Air Technical Training Command under the direction of Admiral A. C. Reed, a Navy pilot who gave America a "world first" in 1919 by piloting the first seaplane across the Atlantic.

Admiral Reed's NATTC aims at turning out 100,000 technicians this year, and an increasing number next year. His Navy and Marine Corps students are the men who keep 'em flying. On graduation, they go to squadrons as qualified aviation machinists' mates and metal smiths, ordnance men and electricians. Their life is that of a college student in uniform, except that they must learn to swim and are given daily toughening with commando training.

Swimming and abandon-ship drill are a must for every officer and man, flyer or otherwise. Each student has to learn the right way to jump from

This fourteen-foot hurdle is part of the obstacle course at St. Mary's Navy Pre-Flight School in California.

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPHS

"Yellow Perils" in the air over Glenview are as thick as peacetime automobile traffic. Their color is a warning to experienced flyers to keep clear.

a ship's deck into the sea, and he must keep himself afloat for an hour. It's easy when you know the way. You just take off your pants, knot the ends of the legs, inflate them with air, and use them as a life preserver. It works, too.

Every Navy man today—pilot, senior officer, or store clerk—is a tough proposition for the enemy. He learns real commando tactics. It's all part of the curriculum. The boy who is learning to take a complicated Wright Cyclone radial engine apart and reassemble it with a minimum of tools can take a Jap apart with his bare hands as well. The Navy is taking no chances. Muscles are developed as well as brains.

The Navy's Air Technical Training Command is part of a comprehensive scheme to give Uncle Sam's sea eagles the heaviest possible punch. Early contacts with the enemy revealed the need for highly trained men behind the planes, on the flight decks of aircraft carriers. They showed also that the rear-seat gunner and radio man was as important as the pilot—so the Navy got busy!

In May, 1940, there was one small school for training aviation machinists' mates, two for metal smiths. There were two small schools for primary training of aerographers (weathermen) and photographers, and a few training centers for bombsight maintenance and color photography.

Today the Navy has six huge training stations for its 100,000-man annual program, which take the recruit from his initial training through advanced training to specialist work as key personnel and as instructor. Advanced students go from these centers to take factory training with plane engine and accessory manufacturers. Operating side by side with the enlisted men's training program are a special series of schools where officers study air combat intelligence, photography, photographic interpretations, fighter director work, and gunnery engineering.

Said Admiral Reed, discussing his command, which was established on September 11, 1942, "The enemy has hardly felt the impact of this training, but he will soon, as our students are steadily passing out to air groups and squadrons." A veteran aviation machinist's mate who had just returned from the Pacific for an advanced course, said, "This training is worth a fortune to me. I figure it will save hundreds of flying lives."

Thoroughness is the keynote of all Navy training. No man gets into combat unless he is ace-high at his job, whether ground work or flying. From the moment he signs up as a student or aviation cadet, right through his advanced training, each man is checked and double-checked. If he fails to make the grade, he is washed out, in the interest of his own comrades.

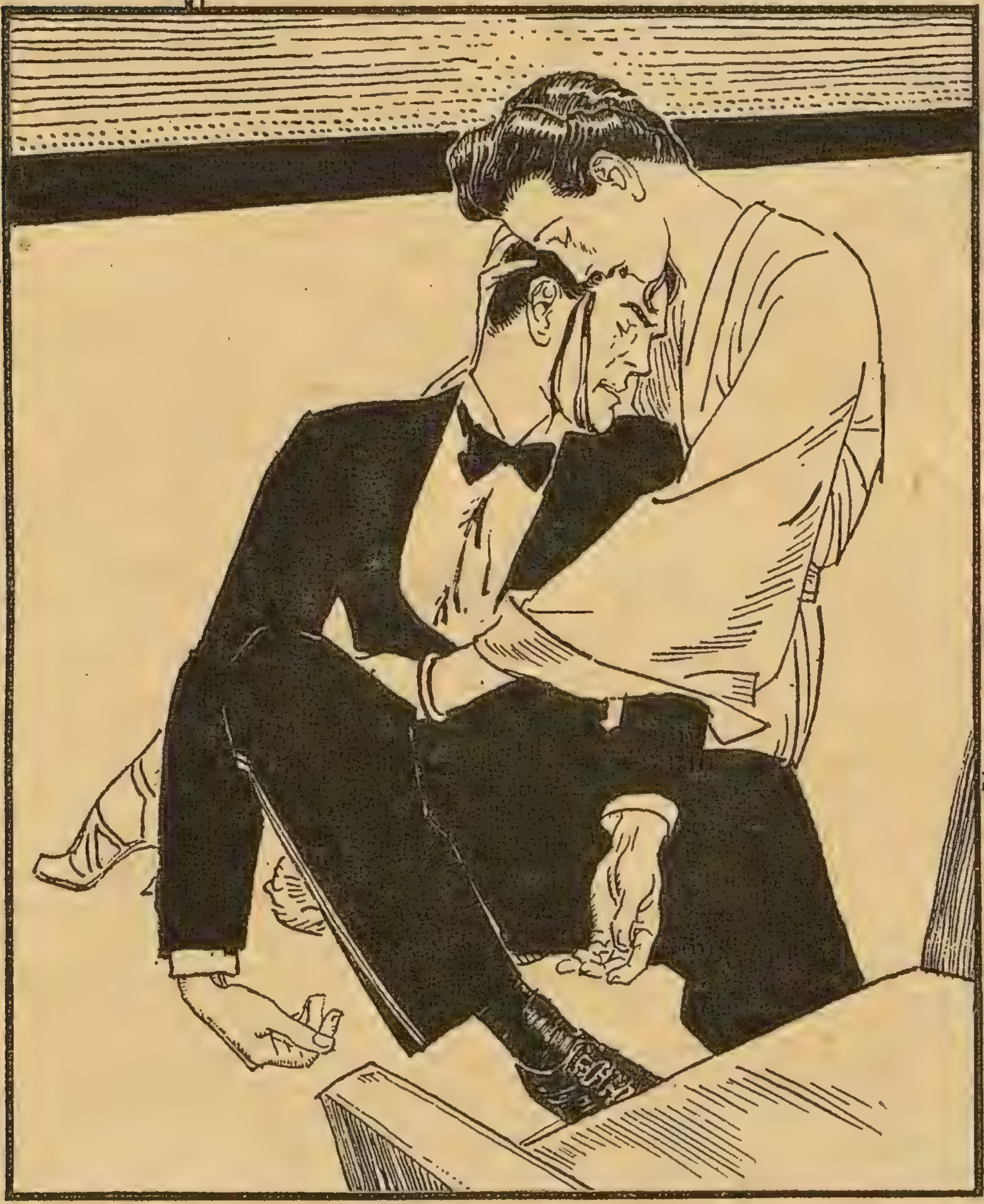
Naval aviation flight training is divided into six sections. At flight preparatory schools, of which there are twenty set up in colleges in various parts of the country, students receive intensive instruction in mathematics, physics, and general aviation subjects. From these schools they go to a war training service school, where they have their first flights in low-powered planes. Has the student inherent flying ability? Here is his chance to show it and make himself at home in the air. Then comes another critical stage, perhaps the most critical. At a pre-flight school he gets three months' intensive physical training and body building, with his first Navy indoctrination. He never sees an airplane, but he is air-conditioned to the highest possible degree. He learns to keep his chin up, to be a good sailor, and to qualify generally as a member of the big Navy team with a big job ahead.

Then comes his big thrill, primary training, which may be at Glenview, Illinois, at Norman, Oklahoma, or at some other station under the Navy's Primary Training Command. Here he makes his first acquaintance with the "Yellow Peril," the Navy's primary instruction machine. The Peril is a sturdy 225-horsepower biplane. Its yellow paint is a sign for experienced pilots to keep clear. On

(*Continued on page 67*)

Inflated trousers serve as life preservers in swim drill for pre-flight cadets.

The CROSS-EYED BEAR



A Mystery Novel
by
DOROTHY B. HUGHES

The ad read: "Wanted: A beautiful girl. One not afraid to look on danger's face."

Lizanne answered it and stepped into the maze of intrigue and murder that surrounded the heirs to a billion-dollar fortune.

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION
READING TIME ONE EVENING

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK CHAPMAN

NO one paid any attention to you in the subway. Ermine or rags, it didn't make any difference. She might have been wearing the shabby brown tweed as well as the black velvet evening coat, hood lined in white fur; beneath it the black evening gown, unornamented save for the one good clip at the breastline.

She couldn't endure staying in tonight, two days since her first utterly-alone Christmas. Eight months of haunting the theaters, the hotels, the right New York places where he might appear, a search limited by her meager income. But some night she would see the man whose name she did not know; and she would begin to find out that which she must know.

She entered the lobby of the theater, and stood, playing a little game: She was with those two men at the end of the line; they were all going to some luxurious hotel for dinner before the show and eat all they wanted to; she was merely standing aside while they bought the seats. They brushed by her, one saying amusedly, "Are you still running that melodramatic ad, Bill?"

And then she shivered. She had seen those shoulders before, that unbelievably Gargantuan back. The thinner one, the one she hadn't ever seen, was tall, a young forty, a saffron blond. He answered, "Yes. I haven't found what I'm looking for." He spoke to the cage: "Reservations for tonight. Folker is the name—William Folker. The Lorenzo phoned . . ."

The Lorenzo. That melodramatic ad.

They saw her standing there but they didn't see her. She was just another unknown face on a night in New York; some one waiting for tickets. But she had seen the corner of that ugly face before. It hadn't ever seen her.

This, then, was the end of the search. But the end was no more than the beginning. Some way she must know him, make certain.

She went out—home to her grubby furnished room. She opened the Herald Tribune. The ad had been running for several weeks in the personal column:

WANTED: A beautiful girl. One not afraid to look o

Copyright, 1940, by Dorothy B. Hughes. Published in the United States by Duell, Sloan and Pearce, New York, N. Y. Price, $2.

danger's bright face. Apply to Room 1000, The Lorenzo.

She wasn't beautiful. She always had been thin; it wasn't just not having enough to eat the past eight months. Her face was too tiny, and her round eyes, blue as china plates, diminished her features—her eyes and her too bright scarlet hair. But the next afternoon she applied, in sodden old hat and coat. A wet snow was falling.

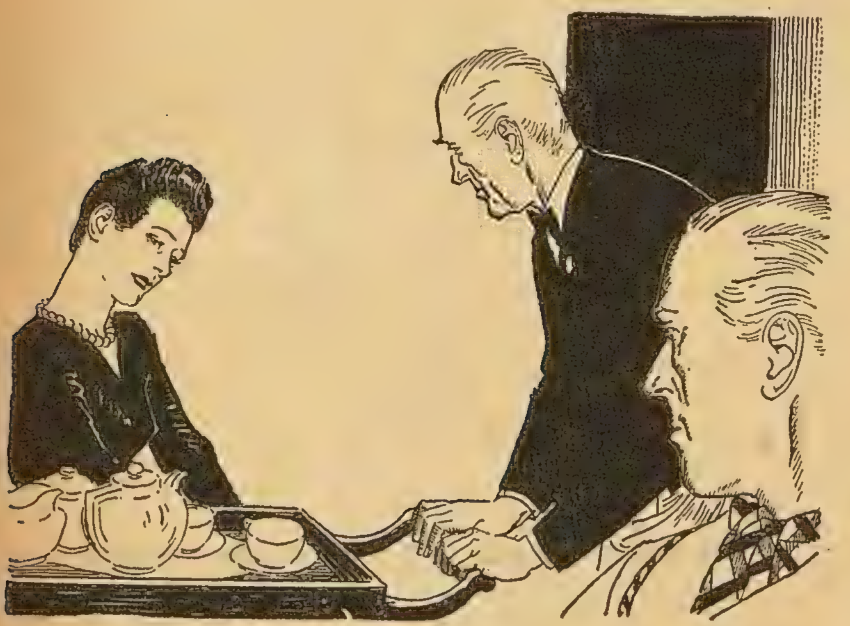
The saffron man interviewed her. He was on a chaise longue near the window, a heavy maroon rug thrown over his knees. He said, "Pardon my not rising. I have to take it easy." He smiled at her. "Sit down, Miss . . ."

"Lizanne Steffasson."

He touched a button and a plain woman came in.

"Lydia, will you take Miss Steffasson's coat and hang it up to dry? And have tea sent up."

His questions were easy to answer, and he wanted a very capable secretary, he said. She wasn't beautiful, but she'd do. Salary a hundred a week. Then he asked, "Have you ever heard of Knut Viljaas?"



She said, "The Cross-Eyed Bear," and then she looked up, startled, into his searching eyes. "That's what the newspapers called him. He was the Norwegian billionaire, wasn't he?"

"Swedish, not Norwegian. He was big and shaggy and white, and one eye crossed. He wouldn't wear glasses."

A waiter silently rolled in the tea cart. Folker dismissed him; said, "Serve yourself, Miss Steffasson."

She obeyed.

"There were three Viljaas sons," he explained. "Stefan, Lans, and Dene. To them, the father left three million dollars, unbelievably in cash. The money is still on deposit. Viljaas lived in the United States the last twenty-five years of his life, after his second marriage. The legacy was given in the form of a check, divided into three triangles, one for each son. This check could not be cashed until the twenty-first birthday of the youngest son, and only if the three sections were presented together. Each triangle contains not the son's name but Old Viljaas' seal of the cross-eyed bear. The check must be endorsed in triplicate with the cross-eyed bear.

"Two years ago, shortly before his twenty-first birthday, Dene, the youngest, disappeared while on a hunting trip in the north woods. He's never been heard of, or from, since."

It was as if a ghost had laid hand on her spine.

"The estate must be settled on the first of April of this year. I am here to find Dene Viljaas, sometimes known as Dene Thyg. None of the sons kept the name Viljaas.

"Unless Dene's triangle is found—and the seal of the cross-eyed bear—the check cannot be cashed. That seal of the bear was given to one of the three brothers, but to which one old Knut didn't say."

She asked, "What happens if they aren't found?"

His face darkened. "The money goes to a group of fool societies that the Old Bear favored."

She was silent a moment, then asked, "Where are the other brothers now?"

"Stefan, the eldest, is supposed to be in Sweden. Lans is here in New York, playing the piano at a second-rate night club on Fifty-third Street. Jim and Jack's."

She kept her eyes round and innocent on him, sipping tea.

"Knut Viljaas owned a majority of the mines in the Norse countries. Their output is extremely important to warring nations. His contracts were so signed that only his own country and her allies could profit. These contracts lapse on April first of this year, and certain other nations, in particular the Three, have entered their bids at a far higher price than Sweden can begin to offer."

His eyes slanted. "If the sons are not on hand, the executors will have no choice but to sign with the highest bidder. And unless we find Dene and the seal of the cross-eyed bear before this date, the estate must remain in the executors' hands. I am here to locate them. You will help."

He was looking her over carefully. "You'll need clothes. Leave your name and address with Lydia, outside. I'll have her mail you a check. Lydia is leaving, and I'd prefer if you'd take her quarters here in the suite. They're on the other side of the office. It would simplify matters for both of us."

She said, "I'll do it." Her chance at last!

"If I need you before next Saturday, I'll send word. If not, report to me then. You'll excuse my not seeing you out."

Lydia rose from behind the typewriter; she brought the coat and hat. She spoke with passion: "You're too young to be mixed up in this."

Lizanne answered, "I'm twenty-two and I'm used to working." She buttoned her coat. "Mr. Folker told me to leave my name and address." She gave it and went out without looking back.

On Monday a check came. Five thousand dollars. Tomorrow, Tuesday. Wednesday, New Year's Day; stores closed; a short week to transform herself. This evening she'd celebrate. She dressed in her one black evening dress, saw a play, and then—

After the curtain, she didn't know why, but she turned without willing it to Fifty-third Street. There was the lighted neon sign, "Jim and Jack's." Monday night, night before New Year's Eve; it shouldn't be too crowded. And it was early as yet. She could pretend she was waiting for her escort, glimpse the pianist. She walked inside. The place was fairly empty, only a few tables occupied, no evening clothes save her own and the orchestral tuxedos. The headwaiter came up to her in the tiny foyer.

She spoke with just the right annoyance, "My friend—evidently hasn't arrived."

"Would you wish a table while you're waiting?"

She hesitated correctly, raised her head, and said, "Yes. Near the music." She followed him, allowed him to hold her chair, assist her with her coat. The pianist's back was to her.

"Do you care to order?"

She shook her head, then changed her mind. "You might have the boy bring me a glass of sauterne while I'm waiting."

SHE had but a few steps to walk from her table to the orchestra platform. She waited until the number was finished, the few dancers returned to their tables. The pianist looked down at her with the blank waiting expression of the orchestra expecting a musical request.

She didn't know what to say. She could scarcely hear her own words: "I wanted to speak to you."

He said, "Yes," and when she still hesitated, repeated, "Yes," without interest.

She half stammered, "May I ask you a question?"

"Yes." He wasn't helpful.

She couldn't come right out and ask him what she wished to know. Not with his black eyes, familiar eyes, staring at her with complete disinterest. She began again, "You look like some one I used to know. Do you mind telling me your name?"

He continued to stare at her out of the black unwavering eyes. When he answered, it was rudely: "My name is Vaught. V-A-U-G-H-T. Vaught." Then he deliberately turned his back before she could say anything else.

There was nothing to do but return to the table with that abashment brought on by utter failure. Her wine was there. She took a small sip and the music began again. She'd go as soon as she decently could; she couldn't afford to waste money on a second drink. Taxi, theater, now this, had cut down her little wad of bills. Besides, she had never liked to drink.

She looked up in honest surprise when the girl came to her table. She was a tawdry little thing, too blonde hair, too curled, a pathetic face. Her body was half-starved, but her breasts and buttocks were big beneath the tight black crepe dress with too much tinsely gilt on it. Her lipstick was too orange and too much. She didn't ask if she might sit down; she did, opposite Lizanne.

"You talked to my husband," she stated.

Lizanne's eyes widened. "Yes?" There was only the headwaiter and the pianist to choose between. She questioned, "You're—"

"I'm Sally Vaught." She had a whiny feminine voice. Surely she was used to women in the club speaking to her husband. Perhaps not women alone.

Lizanne said, "I mistook him for some one else."

"Who did you think he was?"

THERE seemed no reason not to tell her. "I wondered if he weren't Lans Viljaas."

If the name meant anything, she didn't show it. She said, "He isn't. He's Lans Vaught."

"Lans?"

Sally was defiant. "More than one man has that name. I ought to know who my own husband is. It's on the marriage license."

Lizanne tried to soothe her. "I'm not doubting you. I made the mistake."

It wasn't enough for the girl. She asked, "Who is Lans Viljaas? Do you know him?"

Lizanne shook her head. "I've never laid eyes on him." She wasn't surprised that the pianist had come now to the table, sat down without asking.

Sally said, "I'm asking her who Lans Viljaas is, honey." She put her hand on his coat sleeve, but he didn't pay any attention to her. His black eyes, Dene eyes, were on Lizanne's blue ones.

Lizanne explained, "Your wife asked if I knew him. I was telling her I'd never laid eyes on him in all my life."

Lans Vaught took out a pack of cigarettes, shoved it to her, and helped himself. Sally waited for hers until he laid the pack on the table.

"Why all the interest then?"

She answered easily, "I'm working for a man who's looking for the brother, Dene Viljaas."

There was a little smile came to Lans' lips.

Sally said, "Maybe that's the man here the other night, hon. The one who thought you was this Viljaas fella." She mispronounced the name.

He ignored her. His stare hadn't left Lizanne's face. She felt uneasy, as if he could see beyond her eyes, enter her thoughts. She had to break the spell. Sally's words weren't doing anything, just spattering unheeded.

She opened her mouth, but he spoke first: "You wouldn't mean Stefan Viljaas?"

She said quickly, "No," and she repeated, "No." She was like snow even to hear that name spoken. But she must not allow this cold fright to clench her whenever she heard, or thought, the name. Some day she must face him. When the time came, it must be in angry courage, not in fear. And she didn't need to worry about it now; he was in Sweden. She said quietly, "No, I'm working for Bill Folker. Do you know him?"

He still wore that little smile and his eyes were inscrutable. "Never heard of him."

The orchestra had gathered again on the platform, were stirring a cacophony of notes. Lans Vaught stood up. So did Sally Vaught. Lans leaned to Lizanne's chair. He was deliberately offensive. It was scrawled on his face. "Does Folker pay you for your night work?"

Fury came over her at the insinuation, but he only laughed and went back to the piano. The wife hadn't heard. She'd returned to the table in the corner, looking sulkily across at Lizanne, as if Lizanne were as beautiful and glamorous as Bill Folker wished her to be.

The fury was too great for her to remain. Lizanne marched into the foyer, shut herself in the telephone booth, called Folker.

He said at once, "You'd better come up here and report."

She took a cab to the Lorenzo.

Lydia opened the door for her. She said flatly, "You're to go in."

Bill Folker was pleasant. "You met the pianist?"

"I asked him if he were Lans Viljaas and he denied it. His wife denied it."

"He has a wife?" This seemed news to him.

"Yes, she was with him. She said his name is Lans Vaught, on the marriage license. But he knows something, Mr. Folker."

"What makes you think that?"

She couldn't mention his eyes, familiar black eyes. Dene's eyes. She fumbled, "I think he's a Viljaas."

"I'm sure of it. I wonder if he has the bear," Bill said.

The door was suddenly flung wide and a girl stood swaying in the doorway.

Tall, she was easily as high as Bill Folker's shoulder; her body narrow, not hidden, not meant to be hidden, in the swathe of silver cloth tight from breasts to heel. Her hair, pale, almost powdered gold, was ringleted all over her head, with a forelock falling to one golden eyebrow. Her eyes, colorless and cold as ice circlets, saw Lizanne. She took a step into the room, letting the sable coat fall.

He said, "This is my secretary. If you'll just wait for a few moments in the other room, Alix, until we finish our conference—"

"Conference!" she laughed shrilly. "I know you too well—you and women. I won't go." She moved toward a chair. "You might give me a drink, Bill. You might say you're glad to see me."

"You've had too much to drink. Where are you staying?"

She cried out, as if she were imparting a delightful surprise, "Here, darling!"

"You'd better go to your apartment." He threw off the maroon rug and stood. He put his fingers on Alix's upper arm. "I'll come to you as soon as I'm free, Alix." His knuckles whitened and she came out of the chair with her face gone ivory.

"Pick up your coat and put it on." He didn't help her, but he went out of the room with her and his yellow eyes held hate.

LIZANNE jumped when she heard a key turning in the door leading to the corridor. She turned and stood facing it, her hands tight. It wasn't Bill Folker who came in. It was the big ugly man she had seen with him at the theater. His eyebrows winged. "Who are you?"

"I'm Lizanne Steffasson, Mr. Folker's secretary."

Bill Folker came back, saying, "You're a little late, Guard. I just ran her off."

The man called Guard flung off his coat and hat and poured himself a drink. "The irresistible Mr. Folker. What did she want?"

"Me, I gather. She'd better stay away from me. I haven't time for her now. Tell her that."

"Tell her yourself," Guard said. "Who's this kid that says she's your secretary?"

Bill said, "I forgot. Miss Steffasson. My friend, Mr. Croyden—Guard Croyden."

Guard didn't acknowledge the introduction. "What about Lydia?"

"She's leaving me of her free will."

Apprehension suddenly set on Guard Croyden's mouth.

Bill turned to Lizanne. "Do you think you might strike up a sort of—friendship with these Vaughts?"

"If it's part of the job, yes. But some one will have to escort me. I can't keep going in there alone. Tonight I pretended I was waiting for a friend."

Guard asked, "What about Dinky? He's asked to help out, finding Dene."

Bill said, "Yes. It wouldn't hurt to have him around. Dene may have given him the cross-eyed bear, or told him where it was."

The phone rang and Lizanne answered. Alix demanded Bill.

Bill strode to the phone. He said only monosyllables, and then, "I'm coming right away."

He turned to Lizanne. "I'll get in touch with Dinky. He's in Washington. I'll send word to you." He went out the corridor door, leaving her there with Guard Croyden.

Guard took her velvet coat from the chair, held it for her, said, "Come on, I'll take you home."

She was afraid of him. In the taxi he asked, "Who steered you on to the job?"

She flared back, "I answered an ad."

He stared at her. "You're sure you didn't know Bill Folker before?"

She met his eyes with her round china-blue ones. "I am, Mr. Croyden." He left her at her door. She wasn't quite so sure now of what she was getting into. When, on Sunday afternoon, she moved into the hotel, she felt panic. But she reveled in the luxury of her suite as she unpacked her new clothes.

IT was almost seven o'clock before she was summoned to Bill Folker's suite. The small bar beside Bill stood open. Guard Croyden was there, and a tall thin young man lounging in a chair. The bold eyes he turned on her were cobalt, the lashes darkly fringed as a girl's.

Bill said, "This is Dinky Bruce, Miss Steffasson."

The boy winked at Lizanne. "I'm your gigolo or chauffeur—somepin."

Bill looked at his watch. "You're supposed to take Lizanne out to dinner at Jim and Jack's—if you think you can make it."

Dinky rose on unsteady cranelike legs. "Sure I can make it. Give me ten minutes, Miss Steffasson." He weaved out of the far door.

Bill said, "There's two things we want to know, Lizanne. Has Lans the cross-eyed bear—"

"He must have it," Guard stated.

"And has he heard from or of Dene in the past two years."

"You see, Miss Steffasson," said Guard, "Stefan was fifteen years older than Lans, while there was scarcely a year between Lans and Dene. Those two were close friends, while Stefan was hardly more than a stranger to them. There were different mothers. Lans ran away from home when he was eighteen. He didn't return even when old Knut died, but Dene gave the address where Lans' part of the check might be sent."

Lizanne looked from one to the other. "Why don't you know whether he was sent the cross-eyed bear?"

Bill answered, "Only one executor knew who received the stamp, the steel die of the bear. This was Knut's safeguard in order that the three brothers wouldn't try to murder each other to keep from sharing the estate."

She said, "I don't see where you two figure in this."

Guard leaned back almost insolently. "Because, my little lady, I work for the United States government. I'm a Fed. When any one as important as Dene Viljaas disappears, and any one as important as Ambassador Tedford Bruce wants to find him, sometimes they commission a special deputy just for that job."

"Speaking of pa?" Dinky Bruce had returned.

Lizanne asked Guard, "Why does Ambassador Bruce want to find him?"

"Afraid of foul play. Besides, he must close the estate by April first. That is why he's here instead of on duty in Sweden. He's the senior executor. "I'm now the third executor. Neither Teddie nor I have the least idea who got the seal. It was an unwritten secret between Viljaas and the other executor, who died without telling."

"And your part in this?" She turned to Bill.

"I represent Stefan Viljaas' interests. I have a little badge from the Swedish government. Viljaas mines are practically inoperative while the estate remains open. And what with war needs, the government doesn't like that. You can see why Dene must be found."

If she told them where he was lying, where he had been at rest for two years—but they weren't telling the whole truth no matter how well authenticated what they had to say. These were half-truths. It wasn't Dene they wanted to find; it was the cross-eyed bear. They didn't need Dene if they had the bear. She couldn't trust them; they were Stefan's men.

She stood up from her chair. "Then all I'm to do now is try to find out if Lans is a Viljaas."

She went for her coat and found a young hotel maid in her bedroom. "Mr. Folker ask that I unpack while you are out, Miss Steffasson. I am Anna." Her accent was slight. She was small and a little plump.

In beaver coat and hood, Lizanne went back. Dinky was ready.

At the night club the blonde wife came across the floor, tight in electric blue rayon, her behind swaying. She sat down beside Lizanne and her eyes slid to Dinky.

"Sally Vaught," Lizanne said. "Mrs. Vaught, Mr. Bruce."

He ordered drinks, invited Sally to dine with them, and played up to her cheap advances. When Lans came to the table, he came to his feet, looking delighted.

Lans said quietly, "Hello, Dinky." He sat between Lizanne and Dinky. "Who's your friend, Dink?"

"Lizanne Steffasson—Lans Vaught."

If Dinky and Lans were friends, why was she needed here? She was further puzzled when Lans said under his breath, "Meet me outside at quarter to twelve," and went back to the piano.

Suddenly Dinky asked Sally, "Were you married once to Dene?"

Her amazed denial wasn't pretense. So, thought Lizanne, none of them knew if Dene really had married or what his wife was like.

She slipped away from them easily when it was time. Lans was waiting. He said, "I want a cup of coffee." They went into a Childs.

"Why did you come back?" he asked across the table.

"I want to know everything possible about the Viljaases," she said. "You're Lans Viljaas."

"I'm Lans Vaught." His hand touched hers. "Don't ever forget it. I don't want to be murdered as Dene was."

"You think Dene is dead—murdered?"

"Ask your boss," he laughed.

So he knew Bill; knew, furthermore, that he represented Stefan. He was afraid to meet Bill. She looked into his eyes. "Who do you think killed Dene?"

"Stefan, of course. And maybe he got the bear, or the check. Not both."

"How do you know?"

HE spoke deliberately, "Because he would have killed me before now if he had all the pieces of the jigsaw except mine, which, you can tell Folker, is in a good safe vault. There's a letter there, too, and a will; if anything happens to me, the triangle goes to my wife, and then she'll have to be murdered."

She asked, "Do you have the cross-eyed bear?"

His eyes revealed nothing, too black for revelation. "That's for Stefan to find out."

When they went out into the night he told her, "You can pick up your date at my room. Sally should have him there by now."

They found Sally curled up in bed, Dinky asleep in a chair. Lans shook him awake.

In the cab, Dinky said, "How Lans could ever marry that!" He saw Lizanne to her door, said, "Good night."

She undressed in almost catlike luxury, thinking of Lans. She took her dress and coat to hang away, pulled the white satin cord of the closet light. She raised her eyes; moved back automatically as a heavy metal box fell to the floor.

She bent and opened it. Nothing inside but scrap iron, junk. It was too heavy to lift; she closed it, pushed it far to the back of the closet. It had not come in with her belongings; it had not been in the closet when she was here this afternoon.

She hung up her dress and coat, closed the door. The sound couldn't carry to the opposite suite, that she knew. She would have been found in the morning when the soft-spoken foreign maid came to clean. An accident after a night in a club, carelessness, too much to drink. She turned on lights, went through the apartment again, still without fear. The windows were impregnable—a sheer ten-story drop to the pavement of Central Park

South below. Both doors were securely self-locking. Bill Folker had said if she wanted any changes to let him know. Tomorrow she wanted bolts on her doors. It was too easy for others to retain keys.

She was really too tired to be frightened tonight. She climbed into the heavenly bed, pulled off the bed lamp. Who would want to kill her? Not one person in all of New York's millions knew who Lizanne Steffasson really was.

Next day she found in the neatly arranged desk a newspaper clipping, Alix's picture and a news item: "Mrs. Henry Tinker granted a divorce today." No date on the clipping. In Reno. "The former Alix Bruce, daughter of Ambassador Tedford Bruce. The former Mrs. Guard Croyden."

But that did not explain why they should all be in this together.

Her buzzer sounded. She took notebook and pencil, went in to Bill Folker. Distrust returned. Something about the way he looked at her. But he dictated war contracts, discussion of the output of certain mines, letters addressed to Washington, Moscow, and Copenhagen, Buenos Aires. She was a fool to be frightened. He wasn't interested in her, only in what she had learned from Lans last night—which was nothing. She gave him her report, and at the end said: "He didn't even explain how he happened to know Dinky."

Bill said, "Dinky and Dene and Lans were raised next door to each other. He knew Dinky because he is Lans. Is he interested in you?"

She knew what he meant. She said, "No."

"Could he be?"

She met his eyes, considering it. She answered finally, honestly, "Men don't"—how to phrase it?—"men don't whistle when I go past the livery stable." And she grinned at him.

He smiled back then. "I must have interviewed at least fifty, nearer a hundred, beautiful women in answer to that ad. Not one met the requirements. It was essential that the person for the job have some semblance of a brain. She had to be able to act a secretary's part and"—he gestured to the mail—"and at least help me out, along with her other duties."

He went on easily, "Most of the applicants, I believe, thought I was a white slaver, and were willing. Not one fitted the picture I had. Until you came along." He poured more coffee for himself. "You needn't tell me again, nor will I tell you, that you're no beauty. But even looking like a damp rabbit, as you did that first day," he smiled and she bridled, "you did, you know, just exactly—there was something to pique the interest of a man, in particular of a man surfeited on mere beauty. And the café crowd is just that, Lizanne. Even Guard, old cynic that he is, agrees with me on you where that is concerned. That's why I told you to get yourself dressed up. The right clothes, and you can walk into a room with your hair and eyes and innocent look and have every man in the place start sniffing around."

SHE went on listening, a flush on her cheeks. She wasn't used to being discussed by a strange man point by point as if she were a colt. But she said nothing, tried not to be afraid. She wasn't used to eyes looking through her to her very skin.

"Your body's good, a little thin, although you don't play it up. You're probably too honest a person to have anything but scorn for that, the stock in trade of every beautiful girl in New York, whether she lives on Park or Seventh Avenue or at the Barbizon. You may not have a damn bit of personal experience in getting a man, but you've seen other girls in action. At least in the pictures. You know how it's done. And doing it clearheaded that way, you'll probably get a lot further than those pretty ones that came walking in here who could do it in their sleep." He took a breath. "Now. Could Lans Vaught be interested in you?"

Again she didn't answer immediately. She was relieved. He hadn't been speaking personally; he was thinking only of the search. She thought it over. "He has a wife."

"I'm not interested in his morals. Could he be?"

She said, "I can try it."

"Maybe he'll tell you why Dene disappeared." He added, "There's nothing else for you today until about five. Dinky will pick you up then and take you to Alix's for cocktails. The affair is for Tedford, the ambassador; he's in town for a few days. I want a blow-by-blow account of what's said when the Viljaas name is brought into it. You needn't talk; just listen."

Before she started out with Dinky she remembered to ask Bill to have bolts put on her doors. "I know I'm silly," she said, "but I just get scary at nights and I'd feel much safer."

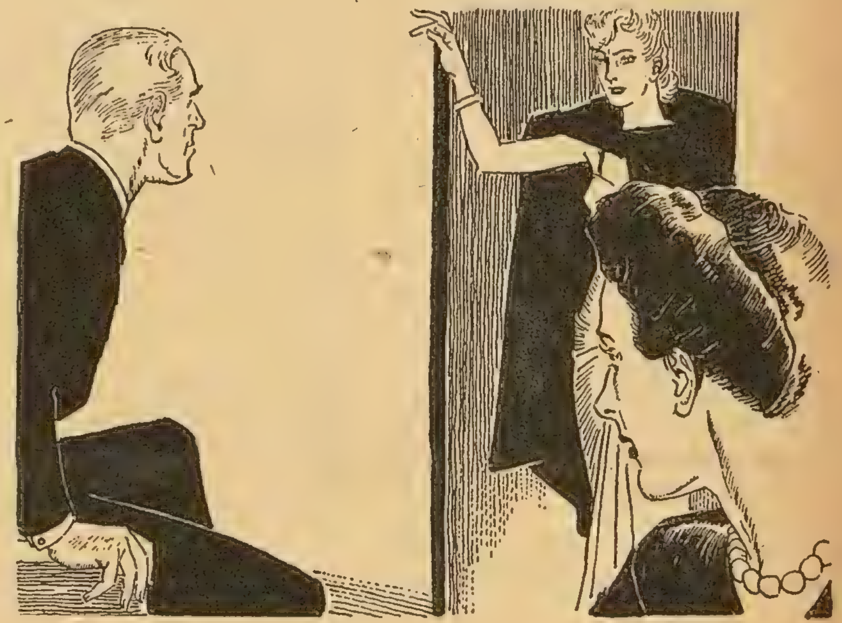
He accepted her reason. "I'll see to it right away."

No one introduced her to any one at the party. She stood on the outskirts of the group surrounding the ambassador. Guard Croyden arrived, and the fanciest women, all but Alix, circled him. And then he was in the ambassador's group, and Dinky and Alix came nearer.

The ambassador said, "We miss you in Washington, Guard. Coming back soon?"

"It doesn't look that way. It goes slowly."

Dinky blurred, "You don't miss me, and I'm working twice as hard as he is, trying to trace Dene Viljaas."



When Lizanne and Dinky went on to the night club, Lizanne asked about Alix.

"Alix was married to Guard, but she's been nuts about Bill since she was in rompers."

Lans came to their table during first intermission. He taunted Lizanne, "Back for more dope for the boss? Well, you can't see me till midnight. Where do you live?"

She kept silence. She didn't want him to know; moreover, she didn't want him coming there. The others were waiting for just that.

"Are you living with Bill Folker?"

"No, I'm not! I am living at the Lorenzo—but only as a convenience." Then she said abruptly, "I want to see you alone. Meet me where we went the other night. At two o'clock tomorrow."

He nodded and rose from his chair.

She spoke to Dinky. "I want to go home. I'm too tired to stay out."

He dropped her at her hotel and she went wearily to bed.

The thumping, insistently rhythmic over and again, penetrated her sleep. Some one pounding at the door. Quickly Lizanne pulled on the lamp. Her clock said two in the morning. She wrapped the golden satin of her gown within the heavy coppery robe, slid into copper scuffs. Bill Folker, dressing gown enfolding his length, opened his door even as she did hers.

She said stupidly, "I heard knocking. It woke me."

The pounding was continuing. Without answering her, he flung open the corridor door. She was at his elbow. She stepped back and her mouth rounded O. He, too, stepped back, amazement in his motion. The uniform of a policeman, behind him another man, narrow-faced, hat remaining on his head, doubtless a plain-clothes man.

He came in first, the officer following. "William Folker?"

Bill nodded his head, still that puzzlement between his eyebrows.

"I'm Inspector Tobin, Homicide Squad. Sergeant Moore." He flung out his elbow introducing the officer.

"Sorry to disturb you at this hour, Mr. Folker, but I'm afraid I've got to ask you a few questions."

Bill said, his voice puzzled as his face, "I don't understand. But certainly." He began to lead to his suite.

Lizanne just stood there. She didn't know what was expected of her.

Tobin nodded his head back. "The girl'd better come, too." Something in the way he said it was as if he thought they had been together. She felt a flush in her cheeks.

Bill Folker said, "My secretary, Lizanne Steffasson."

She couldn't understand why both the police suddenly focused their eyes on her. It was almost as if they were suspicious. It had nothing to do with what might have been suspicion of her morals.

Tobin repeated, "Come along."

She obeyed, still wondering.

BILL lighted lamps. There were three unwashed glasses on the opened bar; the room looked as rooms do when several have been drinking through an evening and retired without setting things right. A black velvet opera bag, mounted in brilliants and gold, was on the circular glass table. She knew to whom that belonged.

Tobin took the chair opposite Bill on the chaise. He motioned to Lizanne and she drew another chair uncertainly into the circle.

Bill offered, "A drink?"

"Not on duty," Tobin refused. He looked a little longingly at the bottled array.

"May I ask why you are here—on duty?"

Tobin nodded. "Do you know Lydia Thorp?" The flick of his eyes included Lizanne as well as Bill.

Bill was answering, "Certainly. She was my secretary."

"Not now?"

"No. She gave notice about a month ago. Miss Steffasson took her place."

Tobin turned the edge of his eyes again on Lizanne.

"Miss Thorp was living at Four Hundred and Five West One Hundred Eighteenth Street?"

It sprang out of her mouth. "But—" That had been her address.

Each of the three men was eying her. It was Bill's eyes that closed her lips. They warned. And she was frightened, suddenly frightened. She hadn't been before; she'd thought she'd known fear, but not like this. She stammered, "But why—why are you asking this?"

Tobin said, "Lydia Thorp was murdered tonight."

Lizanne didn't, couldn't believe it.

Bill Folker sounded a gasp and his voice came quietly, unbelieving: "Lydia Thorp murdered?" and then he shook his head. "I don't understand."

"Don't understand what?" Tobin asked mildly.

"I don't understand why Lydia should be murdered or why you are here."

"The last's easy, Mr. Folker. She had an identification card in her purse to notify you in case of accident. We thought maybe you could help us out on the first one."

Bill shook his head. "This is unbelievable to me. Do you mind if I have a drink, even if you don't?"

The inspector shook his head to that.

Bill took a fresh glass from a lower tray, put a splash above the whisky. "Lizanne?"

She said, "No, thank you."

"It is unbelievable," he continued. "She couldn't have had any enemies. I don't believe she knew half a dozen persons in New York. I don't know, of course. She never spoke of her private affairs. She was a quiet woman. But I do know she seldom, if ever, went out. She had the secretarial suite across the way that Miss Steffasson is occupying now. And to my knowledge no one called on her. It is simply beyond belief, inspector."

Tobin asked, "When you hired her, did she give references?"

"I didn't ask for them. She was doing secretarial work at the Claridge in London. I was stopping there at the time. Her efficiency impressed me and I asked her to work for me. That was all."

"Don't know anything about her folks? Family ties?"

"I doubt if she had any. It would seem that if she had, the years she was with me I would have heard her mention them. Although really, inspector, she didn't ever speak of herself that I can remember."

Lizanne was certain he was lying, even if his words, his presentation of them, were deliberately weighted with truth.

"She was English?" Tobin asked.

"American, she told me. I don't even know that for certain. She took care of her own passport when we came over last year, just a little over a year ago, in fact. Poor soul." He shook his head in pity.

Lizanne couldn't help asking, although her voice wouldn't come for the moment, and when it did, it was almost a whisper, "Wha-what happened to her?"

Tobin looked over at her hands, and quickly she relaxed them. Then he raised his eyes to meet her blue ones. She would do as well as Bill Folker, keep hers blank, without guile.

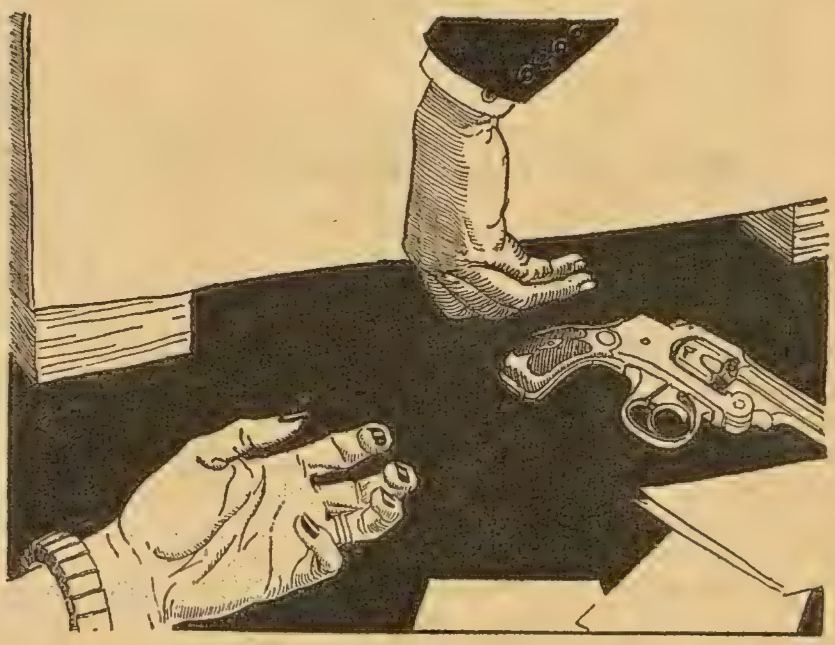
Tobin said, "She was strangled."

Pretense went away. She knew the horror scrawled over her face. Even Bill Folker put aside his glass with a quick gesture.

He asked, "Could you tell me—is it permitted—exactly what happened?"

"Sure. It'll be in the morning editions, probably on the street by now. The girl that discovered her called the station right off, so the news boys were in early on it."

Lizanne held her breath, waiting, and Bill Folker was handling his glass. He prompted, "She was living with some one? The girl who called?"



"One of those apartments, rooms rented out to working girls or students, the way we got it. Just off the Columbia campus," Tobin explained. "Apartment Five, Four Hundred Five West One Hundred Eighteenth Street."

Lizanne said nothing. That was the apartment. There wouldn't be another vacant room. Lydia had taken hers. But why?

"She'd only been there a day. None of them knew anything about her. Girl next door, Janet Leeds, went in to call on her, and—there she was."

Lizanne held her breath. It was certain to come now. Of course they'd asked who had formerly occupied that drab little room.

There was an interruption. Alix, standing in the doorway to what must have been bedrooms, saying, "My Lord, Bill, why don't you come to bed? Send your friends home." She was swathed in red velvet, her breasts swelling above where she caught the robe at the waist. At least she would let the police know that there was nothing personal between Lizanne and Bill.

He said, without moving, "Go back to bed. This is business."

Her eyes were glazed but she saw Lizanne. "Business! Business!"

Bill had crossed to her, stood before her, his back to the room. "Go back to bed." And he added, "Lydia Thorp was murdered tonight."

She just looked at him for a moment and then she believed. She scuttled back from where she had come. Bill Folker closed the door tightly behind her.

Tobin was half out of his chair, saying, repeating, "Wait a minute."

BILL FOLKER stood in front of that door. He was pleasant but he was firm. "Alix Bruce and her brother, young Tedford, are my house guests, inspector. If you wish to question them, I will produce them at any time you say. But I fear you must excuse them right now. They have retired." He had come over to the couch as he went on speaking, still with gentleness, at ease, but brooking no argument.

Moore asked, "*Ambassador* Tedford Bruce?" He was writing in his little book.

"His offspring," Tobin supplied.

"Of course they can hardly be expected to know anything about my former secretary," Bill continued. "They are social, not business friends."

Tobin nodded. He yawned now. "We can see them tomorrow."

"If need be."

"Better talk to them." And he asked, "When did you last see her, Mr. Folker?"

"You mean Miss Thorp?"

"Yes."

Bill said, "Not since the day she left—Sunday." He seemed to remember. "I asked her to let me know when she was located, but I hadn't heard from her."

Again Lizanne knew that he was lying. She knew, without knowledge, that he had heard from Lydia Thorp, that he knew she had been living on West 118th Street. Perhaps he had even sent her there. Why, she didn't know. She kept her eyes on her hands, watching them cautiously. The question came so suddenly, she started:

"Did you know she'd taken your room?"

She shook her head. She couldn't make words as easily as Bill Folker did. She said, "I didn't. Of course I didn't. I only saw her twice, the day I came here to apply for work"—the day Lydia Thorp had warned her, against what?—"and the day I moved here, the day she left." She added, hoping it would ring with truth and knowing it didn't, although Bill's lies had, "I didn't have half a dozen words with her."

Moore pondered, "Funny she took your room that way."

"I can't understand it."

"She knew it was yours?"

Lizanne said, "I left my address the day I came here. She may have remembered it."

"I can see a rather natural explanation." Bill spoke easily. "She didn't know New York well. As I told you, she'd hardly been out of these rooms since we came over. It seems rather natural that knowing there would be a room vacant there, and knowing it must be a good clean place or else Miss Steffasson wouldn't have lived there, she looked into it."

"Makes sense," Moore allowed.

Tobin said, "Well, it's getting late. No use keeping you up all night. Thanks for the information." He and Moore stood together. But he had another question: "Why did she leave the job?"

Bill Folker spread his fingers. "I don't even know that. Perhaps if I knew—"

"Yeah. That might answer it."

He led toward the corridor door. "Come to me for any arrangements to be made for her. I feel responsible, in a way, that I didn't know more of her life."

Lizanne didn't want to be alone there with him, but she couldn't leave now. She had to wait in the chair, pressing her bedroom slippers on the carpet. He returned looking only disturbed, not dangerous.

She hadn't heard the door open; she hadn't heard Alix move across the rug, but she was standing there, turning her eyes from Lizanne to Bill and from Bill to Lizanne.

Alix said, "So Lydia got hers tonight?"

Bill seemed weary. "Why don't you go to bed, Alix?"

She spoke furiously: "Send this little slut to bed first!"

Lizanne was white. Bill put his arm on the other woman's sleeve. He said, "Alix often speaks like a fishwife. You will excuse her?"

It quieted Lizanne's temper but she wished he wouldn't sponsor her, not before Alix. It could only make things worse. She said, "I am going to bed right now."

Janet Leeds asked, "Do you live here?" She was impressed. But she hadn't come to the apartment this morning for that, not to see what Lizanne had fallen heir to. She had come with her own startling news.

"Did you hear what happened at the apartment last night?"

Lizanne answered, "Yes. The police came here."

"I found her. My picture's in all the papers this morning. I'll bet my family makes me come home now." She asked, a little hesitantly, "You live here alone?"

Lizanne said, "Yes. This is the secretary's suite."

"Where she lived?"

"Yes." She didn't want to think about that. If Lydia Thorp had stayed, would she have been safe? Or did she move because the place wasn't safe? Was she trying to outrun danger?

"Did you know her?"

Lizanne shook her head. "I only saw her twice."

Janet looked around nervously. "You're alone?" she asked.

"All by myself." Lizanne gave reassurance, but she didn't understand the girl's unease.

She was fumbling with the clasp of her bag now, had it opened and took out an envelope. She handed it to Lizanne, looked over her shoulder and spoke in almost a whisper: "I didn't tell the police about this."

It was a plain envelope, unaddressed save for Lizanne's name printed upon the whiteness.

"Lydia Thorp gave me this last night and asked me to see that you got it today."

LIZANNE held it, just looking at it. She knew Janet Leeds was avid with curiosity, but she couldn't read it while the girl was here; it might even draw her into the endangered web. She said, "I'm glad you didn't give it to the police."

Janet looked up. "Do you know what I wonder? Maybe she had a premonition something was going to happen to her and that's why she wrote it. Maybe it even tells . . ." She broke off, looked nervously around again.

"She gave me this, too." She took another envelope from her bag.

It was long, heavier. Lizanne read the address without understanding. It was to Lydia Thorp herself, in care of General Delivery, Washington, D. C.

Janet was saying, "She said it was important it be mailed today and she might not have the time or the opportunity to mail it. I didn't tell the police. I don't know why exactly, but I was scared." She looked as if she might cry. "I didn't want them to think I was mixed up in any way with what happened. I didn't want them to think I knew her. I didn't." Her lip quivered. "I don't know what to do with it now."

Lizanne held it fast. "I'll take care of it, Janet. I won't mention you." She stood up, still clutching the two envelopes. She said, "I have to dress now. I have some letters to do. Thanks for bringing the note and for saying nothing." She promised as a sop, "If there's anything important in it, I'll let you know. And of course I'll let the police know if there's anything."

Janet said almost apologetically, "I am interested. Finding her that way."

Lizanne said good-by at the door, wished again silently for bolts, and for additional precaution locked herself in her bathroom before opening her envelope. Her fingers were trembling. Yesterday at this time Lydia Thorp was alive; this had not been written.

> I am afraid to stay here longer. I think I will get away in time. Before I go, I must warn you again. If you need a job, find another. If you are in this for some other reason, you had better get out while you can. You do not wish to die.

She turned the second envelope in her hands, suddenly tore it open. A passport, Lydia Thorp Viljaas. A marriage license, London, Lydia Thorp, Stefan Viljaas. She stared at them until she couldn't see them. Had Stefan Viljaas arrived in New York?

Quickly she dressed for the street and went out. The envelopes were in the depths of her bag, zipper tight, bag close under her arm. An hour later she sat in the restaurant waiting for Lans.

Her heart gave a little thump as she saw him. There must be none of that. Heart must not enter into this.

He listened, shocked, to her news of Lydia's death. But in a moment he said impatiently, "Well, let's get on with it. What do you want to know today?"

She began slowly, "You know Alix Bruce?"

He nodded. "I did once."

"Why should she be afraid to talk of Dene?"

"Is she?" he said, "I've always thought she knew something and that was why she divorced Guard. If she had something on Bill, she'd think she could snare him, sure. But you don't catch Bill that easy. He skipped out, and after a while she married another guy."

"Do you know a woman named Hetty?"

"Hetty Creighton? Why?"

"At a cocktail party Bill Folker made me attend, I heard her say to Alix, 'Better leave well enough alone in Dene's case!' "

He was alert. "Alix does know something."

Then he checked himself and she could see he wasn't going to say any more. She went miserably back to the Lorenzo. As she passed Bill's door she heard Guard saying, "You've got to get this thing moving, Bill. I can't stay away from Washington for so long. Garth doesn't like it."

"You're working for me now." That was Bill.

"He doesn't know that."

"The ambassador does. He says it's all right."

"But we're not getting anywhere. When Dinky barged in this morning with the news about Lydia—well, I didn't expect that."

"Neither did I. I didn't plan that, Guard."

"Was she really giving out information?"

"Yes." Bill's voice was flat.

"The Three might have found out?"

"Possible."

SHE crept to her rooms. Shortly a knock came at her corridor door. She opened it to Inspector Tobin. He sat down and quickly led up to the question she feared. "Where are you from, Miss Steffasson?"

She answered, "I can't tell you where I'm from or anything about me. But I know nothing about Lydia Thorp. I didn't have anything to do with her murder."

He got her to tell him all that she had done yesterday. Then he said, "I'll be seeing you," and went out.

Almost at once she was summoned to Bill's room. Alix, Dinky, and Guard were with Bill, Dinky drunk as usual and baiting Alix. The inspector arrived with Sergeant Moore. Bill had just made the introductions when some one knocked.

All eyes were on the door Moore was opening. And Lans and Sally Vaught walked in.

Alix's eyes were wide. "Lans!"

He barely said, "Hello," and to Bill's "We are honored. Lans," he didn't answer. Tobin said, "Mr. and Mrs. Vaught, but I guess you all know each other."

Guard gave his chair to Sally, and Bill offered drinks. Lans caught at a chair, dragged it over the thick rug to Lizanne's. She didn't glance at him.

Guard turned to Tobin. "What did you hear from London about Lydia?"

"Worked two years at the Claridge. No previous references. Left to become secretary to Mr. Folker."

Bill asked, "What did her passport tell, inspector?"

"We've been through all her things. No passport, Mr. Folker. No papers of any kind."

Guard had taken Sally's glass, refilled it, placed it in her hand. Lans shook his head, but her eyes were on Bill Folker as if he were a movie star.

Tobin had Bill go over how he had spent the evening of Lydia's death, and then asked, "Did she ever appear menaced by anything fearful?"

Bill's whole expression bespoke the absurdity of the idea. Then Tobin tackled Dinky. And got nothing. He turned next to Lans.

Lans was playing a part. "I told you I never saw the dame. I told you there wasn't any reason to drag me and Sally up here."

"I suppose you don't know these people."

"Maybe I did know them once. I haven't laid eyes on any of them in years and, what's more—"

SALLY helped out. Her two drinks had evidently been heavy. "We don't know any of them. Except that redhead and her fellow." She pointed out Dinky. "They've been coming to the club. And we didn't know the woman that got killed, never even heard of her."

Guard handed her her refilled glass and said, "Here's your drink. Don't spill it." A light blazed in her face. "Wait a minute!" she cried. "Was she the old dame that came to see you? Of course she was, hon. Wanted a job, you said. Used to come early and talk to you before the music started." She faced Guard. "You were there once, too. You said to the busboy, 'Don't spill it,' just like you did now."

"Well, now what do you say?" Tobin asked.

Lans muttered, "All right, she was. I still didn't know her."

"What did she want with you?" Tobin asked.

Lans laughed shortly. "She came to steal something for her boss—but I don't keep things where they get stolen."

"And what did Miss Steffasson and Mr. Bruce want with you?"

Lans began pleasantly, "I don't know. What do people want who come to night clubs—"

But Sally interrupted with a glare, "She came in asking if he was Lans Viljaas, and I told her—"

Tobin said, "Viljaas. The Old Bear," as if suddenly everything was clear. "The Viljaas estate is to be closed April first, I believe. So you're Lans Viljaas?"

Sally piped, "No, he's Lans Vaught. She thought he was Lans Viljaas."

"Keep quiet," Lans warned her harshly. "None of the sons use the Viljaas name, inspector. It left them open to too many inconveniences."

Tobin asked Lizanne, "What made you think that?"

Lans answered for her: "Why don't you ask Bill Folker that one?"

Tobin's brows were together. "The Viljaas case. You're interested in that, Mr. Folker?"

"I represent Stefan Viljaas."

"There was a third brother, if I remember."

Dinky lifted his groggy head. "They killed him."

Tobin's eyes went around the group. Alix couldn't endure the silence. "He doesn't mean us. Dene disappeared. Dinky always gets ideas."

Guard leaned forward. "We—Bill and I—are trying to find him before the first of April."

"What for?" Lans was insolent. "You only need his part of the check. And you've probably got it, one of you."

"Are you accusing me—" Guard began. His face was uglier.

Lizanne's hand went to Lans' coat sleeve.

Tobin leaned to them. "This is all for now. But none of you is in the clear yet about this."

Lans said loudly, "Don't go until Sally gathers herself together. You promised me safe passage out of here, remember."

It was past seven by Lizanne's wrist watch. He must have some one who could fill in if he were away, delayed. He could have been out of the club last night.

When they had left, Bill said, "If he weren't so certain that we were trying to get his triangle. Lydia tried, told him in what danger he stood, and if he'd only come in with us, turn over his papers to Guard or the ambassador—"

"And the bear," Guard added.

"You've still Dene to count in," Alix reminded.

Bill told her impatiently, "If Lans would get together with us on this, I think we'd find him in a hurry."

"If he's alive." Dinky was sober enough now.

Lizanne looked around at them. "I wish I could see what I'm supposed to get from Lans."

Bill said, "I have Stefan's section of the check here. The imprint of the bear is on it." He took from his inner pocket a billfold and handed it to her. It was the equilateral triangle. It was Dene's. Stefan's must be the scalene and Lans' the same. There was no other way to so triangle the check. This one she had held in her hands before.

Bill replaced it in the billfold. "If you could find out where he keeps the stamp of the bear, it would help."

Lans wouldn't die until they did find out. Not by hand of these four. Bill had Dene's triangle. It had been taken from Dene's dead body. But that didn't necessarily mean that Bill with his own hand had done this; any one of the four, or Stefan himself, might be the one. It meant only that Bill was custodian of that tiny scrap of paper. She knew they were together as one in this, no matter how different was each one's particular duty, no matter what separate alibis they might devise.

Why should they all be working for Stefan? He was the only one who would profit by this. The others would receive nothing but what he gave them. Doubtless he gave promises, but if these were unfulfilled, what could Bill Folker and the Bruces and Guard Croyden do? Nothing—do without. Maybe they trusted Stefan; maybe they didn't believe he would get rid of them when they had outgrown their usefulness to him. And with cold creeping, she realized with certainty that she was in the same boat. She too would know too much, wouldn't be worth salvage when her duties were done.

She excused herself, crossed to her own apartment. Anna was emerging from the bedroom. She said, "Good evening, miss. I was turning down your bed." She was somehow insolent as she moved away.

Lizanne returned to bolt the outer door. Guard Croyden was standing in the room. He motioned her to sit down.

He said, "I believe Lydia sent something to you by that Leeds girl this morning."

She made her voice tiny. "I don't know why you should think that."

His eyes bored. "Important papers are missing. I want you to hand them over."

"I don't have any papers," she flashed at him. "Certainly you don't think Janet Leeds searched through Lydia's things for some papers she knew nothing about to bring to me who knew nothing of any of it. It's"—she was scornful—"it's ridiculous."

He smiled, his interpretation of a smile. "If you still refuse to help me out, I'll get hold of that girl. She'll talk to me."

That hadn't occurred to her. Was her fright noticeable? She stood up. "If you want to sit there and ponder, I can't stop you. You're bigger than I am. Whatever you decide to do, I'm going to bed now."

He really smiled. "I'll go. And you sleep on it. Maybe you'll decide it might be safer to confide in me. I'll be here tomorrow."

She waited for him to leave, bolted the door, and in half an hour was on her way to Janet Leeds. It proved easy to convince Janet that she must leave the city; to get her to go to a hotel for the night, to be ready to take a morning train home to Texas.

BACK finally at the Lorenzo, Lizanne walked to the elevator. It was open. Guard Croyden was inside. Without a word he accompanied her. And then she stood in her living room watching him turn on lamps. He helped her off with her coat, bolted the corridor door. When he said, "Sit down," she obeyed, taking the edge of the chair. She couldn't move her eyes from his.

"There was some girl Dene was playing around with up in the woods," he began. "At the time we didn't know about her. Later, when her name came into it, she was gone. She didn't even come back when her uncle died, and he was all the family she had. Her name was Mary Elizabeth Porter. She didn't have orange hair, but some redheaded women weren't born with it." He was in front of her and he said, "Well?"

She jumped up and away from him, but his hand caught her wrist. Fear made her alert as an animal. At a relaxation of his fingers, she wrenched away, fled into the bedroom; by miracle closed the door in his face, locked it.

After long moments she heard his receding footsteps, heard the outer door open, close. She began to undress with quivering fingers. And then a thought smote her. He had entered that outer locked door before. She couldn't go out and fasten the bolt. She didn't wait to take off the satin step-ins, to put on the satin nightgown; she ran into the living room. He was standing there.

"The old door-bang gag—" He broke off. He had seen the bear. And he hadn't known. She had been safe before.

He was stating a fact to himself: "Dene had the bear." It seemed a long time before he remembered that she was standing there. "Go put something on."

He followed her, closed the bedroom door. She took her robe from the closet, wrapped herself in it.

"Get in bed."

"No."

He looked at her, scorn on his mouth. "I'm not Bill. I wouldn't touch you with a ten-foot pole."

That hadn't even occurred to her, only death. She sank to the edge of the bed. "I'm all right here."

He grinned at her. "You realize your life wouldn't be worth a plugged nickel if Stefan Viljaas knew what I do. Or Lans. But I'm not going to tell them. You're too valuable to me. You have to do as I say now. You realize that, don't you?"

She whimpered, "Yes. I do."

He looked steadily at her. "About Dene. He's dead, isn't he?"

"Yes, he's dead."

"Tell me about it."

She flared at him, "I don't know as much about it as you do. I saw you up there. You didn't see me, or if you did, you didn't notice me."

"You were—are—Mary Elizabeth Porter."

"Yes."

"How do you know he's dead?"

She said, "I found him. I was afraid he was lost. He'd been drinking and he didn't know the woods. I told my uncle and we went to look for him. He had fallen from one of our high cliffs—with a bullet in his neck. I was afraid to tell. I didn't want us to be murdered, too. We buried him there."

He had been silent. Now he spoke, as to himself, "Dene had the bear."

She said quickly, "It wasn't in his pockets. Nor was the triangle." That was truth. If you mixed absolute truth with lies, it sounded true. "Whoever killed him must have taken them before rolling him over the cliff."

"You looked?"

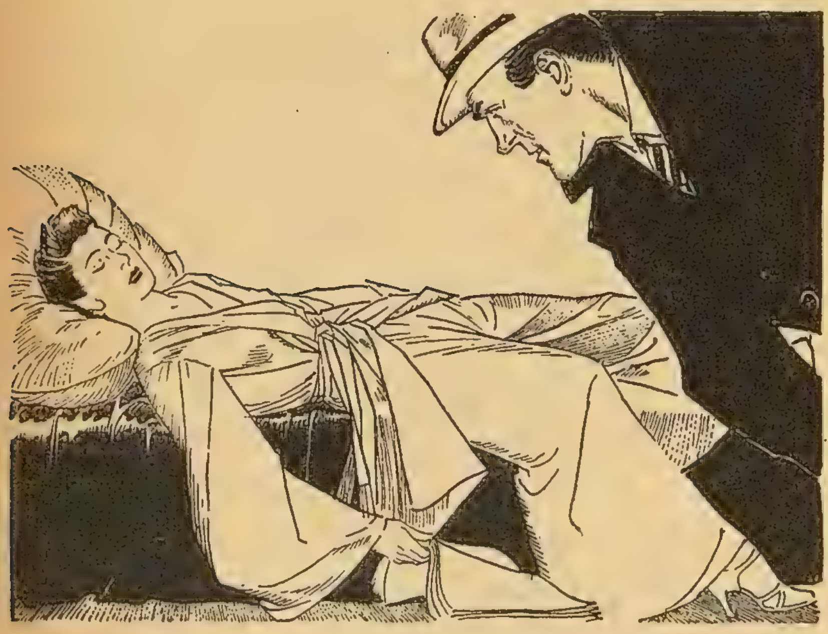
"Yes, I looked." She was defiant. "I thought they'd be gone. He'd told me something of the danger he was living in. I knew if they were missing, he'd been murdered, not shot accidentally by a hunter. They were gone."

He asked grimly, "And how did you get the mark of the bear?"

She closed her eyes, whispered, "He put it there."

Their wedding night. She'd only known him a week. Away in the sleigh to that tiny mountain town where the record would be kept secret. He was not yet of legal age. Return to the Lodge for dinner, his dark eyes laughing down at her. The delightful unexpected excitement turning her cheeks shiny. She was happy then.

He began to drink at dinner. She had known that he drank; once or twice when they were skating, she'd known he had had too much. Uncle Will had objected mildly, but she overruled him. No city boy had paid attention to her before. No city boy had ever come with such looks and assurance, such dash, such charm as Dene Thyg. She hadn't known it wasn't his real name. She had never before watched him empty glass after glass as he did now. But he was gay, charming as ever. After dinner, casually letting the waiter hear, "Come on to my room while I get my jacket and then I'll take you home."



He'd closed the door on them, and locked it; said, "Take off your things." He was a stranger standing there, eying her out of black inscrutability. "You needn't look at me like that. I'm not going to rape you. You think I want some one like you? I can have my pick of New York, if I wanted a woman."

She had been bewildered. "But you married me."

"Sure I married you. No matter what happens now, it won't go to Stefan. And I'll fix it so no one can doubt your word." Holding her pinioned, one hand on her throat, "If you make one sound—" His other hand pressing that acid-eating metal against her body. Laughing, "My father did that to me when I was five years old. I'm going to get another drink. Stay here until I come back."

It was almost dawn before she dared dress and creep out through the servants' entrance. She took the stamp with her in the pocket of her coat. He'd never do that to any one else.

She cried, "Why do you make me remember it?"

"Was he drunk?"

"Yes."

"He had the bear." Trying to puzzle it out.

She had hidden it with the hated marriage license in her own room. No one to find them, only she and Uncle Will living together above the post office. When she fled from Stefan Viljaas' letter she took them with her.

Guard asked abruptly. "Did Dene marry you?"

"No," she lied. Then she added the truth, "He didn't come back that night. I never saw him alive again."

He asked, "Why did you run out after he was dead?"

She said, "I didn't want to be murdered too."

"Then why did you take this job?"

She met his eyes. "Believe me, I needed work. I came to New York to find Dene's murderer. I'm in danger of being killed too, always in danger of his finding out what I know. I saw you and Bill Folker at the theater. I heard you mention the ad and he the Lorenzo. I knew you were connected with Dene. And when I came, I hoped."

She asked him now, "Who murdered Dene?"

"Stefan. Lans left home to escape him. Dene was at school. Dinky was his roommate and I guarded him on vacations. That's why you saw me with him at the Lodge." His mouth was bitter. "Alix and I hadn't been getting along. Bill was her lover; had been since she was a mere child. But he wouldn't marry her, so she married me. She wired me that vacation, asking me to meet her in New York. She'd been in Florida with Bill. I thought she'd left him there. I thought Dene would be safe a day or two."

"Bill was working for Stefan at that time?"

"He has always been Stefan's right hand. There's nothing to pin the murder on Stefan, though we all think Alix has the proof, in a letter. Dinky claims to have seen it."

He looked at his watch. "It's almost three. I'll go. Remember, you're taking orders from me now. You'll do the things Bill tells you, but you'll report to me. And you won't tell him, or any one else anything that is said between us."

She nodded dumbly.

He said, "Go on watching Lans. But keep him away from here. No matter what Bill orders about that, fail him. You know from where his orders come. Don't let those two meet."

SHE arranged her next meeting with Lans: Wednesday morning, in the waiting room at Grand Central. They sat on a bench and Lans said, "Will you marry me?"

She laughed out loud. "You're already married."

He asked, "Is that all? That can be fixed easily."

She shook her head. Even if he were free, she wouldn't marry him. Even if she felt as she did, wanting to touch his hand, to be touched by him. She wouldn't let herself a second time be trapped emotionally by a Viljaas.

"I'm not asking you to be in love with me," he said. "I'm not in love with you. This is strictly business." He stared at her. "You were Dene's wife. He wrote to me that night. He said you had eyes like the white plush kitten Alix wouldn't let us touch when we were kids. I'd advised him to marry so Stefan wouldn't get our shares even if he killed us. It didn't matter whom we married."

"It didn't save Dene."

"No. Stefan killed Dene before he had a chance to discover what he'd done. I was the only one who knew. Dene was dead before I had the letter."

She lifted her eyes to him. "You told me you're not admitting you're Lans Viljaas. I'm not admitting I was Dene's wife." She wasn't ever, really.

He said, "Together we could protect our interests when the contracts come up. If we're not together, Stefan will do us out of our eyeteeth."

She said, "I have no interest in this but to find Dene's murderer. He had no time to make a will."

"You're his wife. You inherit. That's the way the Old Bear fixed it."

She had actually not known it. She was worth one million dollars—if she lived.

"And now will you kindly tell me the real reason you asked me to marry you?" Her words were cold.

"I suppose the real reason was because I didn't trust you. But maybe there's something in what I thought was the answer last night when I couldn't sleep. To take care of you, protect you from Stefan." His hand closed on hers.

She spoke breathlessly: "You must be careful. You're in danger."

He nodded. And he added, "And you, too, Lizanne."

She waited until he was out of sight before leaving the waiting room and then came face to face with Janet Leeds. Janet caught her arm and drew her along. As they passed one of the train gates, Guard Croyden was standing there, a large toast-brown bag by his heels. His back was turned. With a hurried good-by to Janet, Lizanne fled, only to find herself brushing by Inspector Tobin. He had watched her walk with Janet Leeds to a westbound train.

There was work waiting at the Lorenzo, and she sat down at her typewriter. Presently the door opened and a girl came in. She was like a Dutch doll, small and rounded, buttercup hair, slant brown eyes, tilted nose and chin. Elf-tailored in hunter's green by some Parisian couturier. There was something familiar about her. And she knew which door was Bill's. She slipped in, leaving it ajar. Bill's voice called, "Fredi!" There was the rustle of papers flung aside. After a silence, a soft little laugh. "I surprise you!"

"Is Wolfgang with you?"

"But of course, my darling." Pause. "He is to me no more than before. I to him no more."

Lizanne heard their footsteps moving toward the bedrooms. She went on typing. The door opened again, arrogantly. Alix, tawny-furred, brimstone and slate, her eyes without any color save anger.

"Where is Bill?" she demanded. "Why doesn't he open his door?" She brushed past into Bill's suite. A knob rattled, a panel was pounded. And then there was one sharp gash of silence with its aftermath a scream. Lizanne ran into the room. Alix was sprawled grotesquely on the floor. Above her, Bill Folker was standing, and behind him peered Fredi, delight on her face. Bill's mouth barely moved. "Get out. And stay out."

No one helped Alix struggle to her tall alligator heels. Lizanne shrank as she passed, going out.

Bill noticed Lizanne then; introduced her to "Baroness Koppel," and ordered, "Dress up tonight, Lizanne. We're going to be gala. We'll all dine at Jim and Jack's."

"All" included Baron Koppel, Germanic in looks, Oxford when he spoke. Alix was there, too.

After one o'clock, while Dinky danced with Fredi, Alix with Wolfgang, Bill moved beside Lizanne. He said, "We're going to move on soon. You and Dinky stay. Go out with Lans when he's through here. Keep him out as long as you can. Dinky has business with Sally."

The others returned, and Bill said, "I'm weary of this place. Suppose we try another?"

Dinky unsteadily spoke on cue: "I like it here. Suppose we stay, Lizanne."

And she said her line. "Yes. Let's."

THE others went away. Presently Dinky left with Sally. Lizanne waited and finally Lans came. Lizanne spoke on impulse: "Let's walk up into the park."

She didn't think he would agree, but he did. They walked arm in arm, and sat down on a bench in the dark.

He said, as if to himself, "You're a nice kid, too nice to be mixed up in this. I don't care if you were Dene's wife. I wish I'd found you first."

He put one hand softly against the side of her face and he kissed her mouth. She clung to him for one fierce beautiful moment and then as fiercely pushed him away.

"I'd like to take care of you," he said. "Maybe I'm in love with you. I don't know."

"You can't fall in love so quickly," she managed.

"That's what I tell myself," he said quietly.

But there wasn't any more use pretending; she loved him, the way she had wanted to love Dene. She cried softly, "Lans!" Their lips were together for another brief moment of beauty, shut in by mist and stark trees.

He got up. "We'd better go. This isn't doing any good —for either of us. Maybe some day. If we get out of this."

As they walked down the path, he spoke, "Come back to my room with me. You can take Dinky home with you."

At the door he stood aside for her to enter. He closed the door after him.

Sally lay crumpled on the floor, a hand outstretched as if to reach the fallen gun. Bureau drawers were pulled wide, desk drawer open, spilling papers; even the bedclothes torn apart. Dinky sprawled unconscious in the armchair.

The next hour was a blur to Lizanne, but she knew they roused Dinky and that Lans finally agreed to take refuge for the night in her apartment.

In the taxi, Dinky said, "Stefan's desperate. It's getting too close and he's not going to share."

"No." Lans spoke thoughtfully. "I've known that since I was ten years old, Dink. Since he tried to kill me that summer in the woods."

Dinky went on, "If he doesn't get those contracts for the Three, he'll be, to put it crudely, bumped off. That's why the Koppels are here, to see that there aren't any mistakes. Fredi doesn't mind a little sex life with business; but ultimately pleasure isn't the thing to her. That's why she's important. We can't let Stefan get you hanged for murder and collect the whole estate. God knows how much he's piled up taking over the mines as he has since the Old Bear's death. There's never been an accounting, and he doesn't mean there shall be."

Lans cried suddenly, harshly, "Why did he kill Sally?"

Dinky spoke slowly: "We must have interrupted a search. The light switch didn't work. I started for the lamp. That's all I know."

THEY got into the apartment without meeting any one, and Lizanne made up a bed for Lans on the couch. He tried to smile. "You're a good kid, Lizanne."

She said, "Good night," and went into her bedroom, closing the door behind her. She had not slept long, when Dinky telephoned her to have breakfast with him. Going out, she woke Lans to bolt the door after her.

Dinky poured coffee. "We've got to have a story before Tobin arrives. That's why I called you. I wish I knew where to reach Guard!"

She could help at last. "I saw him at Grand Central yesterday morning. I think he's gone to Vermont."

They looked into each other's eyes in full knowledge.

"I'll wire," he said. "There's only one thing for you to tell the police. You were never in that room last night. You and Lans came in the hotel about three thirty or four, went up in the elevator, and met me—outside the room. I was drunk. It took time to get me started home."

In a couple of hours Tobin and Moore walked in and, almost on their heels, Bill with Fredi.

Bill looked surprised. "Good morning, inspector. What brings you here?"

Tobin said, "I want to see all of you. I suppose you all know that Sally Vaught was murdered last night."

Bill said, "No!" as if unbelieving.

Tobin stated, "You were all at Jim and Jack's for dinner. Mr. Bruce, you left with Mrs. Vaught. Let's pick it up there."

Dinky's account of dinner and taking Sally home went unchallenged. Then Tobin said, "All right. Now what happened there?"

"We had some drinks, waiting for Lans, like we always do—did. And then, I went to sleep in the chair, and I guess she went to sleep on the bed. Like we always did."

No, he hadn't heard a shot. He remembered wandering out into the hall. He hadn't looked at Sally; didn't know anything about her condition.

Without warning, Tobin addressed himself to Bill. "And what were you doing at that hotel last night?"

Fredi was moth-still while Tobin waited Bill's reply. He didn't make the mistake of denying it. "We were going up to Harlem, the baroness and I. We thought Dink might want to join us. Being in the neighborhood—we'd been having food at one of those all-night restaurants—we stopped at the hotel. We went up, but there was no answer at the door, so we left. Then the baroness decided to have me take her to her hotel, the Ambassador."

"And where were you from the time you left Jim and Jack's until you went to the Vaught room?"

Bill said, "We dropped in at the Cotton Club."

Impossible to check that; it was always too crowded, definitely not intimate.

"Where was Croyden?"

"He had to run down to Washington." Bill said it as if he believed it.

Tobin turned at last to Lizanne. "Mr. Bruce left with Mrs. Vaught. What did you do?"

Lizanne said, "I waited for Mr. Vaught. We walked into Central Park. Then we went to Lans' hotel. We knew Dinky would be there and I could go home with him." The rest of her story fitted into Dinky's.

"Who were you with at Grand Central yesterday morning?"

"A friend of mine was leaving for the West. I saw her off."

"You weren't there with Lans Vaught?"

She said, "I ran into him there."

"Where is Lans now?"

"I don't know!" Her voice was too loud.

"He didn't return to his room last night. Where did he go after he brought you here? What time did he leave?"

"I don't know—it was daylight. I don't know."

Tobin said, "Somebody shot and killed Sally Vaught—Sally *Viljaas*—early this morning with a nice new shiny gun we can't check. Made in England. All of you but Miss Steffasson have been in England. Lans, too. Sally was backing away from some one when the bullet got her, from across the room!

"I'll tell you some more," Tobin went on. "Mr. Bruce, you were in that room when she was killed, according to the time our medical examiner sets. Mr. Folker and the baroness went up but didn't come down, according to the elevator boy. You, Bruce, must have passed out pretty thoroughly not to hear a gun shot off practically in your ear. I can't think of any motive for you or Folker. As for you, Miss Steffasson, I'm not accusing you of killing anybody. But Lans Viljaas had a motive, and that motive is you."

"You're wrong." Lans shouldn't be accused. "Can't you see it's a part of the cross-eyed bear?"

Tobin raised his chin. "I hadn't forgotten the bear, Miss Steffasson. The room was torn up. Sally Vaught could have surprised any of you searching for it. I haven't closed the books on Lydia Thorp. And I don't intend to close them on Sally Vaught. I have a peculiar distaste for a murderer running loose. Maybe because it's my job to see he doesn't."

It was a warning. He and Moore left on that.

Bill's voice was casual: "You shouldn't have said that about the bear, Lizanne."

There were no tears in her eyes but that horrible sound was coming from her.

Dinky said, "Poor kid. She hasn't had any sleep."

Bill urged, "Why don't you go lie down, Lizanne?"

She stumbled blindly to her room. The door was unlatched. She went quickly through the apartment. Lans was gone.

Her purse was on the dressing table where she had left it, but the piece of paper on which Janet had scribbled her address was gone, and her key ring. All of her keys.

SHE rested her head weakly on her arms. Her eyes wouldn't stay open any longer. Fully dressed, she lay down on the bed. Then the phone woke her and Dinky said, "You've slept all day. Guard's coming in at seven. Will you go with me to meet him?"

She couldn't refuse. It would look suspicious.

"We'll have dinner together. Don't dress. The others left right after you did; I don't think they'll be back."

She dressed, crossed to the other apartment. Wolfgang Koppel was stretched out in Bill's place, glass in hand.

"Hullo. Join me in a drink?"

She shook her head. "I'm going out with Dinky."

He spoke softly: "You're a wise child, aren't you? You'd be careful not to talk too much, wouldn't you? Bill sees no one save those known to him. The maid who does his rooms, the men who serve him, have been placed in the hotel at his demand. We too have staff friends." He was lighting a cigarette. "But it would have been safer if no one had taken Lydia's place until we had arrived."

So the box which had fallen that first day she came to the hotel had been placed there deliberately. There was a triangle enclosing her: police, the Viljaas, the agents of the Three.

Dinky said from the doorway, "What have you been doing all day, Wolf?"

"Listening to a police officer interview Alix. And then seeing her off to Washington, to visit her father."

"Wonder what she's up to. Must be a new man. Come along, Lizanne."

Guard came in on the train from upstate. A flicker showed surprise at Lizanne's presence.

Dinky said, "The Koppels are here."

"So? I haven't had the pleasure in a long time. How's Alix taking this?"

"She's gone to Washington, according to Wolf."

They drove to the Lafayette.

When Dinky finished ordering and the waiter was out of earshot he said, "Our friend got rid of Sally Vaught last night."

Guard stated, "You were watching her."

"I was, yes. Until I got a rabbit punch in the neck, and a hypo in my wrist." He showed the pinpoint mark.

Guard turned on Lizanne. "What were your orders?"

"I was to keep Lans out of the way. For a long time."

"They went for a walk in the park." Dinky grinned.

At least he didn't look at her as if she were in love with Lans and as if it were distasteful to him, as Guard did.

Dinky spoke to Guard again: "Tobin thinks Lans did it."

"What does Lans say to that?"

"Nothing. Lizanne's his only alibi. I thought he'd better hole up until you got here. We have him in Lizanne's apartment."

She said, "He's gone. When I went back, he wasn't there."

"We'll have to locate him," Guard said quietly. "We'll take a run up to the club later. Some one in that crowd must know something about him."

BUT no one did. Guard said they might as well go home.

When they went into the suite, Guard said, "Get off to Washington tonight, Dinky. Tell Tedford I want to close up the estate now, right away. If he's willing, I'll send the papers a story on it that'll smoke Lans out. As a side line, see what Alix is up to."

"A pleasure, a real pleasure." Dinky waved a good night and went away.

Guard turned to Lizanne. "I want you to find Lans. I'll run a personal in tomorrow's Times."

He scrawled on the back of an envelope. He read aloud: "'Will young man who occupied young woman's apartment on the night of January eighth communicate at once? Essential.'"

And then he fixed his eyes on her. "I made some inquiries about you in Vermont. You weren't Dene's mistress, Lizanne. You weren't that kind of a girl. After he—disappeared, you stayed right there. You hadn't done any wrong in the eyes of God and Middle Peak, Vermont." He added, "I saw Tobin. You have a deposit box at the Madison bank. You visited it the morning after Lydia's murder. Two papers were missing from her room. A passport and a marriage license. I want to know what you put in that box."

"Nothing that would interest you."

"There's such a thing as getting permission to open a box."

"Oh, no!" He mustn't see what was there.

"Think it over," he said. He walked to the door. "I'll pick up the answers to the ad."

Just one came, and that not until Saturday. Guard handed it to her: "Young woman should know young man not interested."

"I'm running another tomorrow. 'Young man must be interested. Essential.'" He turned to go. "If Dinky calls, tell him to get in touch with me at Tobin's office. Leave Bill's door open so you can hear the ring. Bill won't be back until five or after."

There was typing for her to do, all in the strange language—Swedish, Danish, Finnish, or was it a Slav dialect? The phone sounded once. "Is Bill there?"

"No. Any message?"

"No." The man rang off. It had been Lans' voice, disguised only slightly.

She worked on wearily, took the finished papers in to Bill's desk, went to her room. In a few minutes she went back. The phone was ringing.

There was a man she had never seen before, reading the paper she had finished, and Ambassador Tedford Bruce stood near. The phone rang on. The ambassador said, "We don't need you here, miss."

She returned to the other room, sat down at the desk. At once the door of the office opened wide. Guard strode in. "You're here! Why the devil didn't you answer the phone?"

She said, "There was some one in there."

He walked over swiftly. "No one there now." He snatched off his hat. "I thought you'd been—I can't have any more killings in this case. Bad enough as it is." He shook his head. "Who was in there?"

"Ambassador Bruce and another man."

He took the phone from her desk. "Try to locate Ambassador Tedford Bruce for me. Mr. Croyden speaking. Try all the hotels." He replaced the phone. "No one knows who you are?"

"Only you and Lans. He said Dene wrote to him about me." She said timidly, "Some man called and asked for Bill. He only said three or four words. Not until I'd hung up did I think it might be Lans."

"You make a wonderful operative." Her eyes filled now and he said, "You needn't cry about it. Next time—"

Bill burst into the room. "Guard! The Feds have arrested Fredi and Wolfgang as aliens—spies! Did you have a hand in it? If you did—" He lunged toward Guard.

Guard seated himself. "You're not going to kill me, Bill. Not unless you shoot me in the back. If you try any other way, I'll break you in two. Sit down. I don't know anything about it. Ted Bruce is in town. He may know why."

"You don't think Ted would do this to me?"

THE phone was ringing. Lizanne was almost too weak to pick it up, but she did. She said to Guard, "For you." She didn't move. She couldn't pass Bill, coiled there like a hooded cobra. For once Guard's shoulders looked comforting, not fearsome.

He finished the conversation. "That was Ted. I told him we'd come down right away, have dinner with him. Lizanne, any calls, any at all, find out who. Relay to the St. Moritz if need be." He touched Bill's shoulder. Bill followed him as if lost in an evil dream.

Lizanne was bolted in her suite when Guard telephoned back, "We're flying to Washington at once with Tedford, Bill and I. If Tobin or any one tries to reach us, we'll be back in the morning."

She turned on the radio; made herself comfortable on the couch. But it was as if she'd forgotten how to be at ease. And suddenly she remembered a letter to Janet, left in her desk. She'd begun it this afternoon. She almost ran from the room, but she didn't stop in the office. There was light under Bill's door, sound so slight that only with her nerves screwed taut would she have heard it. She tried the door softly; it was locked. She ran softly for her keys—the office had furnished new ones—and as softly entered Bill's apartment. The living room was empty. The sound came from the room beyond. She went on into Bill's own room, where a dim light made color.

The man stood at the desk, examining the papers in the center drawer. He swung around quickly, and there was an ugly black thing, blunt-nosed, in his hand. He put the gun into his coat pocket, but his hand remained on it. She went over to him, touched his sleeve. "Lans, let's go. What do you want here?"

He asked curtly, "What do you think I want? The cross-eyed bear."

She said impatiently, "If Bill had it, would he employ me to get it from you?"

He asked, "Where are they supposed to be tonight?"

"Washington."

"All of them?"

She nodded. He finished with this drawer, relocked it, put out his hand to the next. The shrill of the telephone leaped between them.

She reached out her hand to answer, but his closed over hers. He said, "Don't"; and then, "Is your apartment safe, or are you still playing the game for him?"

"You ought to know by now that I'm not."

Safe within her walls, she asked, "Lans, why did you run away from here that day?"

"Tobin might have found me."

She suggested, "We could have coffee—if you'll stay."

He said, "I'll stay. I don't have the jitters tonight, Lizanne. I've a feeling the whole business is going to round out sooner than we think." He walked over to her. "And whose side will you be on?"

She flushed. "Yours. Always."

He just touched her cheek with his fingers. "You're a nice kid." He sat on the edge of the kitchenette table while she made coffee.

"I'll tell you some more about Alix," he said abruptly. "When Alix followed Bill to Florida two years ago, she was still married to Guard, but a friend of Alix's was chasing Guard. Then, suddenly, Alix came back to New York and got Guard to join her. She stayed with him a week and then, just as suddenly, told this friend, 'You can have him, darling, if he's willing. I'm going to Reno. I think I'll marry Bill now.' And Hetty, the friend of Alix's, said, 'You must have something on him.' That drew blood. So when Dene's disappearance got in the papers, she figured it out that Bill was connected up with the business and that Alix knew plenty about it."

She said, "Dinky is sure there's a letter, or was, with the proof."

He finished his coffee. "Alix is in Washington, too?"

"She has been."

"I think I'll pay her apartment a little visit tonight."

"I'll go with you," she said quietly.

He shook his head. "I don't want you."

"I'm going with you. I'll get my coat."

His smile was gentle. "Do you think you can protect me?"

She was defiant. "I can help. But how will you get in?"

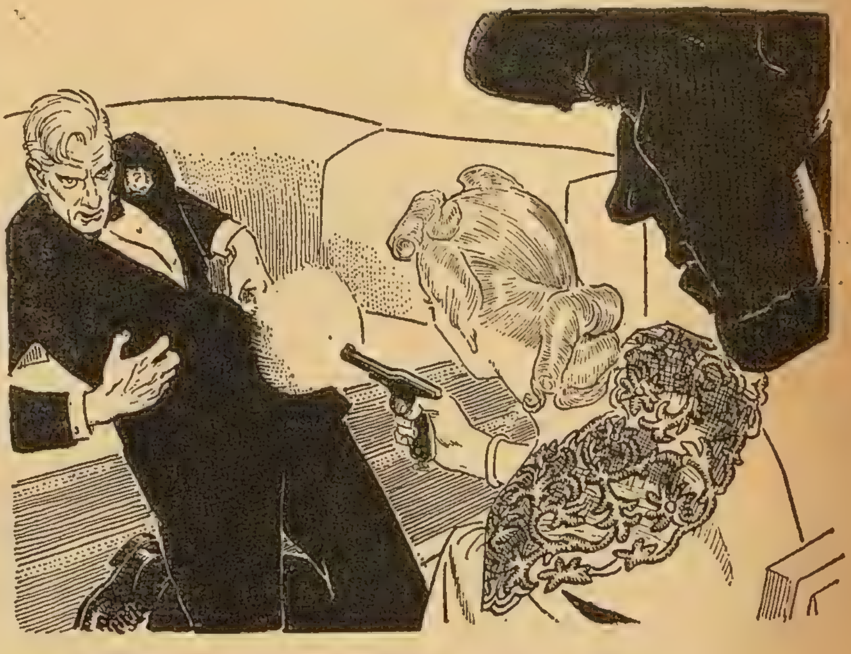
He took out a key. "My friends may not always be reputable, Lizanne, but they're helpful."

She could see, as they proceeded, that he had planned this carefully. She sat on the edge of the silver-and-white couch while he emptied the desk. At last he had a letter in his hand, read it aloud:

"Dene does not have the bear. I went over his pockets carefully, but only the triangle was there. He is out of the way for good. Lans must have it. Now if you play your part with him—"

In a moment he would know who had it, know for certain. But his voice halted suddenly. She too heard the faint sound, a key inserted, turned. He whispered, "Get behind those curtains," and she obeyed. She heard Dinky saying, "You, Lans! I didn't know just whom to expect when I saw the light."

Lans asked, "Has the exodus from Washington begun?"



Dinky drawled, "I'm the harbinger. I suppose you came for the same thing I did. Seen the newspaper?"

"No."

Dinky must have passed it across; she heard it crackle, and in the silence Dinky asked, "Did you find it?"

"Yes," Lans said. "I'm not giving it up, Dink."

"Did I ask you?" Dinky seemed almost merry. "What do you say we go?"

Another person had entered, not furtively, but as one who belonged, saying, "What are you two doing in my apartment?"

"Just paying a little call," her brother said.

Her heels went in a rush to the desk then. "Give me that letter, Dinky."

"What letter?" He was amused.

Her voice was stifled. "If one of you doesn't give me that letter at once, I'll call the police."

Lans said, "You've had it too long. And you won't call the police." The gun was a black bulge in his hand.

There was silence that only a pointed gun could bring before Alix spoke again: "You know Bill's after me, to kill me. If I don't have the letter, I haven't a chance. He'll believe I gave it up."

Lans said, "Come on, Dinky." His voice lifted. "Come on, Lizanne, we're leaving."

She didn't see the amazement on Dinky's face, on Alix's. She ran to Lans.

When the three were in a cab, headed downtown, Dinky asked, "Why the silencer on that gun?"

Lans said, "I'm not going to burn for killing Stefan." He added, "Where is he?"

"He was in Washington."

Lizanne's breath caught. They had gone to meet him. The end was at hand. She was so close to Lans she could feel his heart beat.

"Is that news story straight?" he asked Dinky.

"Absolutely." Dinky nodded. "Why don't you come up and have a drink, Lans?"

"I believe I will." His arm, the arm her sleeve touched, pressed against the outline of the gun in his pocket. "We'll take it over at Lizanne's."

They stopped at her corridor door. "I'll borrow some liquor from Bill's cellar and be right over," Dinky said.

Lizanne slowly opened the door of her apartment. Lans followed her in and bolted the door by which they'd entered. Presently there was a thump low on the office door, Dinky calling, "Open up, Lans."

WHEN Dinky was looped over the chair arm, glass in hand, and Lans, slouched on the couch, drink on the oval table in front of him, Lizanne seated herself at the opposite corner. The newspaper lying between them, caught her eye. She read swiftly, "Knut Viljaas estate to be closed. Meeting of heirs of the Cross-Eyed Bear called by Tedford Bruce for Monday afternoon at the National Bank."

The heirs were mentioned, Stefan, Lans; her name was not there. That much reprieve was granted.

Quoting Ambassador Bruce: Because of the wars, advisable that signing of contracts of Viljaas mines be accomplished without delay; and recently proof uncovered that Dene Viljaas, youngest son of Knut, died in a hunting accident in the north woods two years ago.

But this meant that the mark of death was more certainly upon Lans unless he could hide from Stefan until these few days passed! He wasn't hiding; he was courting murder.

She heard him say, "What's the ambassador going to do about the bear?"

She began to lay down the paper, but over the border of it she saw the office door opening. Inspector Tobin was there, behind him Sergeant Moore. Tobin said, "Been looking for you, Lans."

Lans didn't stir. "Have you? No one told me." And he turned his eyes swiftly, accusingly, for one brief moment upon Lizanne.

Tobin spoke softly, "You wouldn't mind coming down to headquarters and answering a few questions?"

Lans stood up, pushing the table away with his knees. "I'd mind very much," he stated. The gun was out. "I don't intend to. Don't move, Dinky, or you, Lizanne."

He edged away from the couch to the corridor door, put his free hand back to open it. The bolt slid.

"Don't any of you start after me for ten minutes." He was gone.

Moore said unhappily, "I could have drawn on him if you hadn't signaled."

Tobin took off his hat, shook his head. "He'll be picked up in a minute. We're watching all the exits."

Lizanne wept. "He didn't do it. He was with me that night. He couldn't have done it."

Tobin pulled out an old nickel watch. "Wonder what's the delay?"

Moore went to find out. He came right back. "He hasn't left the hotel. I checked with all the men. He must still be inside."

Tobin said, "Get on the phone, Moore, and have some more guys sent up. We'll do a floor-by-floor search."

Moore went into the office. Dinky asked, "What about Lizanne here?"

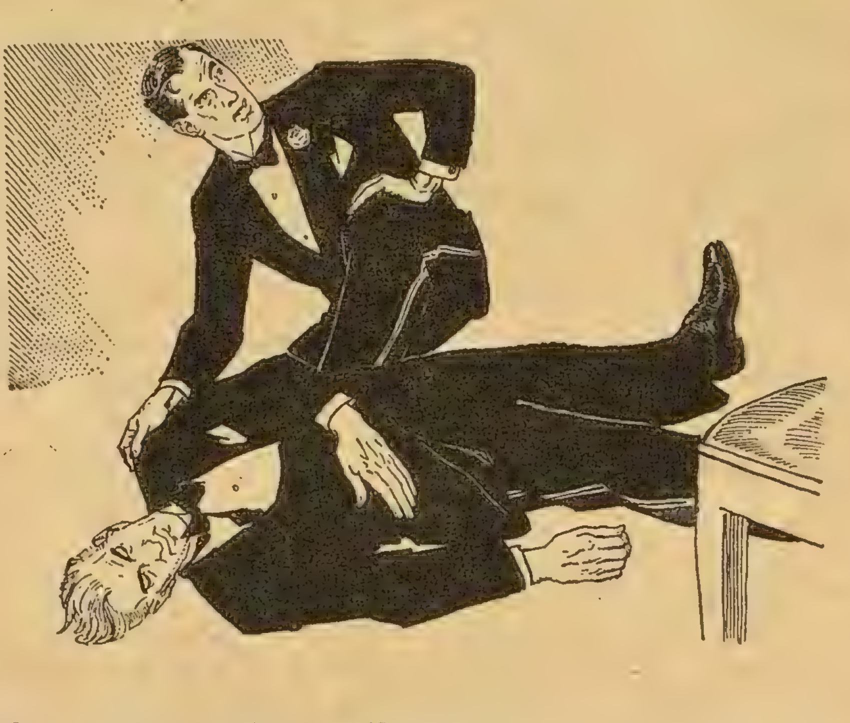
Tobin spoke. "Lans must be coming back here. There's no other reason for him to stay in the hotel."

She wouldn't let him be trapped in her room. She said, "He won't come here. He knows I keep my doors bolted."

Tobin decided: "Take Lizanne to your room, Dinky. No way to get in it except through living room or office. Moore can stay in the office. We'll leave it dark. Lights out in here. Light in Folker's living room."

Dinky said to Lizanne, "Why'n't you get comfortable? I'll wait for you. You can take a nap on my bed until this blows over."

She would be closely guarded until they caught Lans.



They were afraid she would slip away from them and warn him. She changed to bitter-green slacks, the long coat belted in dull silver, buttoned in dull silver. She had once thought she might be beautiful for him in it. She returned to Dinky, caught up a magazine, fell asleep over it. She woke to unexpected disturbance. Guard, in overcoat, hat, gloves, was saying, "Have you seen Bill?"

Dinky said, "He hasn't been here."

"Gave me the slip. We stopped at the Stork for a drink on our way up. He went into the men's—" Guard shrugged. "He's on, all right."

"Nobody's safe then," Dinky said.

Guard saw Lizanne on the bed. His face was angry. "What's she doing here?"

"Safekeeping."

The anger went. Guard said, "Do a good job."

She was bitter. "Haven't all of you together caught Lans yet?"

Guard asked Dinky, "What about Lans now?"

Dinky told him. Guard said: "He's laying for Stefan. Alix?" Always he remembered her.

"Alix is alone."

"She's a fool." Guard turned to the door. "I'll see if I can locate her."

When he had gone, Lizanne slept again; woke. Dinky wasn't in the room. There was a slot of light under the bathroom door. She moved silently as shadow out the door, swiftly down the corridor to Bill's living room. She didn't even stop when she saw Bill bending over the motionless figure on the floor.

He stood straight, looked at her as she ran forward crying, "Lans! Oh, Lans!" She didn't see that blood trickling from his temple onto her breast. Now she was the only one left in the way. But she didn't think of that, holding his head to her.

She didn't see Guard burst into the room. She knew vaguely that he raised her from the floor, held her quietly against his bulk, said, "Go on, cry if you want to, but it's better this way." His voice was almost gentle. "Believe me, he wouldn't have done you any good."

The room was all at once alive. Dinky, Tobin, Moore; and Bill standing there with incredible calmness, removing his gloves, saying, "I'd just come in. He was like that. I bent over him to see what had happened, and then I saw her standing there, her suit covered with blood."

And she heard Guard say, "You'd better take her in, inspector. She killed Lans just as she killed Dene Viljaas."

ALL the next day in the narrow gray cell, alone. The utter fool she had been! Stefan had been there all along. Guard was he!

When it was darkening outside, they unlocked the barred door, told her, "Your lawyer's outside."

Lizanne said, "I have no lawyer."

"He has your release. He's waiting to take you home."

She was let out. The man was Bill. He came over to her. "I've spent the entire day trying to arrange this. I know, of course, that you had nothing to do with this, but when Guard said what he did—"

She sat huddled beside him in the car, fear of him crawling over her skin. They reached the Lorenzo. He said, "I'm sure you'd like to clean up a bit and have some decent food," and went into her apartment with her, sat on her couch to phone the dining room while she dressed in the black dress that belonged to the days before Bill Folker had hired her.

Dinner arrived. She pretended to swallow, took tiny and tinier mouthfuls, washed them with sips of champagne. And finally he said, "I didn't learn until last night from Guard and Dink that you were my brother's wife."

She said slowly, "I didn't know you were Stefan Viljaas. You're going to kill me."

He said, "I have no choice. I kill only in self-defense. Self-protection is self-defense, I believe. I've gambled everything, my very life, to have control of the Viljaas mines. I can't have you in my way." Only a madman could keep that quiet mask.

"You killed Lans."

"Yes."

"Where were the others?"

"It wasn't hard to get rid of them. A man seen escaping over the roof. Another man following him. A call to Moore. Guard out searching for Alix. I don't know where Lans was hiding, but it must have been on this floor. As soon as Moore was out of the way he went into my room. He had a key. I followed him inside. He was afraid of me. I took his gun away from him and shot him. He'd even provided a silencer. It would have been suicide if you hadn't shown up."

She asked out of curiosity, "Did you get Lans' triangle?"

He shook his head. "No. But I will. Lans' effects will be mine." He poured the last of the liquid into his glass, drank. "You are the one who has the bear. Is it here?"

"No." She said, "It's in my deposit box at the bank. Is that why you took me out of prison? To get the bear?"

"No, it would have been easy enough to find it with you gone. But I couldn't take a chance on your being acquitted. Pretty women are often acquitted even when guilty. You are a pretty woman, you know. That's why I'm not going to kill you until morning." His yellow eyes narrowed. "I don't know why I haven't before."

The door was open. Bill's head followed Lizanne's look and anger flooded his eyes.

Alix said, "I suppose this is business, too. You thought I'd be afraid to come now, since she stole the letter for you."

"You told me your lawyer held that letter. You told me it would be sent to your father if anything happened to you."

"And you believed me!" she scoffed.

Lizanne said, "I didn't take the letter. Lans took it."

He had missed it, searching Lans? Or Lans had hidden it in those moments when he was eluding pursuers? Alix laughed, "You don't have the letter! The letter that will send you to the chair!"

He would have plunged to her, but she said, "Don't come any nearer, Bill." She moved to a chair, sat down just as if she weren't holding a weapon pointed at him, and beyond him at Lizanne. "I'm here to kill you. I'm not afraid of you now. They've all tried to tell me, father and Dinky, even Guard, but I went on believing that you cared for me. But you opened my eyes that day I found you with Fredi."

He was ash color. Only his eyes burned.

"I got her." She spoke with her teeth. "She won't get away, Bill. Too much against her. She won't like it, living like a monkey in a barred cage until she grows old and flabby, living where there are no men."

He was on his feet again. "Stop it!"

She ordered, "Stay where you are," and he sat down.

"One woman after another for you, and you selling me cheap to one man after another, all so that you could be the great Viljaas. I even believed your marriage to Lydia was to keep you from being shot as a spy. I did everything you ordered. Until you dared to touch me, and Fredi laughed."

Bill said, "If you're going to kill me, you'll have to hurry before Guard and Dinky interfere."

"They can't."

"They are in back of your chair, my dear."

They were there, moving slowly ever nearer. Bill sat at insolent ease, half-smile tantalizing her.

Guard spoke quietly, "Better give it to me, Alix."

She didn't turn. There was the sound of three shots before he wrenched the gun from her. Bill had fallen to the floor Guard put the gun in his pocket, said, "Self-defense."

DINKY rose from his knees beside Bill. "He isn't dead. Alix never does things right. You'd better call a doctor quickly, however."

Alix sobbed, "I'm glad I didn't kill him."

And then Lizanne was in her bed, Guard sitting on the edge of it, his fingers on her wrist. Dinky's chair was pulled near.

Guard said, "She's coming out of it."

Tobin spoke. "You bring Lizanne down in the morning, Guard, and we'll get it down in black and white." He went out.

Guard laid his hand on Dinky's shoulder. "Go get some sleep, Dink. You've had it hard on your first case, but you've come through with sirens blowing."

Dinky grinned. "I don't want sleep. I want to get really drunk." He went away too.

Guard sat down in the nearest chair. "Go on to sleep. If you have bad dreams, I'll be here to hold your hand."

She asked in a small voice, "Do I have to go back to jail again?"

He spoke angrily. "You little fool! Didn't you realize I had Tobin take you in just so you'd be safe? You weren't even charged. If you'd made any inquiries you'd have found that out."

He began to stride the room. "I've never seen such idiots as in this case. Every one trying to get murdered! Dene, knowing Bill wanted to kill him, went out at night alone for a confab with him. Lydia skipped off to where Bill sent her and didn't let any of us know where she was. Sally didn't have a chance. Lans wouldn't let us put him where he'd be safe. Even when Dinky pulled a fast call to Tobin to save him in spite of himself, he stuck a gun in Tobin's snoot and waltzed out alone to find Bill. And then you—"

He broke off, sat on the edge of the bed again. "What do you think we've been doing the past eight months but try to keep certain people away from Bill until the estate could be settled? Why do you think Dinky or Ted or I never let him out of our sight if we could help it? Because we craved his company? If we hadn't had a tail on Alix since last night, and if I hadn't dropped in at the Tombs to see you this evening, you wouldn't be lying here now, blinking those big blue eyes of yours up at me."

She cried out, "Why didn't any of you tell me he was Stefan?"

"When you first came, there was no reason to tell you; presumably you were an outsider. And after we found out you were in, we didn't dare let you know for fear you'd run to the police and spoil everything before our case was set. But I should have known after we had to tell him last night about you and Dene that he'd go after you."

"Did you have to tell him?"

"If we hadn't given him a reason for accepting his accusation of you, he'd have known it was just a blind, running you in. He'd have known that we knew he killed Dene."

"But why not arrest him for it when you knew?"

"We didn't have a grain of proof. Not for any of his murders. But we've got him on something that he can't escape from. Treason. He's an American citizen. He was naturalized because Knut wanted it. Some of the things he's done for the Three and against his own country have caught up with him. We've decoded those papers you typed after the Koppels arrived. Those things mean curtains for Bill."

He spoke angrily again: "I should have looked in on you sooner. But we were trying to get everything set; getting the bear from your deposit box before he could, and Lydia's stuff. Anyway you're safe, with all the Viljaas millions in hand. But I suggest you let Tedford and me handle the contracts."

She shivered. "I wouldn't touch a cent of it."

He said pacifyingly, "All right, all right. You don't have to take it. But why didn't you let us help you, instead of making us practically hire wild horses to drag any information out of you, and then making it false?"

"I didn't know if you were really what you said you were." Tears streaked down her face. "I never do anything to suit you."

He was beside her before she finished, his hands closing over hers. She didn't know his voice could be gentle. "Don't cry, Lizanne. Don't you see? It's because I've been so worried for you ever since I first saw you there in Bill's apartment, with your eyes scared sick and your chin up. I got Dinky up here to take care of you. I wanted to protect you. Oh, Lord, I'm talking like an old fool to a kid like you!"

He stood up again, but she held tight to his hands. "No, you're not. You'll see that the money goes to all those societies and things where Knut planned for it to go?"

"If you want it that way."

"I don't need it." She thrust out her chin again. "I can work. I'll find another job."

He grinned at her. "I think I can find plenty to keep you busy." He went to the wall and turned off the overhead light. The lamp on the bed table was a dim glow. "Stop talking and go to sleep now. I'll be right here."

He was big and ugly; he didn't make your heart ache as Lans had; but his shoulders were comforting. She murmured, content, "You wouldn't touch me with a ten-foot pole."

When he answered she wondered if he were smiling. He said "No. Not tonight."

THE END

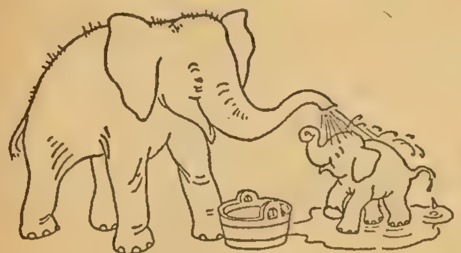
BOOKS IN REVIEW

By ELSIE CHRISTIE

CHILDREN'S BOOK WEEK, which begins officially on November 14, has heaped this desk until it looks like a candy counter. And it's just as tempting. Not many children have wandered in yet to eye it wishfully, but several editors who struggle with the problem of keeping their offspring properly supplied, have.

Space requirements and the reviewer's mandate not to give the story away will keep me from making this much more than a recommended list—but you can take my word that if you like the flavor suggested here, you'll like the book better.

For the very young (say from three to six) there's a surprise book called **Where's My Baby?** by **H. A. Rey.** Because of the raffish little calf on the cover, it promises fun, and it delivers it when you flip the pages and see the anxious expressions of various mothers of the animal kingdom change to relief and delight as their baby (or babies) comes into view. It ends up playfully with a human mother looking for *her* baby—and being handsomely accommodated when *six* children rush in to have her read to them.



For the same age group (approximately) there is another play book, **Help the Farmer,** by **Dorothy N. King.** You help him by pulling out of a pocket in the back cover whichever animal cut-out belongs in the picture you are looking at, and then sliding it into the appropriate scene. You'd soon learn not to put the pig in the duck pond.

For animal stories, there's **Trumpet,** by **Margot Austin.** Trumpet is a cute little pup, a churchdog, friend of two old favorites, Peter Churchmouse and Gabriel Churchkitten. Trumpet had something that ailed him and it took Parson Pease-Porridge to discover what it was. But it took Trumpet to find a new way of avoiding a bath.

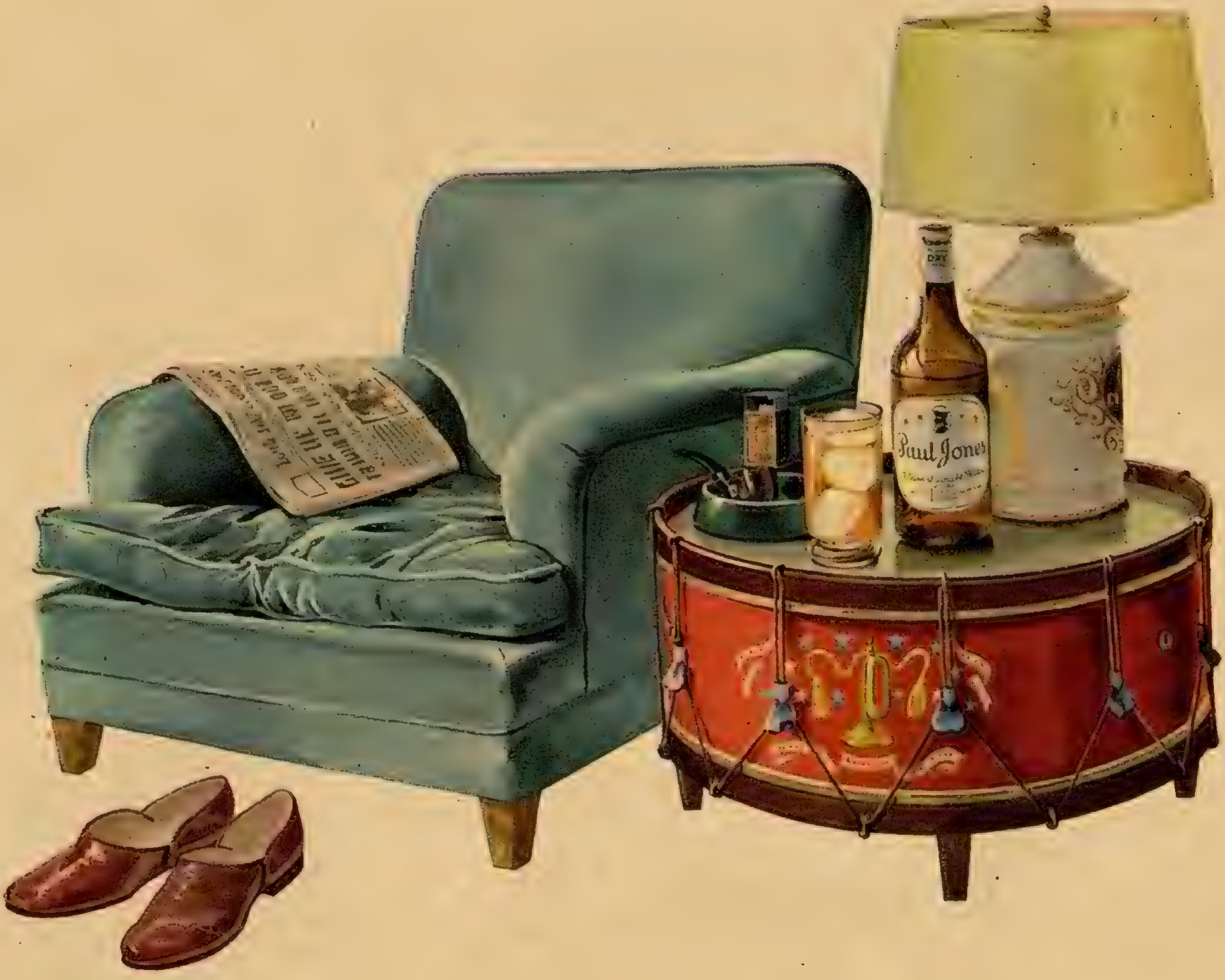
Another good animal story is **Mr. Red Squirrel,** by **Tom Robinson,** with especially attractive illustrations by Kurt Wiese. Mr. Red Squirrel had troubles, too—about nuts, which he needed because his winter supply was gone. Miss Brooks, a pretty little blonde in blue overalls (age about ten), had him to tea (raspberry shrub) and sprang a fine surprise which ended his worries.

For a little older age group, there is **All About Oscar,** by **Mabel Neikerk,** which is set off with ever so many clever illustrations by William O'Brian, whose work should be seen around more often. It's a perfect book for children who love to do and watch tricks, give plays, and generally court adventure. Oscar is a memorable character in any child's life.

Still in the older age group—though this is for any child from two up—is a beautiful and tasteful book with impressive large-size page illustrations: **A Child's Story of the Nativity,** by **Louise Raymond,** illustrated by Masha. Its title tells its story—though it is beautifully and simply done—and only a look at it can do justice to its drawings.

In and Out, by **Tom Robinson,** with pictures by Marguerite De Angeli, is a child's book of verse that will do for reading aloud to almost any juvenile group.

For a journey to other lands there is **Their First Igloo,** by **Barbara True** and **Marguerite Henry,** with pictures by Gladys Rourke Blackwood—that's a rather large staff for a thin book, but it's well worth all the effort. It's about Nuka and Palea, Eskimo children, and how they built their first igloo in an emergency—and found it pretty cozy, too.



"Well, she must have bought a new hat today..."

DRY **Paul Jones**... a gentlemen's whiskey since 1865

DRYNESS (lack of sweetness) is a priceless quality in whiskey. Paul Jones' *dryness* brings out the true whiskey flavor and delicate aroma—for your most complete enjoyment. Try *Dry* Paul Jones... and we think you'll agree that it is one of the finest whiskies America has ever produced.

• • •

If you're not always able to get *Dry* Paul Jones...please be patient. We are trying to apportion our prewar stocks of Paul Jones to assure you a continuing supply until the war is won. Meanwhile our distilleries are devoted to the production of alcohol for war uses. (Our prices have not been increased—except for taxes.)

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

Here too, Champion Spark Plugs are proving their dependability

You've got to have the full power of all the horsepower that's packed into an engine when you take off—particularly from an aircraft carrier. A little thing like a spark plug becomes enormously important in situations like this.

Not many months ago, spark plugs were a limiting factor in some of our most advanced high-output aircraft engines. Champion, meantime, had perfected an entirely new ceramic spark plug. It was tested and put in service. Since that day the production of Champions for our air forces—Army, Navy and Marine Corps—has continued to accelerate unabated. The coveted Army-Navy "E" award has recently been granted to Champion, through the U. S. Army Air Forces, in recognition of this achievement.

Thus, once again, Champion's consistent policy over 33 years, of devoting all of its unequalled resources—research, engineering and manufacturing—to spark plugs and spark plugs only, has borne fruit.

The Champion Spark Plugs for your car, truck, tractor or other engine-powered equipment are not unlike those in America's top-flight aircraft engines. They are products of the same technical skill and can be depended on to bring out the best performance in every engine.

DEPENDABLE

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

KEEP 'EM FLYING

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Destination Tokyo

Continued from Page 28

The bomb missed. It exploded in the ocean. A geyser of water shot upward like a giant fountain. The ship shook from stem to stern, shuddered as though it would fall apart. Waves washed the deck. The Zero was past them, already circling to come back. The submarine steadied now, but its plates were loosened. It zigzagged crazily, still trapped on the surface, still in perilously shallow water! Below, the Diesels were pounding, pushing her. They were racing for deep water. A sailor, hit by the strafing, lay prostrate on deck.

Now the ship's guns were opening up again. The plane thundered in toward them. Tracers ripped from its wings. Another sailor, yelling, spun around, crashed to the black latticework deck.

The Zero dropped another bomb. It was a wider miss. But the Copperfin's already loose plates rattled like tin, and the submarine thrashed in the water. The sailors were knee-deep in sea water. The wounded men were dragged to the side. Water poured in through the forward hatch.

PILLS emerged from the hatch. The Zero again was past them, again was circling to return.

Pills ran to the closer wounded man. He began dragging him toward the hatch. He was halfway when the Zero's shrieking motor closed in again. He turned, instinctively looking up. He could see the pilot's face. "I'd like one crack at you, you slopehead!"

Brrrrrrrrrrrrrt.

The bullets traced a line not six inches from him. Pills stood there, shaking with rage. He saw the Kid firing a machine gun, Wolf feeding him ammunition. Then he saw the bomb. This one was coming straight at them! He could even hear the noise it made. It was a whistling sound. It's a hit! It's going to be a hit! We haven't got a prayer. We're dead right now!

The bomb landed squarely!

Pills stood frozen, waiting. Nothing happened! The Zero shot on past them. Men were still firing at it. On the bridge, somebody yelled, "Unexploded bomb aft!"

Pills was sweating. He looked after the Zero. His eyes were clouded. Suddenly he began to yell.

The Zero was trailing smoke! Pills watched incredulously. The Zero burst into flame!

Everybody was yelling now. Pills' fists were tight. His fingernails dug into the palms of his hands. The Zero was on fire! The Jap pilot was bailing out. In a moment the flaming plane zoomed over them, crashed in the water. Far behind, the pilot was floating down, his parachute open.

In the sky, everything else was

clear. The PBYs and the remaining Zeros had moved out of sight in a running battle. Pills thought, But they're liable to come back! A Zero's liable to come back.

The sub was still zigzagging toward deep water. On the bridge the exec was reporting: "Unexploded bomb wedged in the aft ballast tank!" It might go off any second—blow hell out of them! Blow them to kingdom come! Unexploded bomb!

Numbly Pills turned to the wounded man, dragged him the rest of the way to the hatch.

HE returned for the second wounded man, then worked doggedly to get both men below.

Pills came back up on topside just before the deck hatches were closed and bolted. He looked around. The sky was still clear of planes. Nothing was being done about the unexploded bomb. But he suddenly became aware that the ship had reversed its course. They were slowing down. Now he saw a blob of white in the water—the Jap! Tangled up in his chute.

"What the hell?"

"We're picking him up," Browski said.

"But why? Why pick up the ——?"

Browski landed on him. "Since when did *you* start asking questions?"

"The *captain* wants to ask questions," Wolf said. He nodded toward the Jap. "He wants to ask the monkey where he came from—where those float Zeros base. The monkey may even have some papers on him or something."

"The Zeros base at Kiska," Pills said.

Wolf shrugged. "You're smart, I'll concede that. But you *could* be wrong! It could be somewhere else."

"O. K. But what if the monkey doesn't speak English?"

"We got a guy on board," said Wolf, "that speaks Jap and can read it. Lieutenant Quade."

Browski glowered over. "Why don't you go below, Nursie?"

Pills only looked at him, his eyes hot. Some day he was going to punch him right on the nose! Every time Browski called him Nursie, Pills wanted to kill him. He didn't know how he kept his temper. Maybe it was the smile that did it. Every time Pills got mad he smiled. He could smile Browski into a fit of rage. He was smiling now.

"Damn you!" Browski said.

Pills' smile grew.

"*Get below!*" Browski shouted then. "By the conning tower. The hatches are closed."

But Pills didn't move. They were coming in alongside the Jap now and Browski's attention was elsewhere. Sailors were manning the side, looking down. Pills joined them. The Nip pilot's brown face was hard, impassive. He must have been freezing in the icy water, but he gave no hint of it. He was looking up at them insolently, still tangled in the lines of the parachute.

They drew closer. The Kid stood by with a machine gun. In a moment Mike, wearing hip boots, moved over the side. Holding onto a deck cleat, he edged down over the sloping cigar shape of the hull. Presently he took one hand off the cleat and reached for the Jap. He grasped him firmly by the front of his jacket—then, straining, he twisted around and, holding fast to the cleat, began hauling him up from the water.

The Jap's heavy shoes clanged against the hollow iron hull. Water drained from his parachute. Mike, his back half turned, kept tugging to get him up over the slope.

Then it happened—so quickly none of them could move. The Jap, his face suddenly savage, ripped a knife from his breast scabbard. Even as Pills and a dozen others yelled warning, he plunged the knife into Mike's back.

Mike coughed blood. Pills and Wolf grabbed him, hauled him aboard. The Jap slipped back into the water. Mike kept choking up blood. For a moment his eyes were open—full of panic—surprise—pain. He seemed to look toward the Kid.

* * *

Let me urge that we keep clear of two besetting sins—hardness of heart and softness of head.

—Theodore Roosevelt.

* * *

The Kid, as if it were a signal, turned viciously to the water. Sobbing, he let go with the gun. It shook in his hands as he fired. He kept firing, didn't stop! He was cutting the Jap to pieces! Pills watched him, petrified. The Kid, with his ideals about Japs, standing there crying, firing the gun!

He fired until there were no more bullets.

Pills knelt beside Mike.

You should have known better, Mike! You said yourself they were no good. They're no good as a whole, you said, or any single one of them! You have to kill them, you said. But you turned your back! Always trusting people! Even slope-heads. Why'd you have to trust people, Mike? Why?

Pills looked up. He said: "Mike is dead."

Below, in the control room, the captain said, "As I explained over the loud-speakers, I need a volunteer to help me pull the teeth out of an unexploded bomb."

The room was packed with men. Quade had heard the announcement through the speaker system and had come at once. The sailors were talking now, volunteering. "The quicker we get it done, the better, captain," Cookie said.

Cassidy looked at Cookie's rotund figure. "I should have said a *small* man. The bomb is wedged into a tight place. The executive officer and myself have been trying to get at it and we can't." He paused. "I probably don't have to add that the job is damned dangerous! What we have to do is remove the bomb's detonator cap. If anything goes wrong the whole ship'll go up."

The men were tense, silent.

"Moreover, whoever volunteers to go with me takes an added risk. If the PBYs didn't shoot down all of those Zeros, one or two of them are liable to come back! If they do, the ship'll have to dive fast—leaving the volunteer and myself up there on deck. You understand?"

"Yes, sir! And I'm your man," Tin Can said. He was skinny enough.

"What about me, sir?" Quade asked.

Cassidy looked at him, surprised.

"I'd like to do something to earn my passage," Quade said sheepishly. It was the way he felt. He did not try to think where he'd acquired the sudden courage. "I'd feel much better about it."

"You're small enough," Cassidy said, "but you won't do."

"Why, sir?" Quade felt his cheeks redden.

"Simply because if anything happens to me, the executive officer can take over. On the other hand, you're here on a special mission. There's apparently no one on board who could carry out *your* assignment. That being the case, I don't think the Navy would thank me for risking your neck."

"Please, captain, take *me!*"

Quade looked around. It was the Kid. His face was white, his eyes red-rimmed from crying. He looked fighting mad. It was this that must have decided Cassidy.

"All right, son."

"Thank you, sir!"

Cassidy started up the ladder. The Kid followed.

QUADE moved into the after battery. He sat down in the crew's messroom. It wasn't exactly a place where officers hung out, but at this moment that didn't seem to matter. Sailors drifted in. Somebody started a card game. Cookie entered the galley. He handed out cups of coffee. The submarine was dead in the water. Every sound was magnified. Now there was a hollow clanging on the port side. Every eye turned to it.

"He's climbing in," Yoyo said.

"Yeah," said Wolf.

Tin Can said tensely, "Anyway, Mike got it quicker. This is *hell!*"

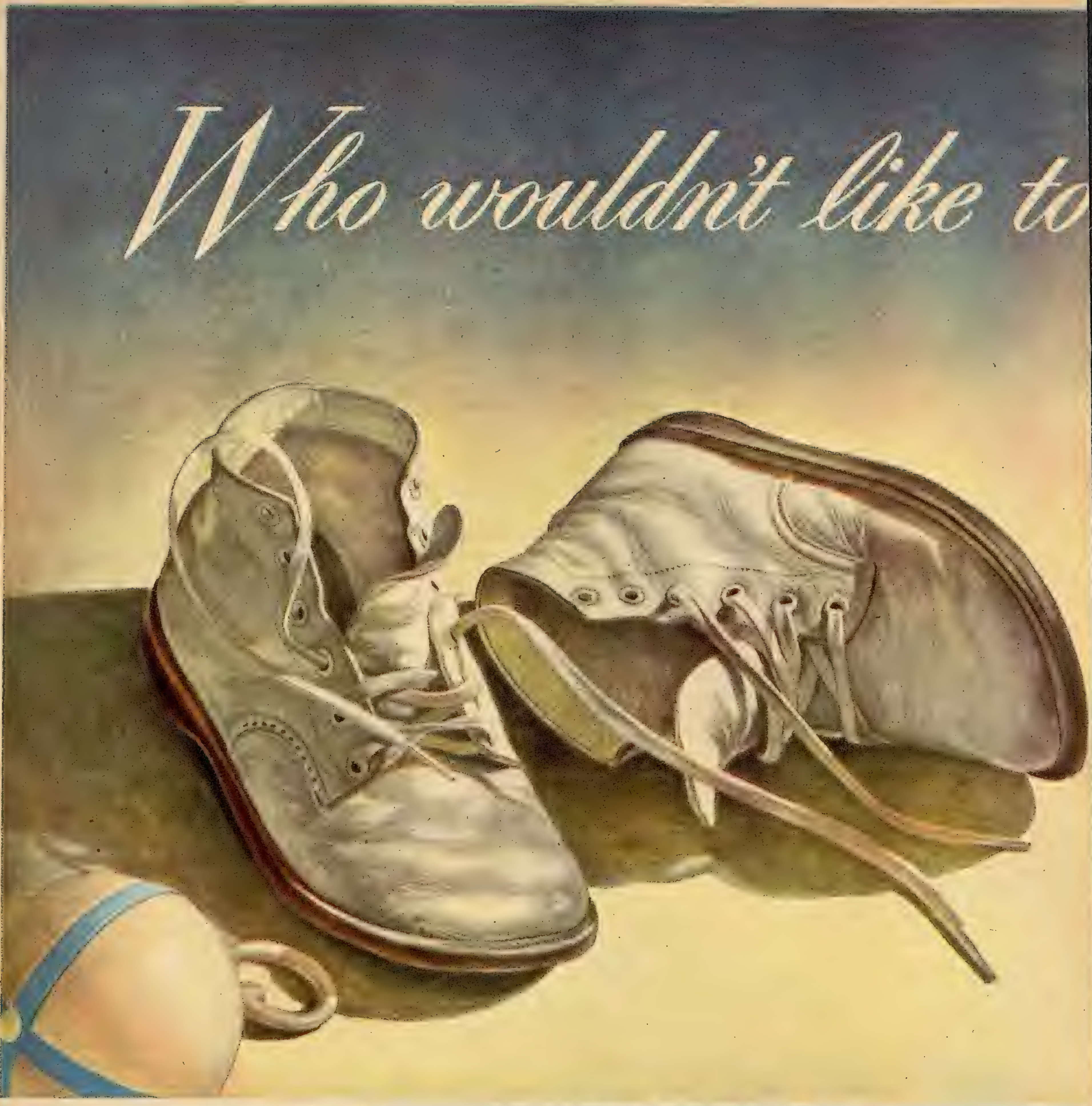
"Where's Browski?" somebody said.

"Topside," said Wolf.

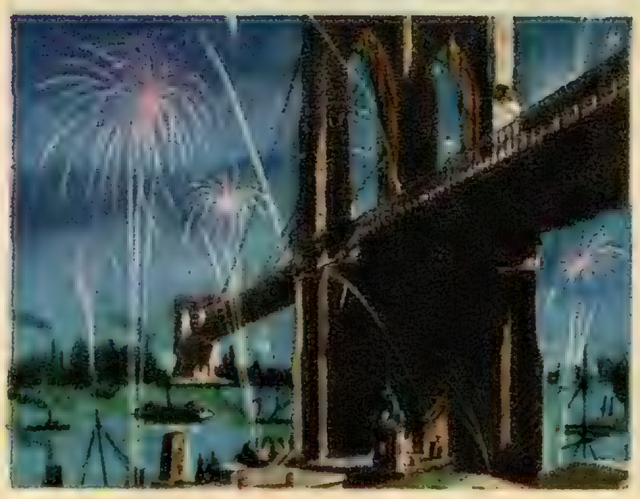
Pills looked at the port bulkhead. "If it goes off—" He stopped there.

The clanging continued. The men fell silent. They looked at their coffee cups, at their cards, at their hands, at magazines. But their eyes kept returning to the port bulkhead. Minutes passed. All eyes were on

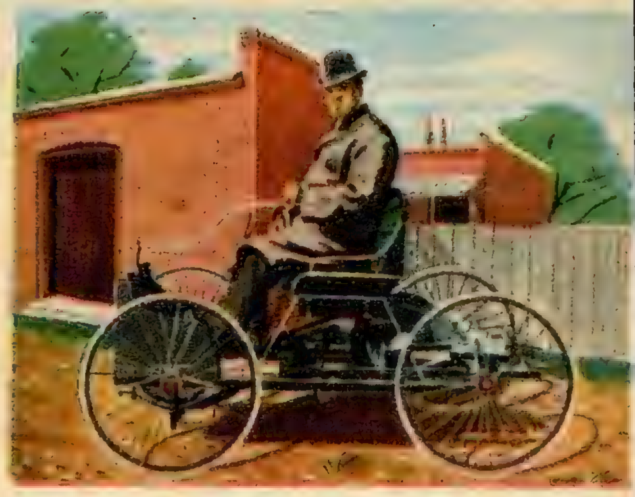
(*Continued on page 52*)



Important dates in American Progress...



1883—Opening of Brooklyn Bridge. This was not only the greatest engineering achievement of its day but an artistic triumph as well. The opening of the Brooklyn Bridge, May 24, gave impetus to better bridges and highway transportation everywhere.



1896—First Ford Car. Henry Ford in the first Ford car—forerunner of more than 30,000,000 Ford-built cars and trucks that have taken their place on the highways of the world. From this beginning has sprung the present Ford world-wide enterprise.

be in these shoes?...

BABY SHOES . . . tiny feet taking their first uncertain steps . . . toward the future.

What can America say to the small sturdy-legged wearer of those bits of wrinkled leather?

"Watch your step—troubles ahead!" or "Go forward with confidence—this country encourages ambition; every citizen has opportunity to reach the full stature of his ability!"

What would you tell your youngster? The question answers itself.

We have come a long way in this country, yet almost everything lies ahead of us. Better ways of doing things, deeper understanding of our neighbor's problems, fuller respect for our freedom and a greater appreciation of the fruits of that freedom which have given us the world's highest standard of living. Tomorrow, life can be broadened and enriched so that all can enjoy the endless wealth of free men working in free industry.

The future holds for every individual a heritage of greater comfort, greater enjoyment and greater security through the lessons we have all learned during wartime.

Although all Ford resources are now devoted to production for Victory, our engineers and research men are looking toward the day when we can return to the job we like best—building better low-cost transportation.

In producing weapons our men have found better, quicker ways of doing things. They have speeded the war effort by millions of work days and saved the nation millions of dollars.

We know a lot more about lighter metals and plastics and welding and sound proofing than when we last built a car for you. And our peacetime products will reflect this knowledge. We shall build a better car after the war because of what we've learned.

But building a better car is not very important alongside the job of helping build a better world.

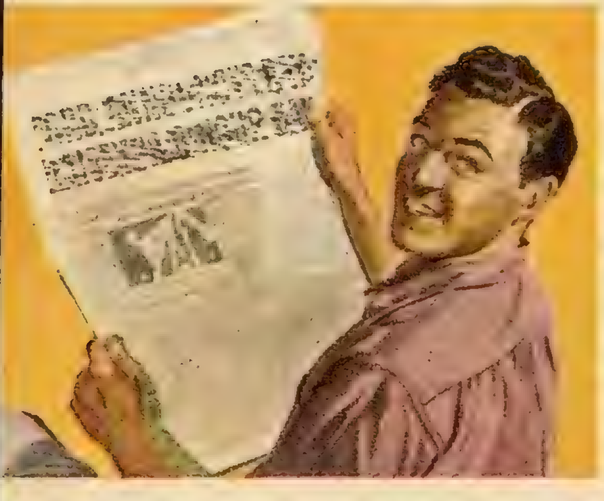
All Ford planning for the future is based on giving work to the largest possible number of people at the highest possible wages under the best of working conditions.

Ford is doing its part to make certain that your dreams for your baby will come true in the brighter, better tomorrow that awaits this nation and all free peoples.

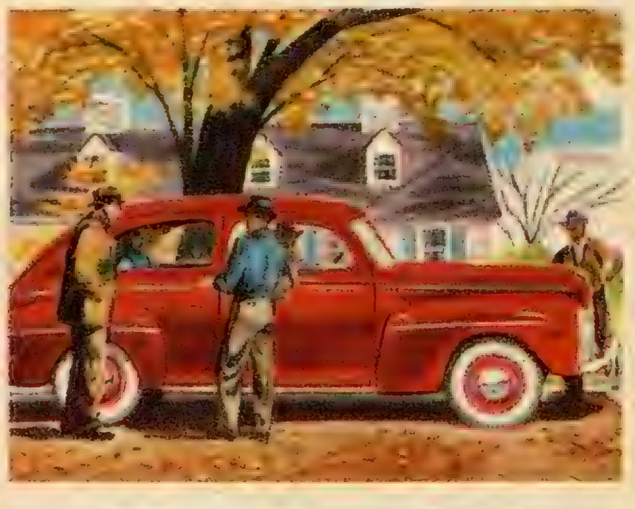
You can say to the wearer of those tiny shoes, "This is a great time to be born!"

Ford

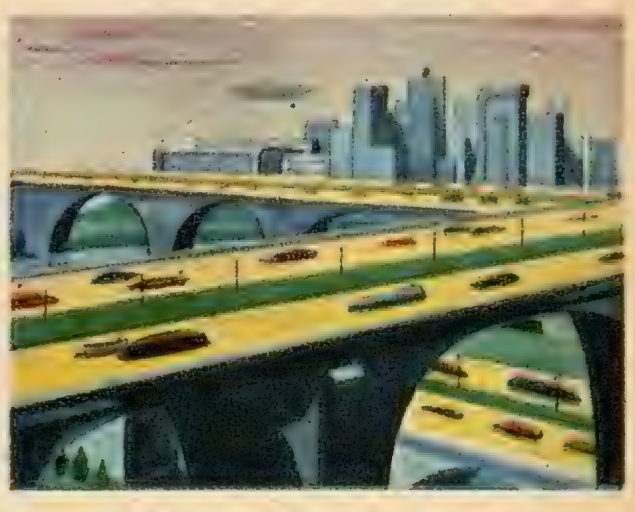
FORD MOTOR COMPANY



January 14, 1914—Ford Announces $5 Wage, 8-Hour Day. When unskilled labor got as little as $1.00 a day, Ford's wage announcement was a landmark in the advance that has given the American working man the highest living standard in the world.



1943—Production Miracle. Helping America to outproduce the Axis within a comparatively short time is the huge fleet of private cars carrying war workers to their vital jobs. Thus the Ford idea of a car for the millions serves the nation in war as in peace.



Future Unlimited. Just as the past fifty years have seen more progress in transportation than all the centuries before, the future will see startling strides in motor car values—new highways—scientific traffic planning—safer, more economical automobile travel.

(Continued from page 49)

the bulkhead now. The clanging sounded closer. The men looked at one another, then back at the bulkhead. The room was like a tomb.

Then, all at once, the captain stood in the doorway. He had his arm over the Kid's shoulder. In his other hand he held the bomb's detonator cap. The men stared. Cassidy indicated the detonator cap. Huskily he said, "Got 'Made in Japan' stamped on it."

The next morning, en route to Dutch Harbor for repairs, they stopped all engines. The submarine drifted through a heavy swirling fog. The only sound was that of ice crusts cracking against the hull and the voice of the captain, sonorous and reverent, reading from the Bible. There was no bugle, no one to play taps, and when it was over, Browski and the Kid tipped up the flag-draped body; they held onto the flag as the body slid out from under it and into the icy water, and gray-white fog rolled bleakly over the place where it had gone down.

Then the engines were on again, and after a while, when the fog began to thin, they dived to periscope depth, because they were passing very close to Kiska now and it wasn't safe to be on the surface.

Below, in the forward room, Ensign Mathews emptied the last of Mike's effects from his locker and put them in a sea bag. Then he took the picture of Mike's two kids down from the locker door and put that in too. Sailors stood around and watched, and when Ensign Mathews at last went aft with the bag, they looked at one another and did not say very much.

In a minute the Kid came in and sat down on his bunk. His face was white and hard, and he did not look so much like a kid any more. His hair was short-clipped and you saw his cheekbones. He just looked straight ahead of him, as though he wasn't thinking anything at all, which of course was wrong, because he was thinking of Mike.

PILLS looked at him, and said, "I hear the captain's sending in a report on you—gallantry over and above the call of duty."

The Kid nodded.

"And I hear you're being jumped in rating," Wolf said.

The Kid's eyes came up now. He nodded again. "From third-class torpedo man to first class." He paused. "If the captain can get it O. K'd. He said Mike was a first-class torpedo man—in more ways than one, and"—his voice didn't break, but it was a little thicker—"and he said I'm to take Mike's place up here."

The men exchanged looks.

Tin Can said, "I don't think we ought to call him the Kid any more." He looked around for approval. "We ought to call him Slim, or something like that."

"Just keep calling me the Kid," the Kid said. "I don't mind." He smiled wanly. His voice was husky. "I guess a lot of kids are growing up in a lot of places in this world right about now!" His eyes shone. "Know where I'd be if it wasn't for this war? I'd be getting out of high school!"

"I'd still be in college," Pills said; "still studying chemistry."

The Kid asked, "They take Mike's effects?"

"Yeah," Wolf said.

Yoyo thought of something. "What about that package he used to keep under his pillow? He was all the time coming into my office with it."

Tin Can lifted up Mike's pillow. Between the sheet and the mattress there was a flat envelope.

"Open it," said Wolf.

Tin Can opened it and pulled out a record.

Wolf eyed it avidly. "Could be it's something rare. Know what I mean?"

"You guys are crazy!" the Kid said.

But Yoyo was still looking at the record "*I* think we ought to play it!"

* * *

A reporter, covering a recent Midwest flood disaster, began his telegraphic coverage with the dramatic lead: "Today God sits high on a hilltop overlooking the flooded town of ———."

Immediately the city editor wired his reporter: "Forget the flood. Interview God."

* * *

"Sure! Why not?" somebody asked.

Yoyo took the record from Tin Can and started aft with it. The others followed. The Kid looked after them, then he got up and went along too.

Inside the yeoman's office, Yoyo wound up his portable phonograph. Pills and Wolf were squeezed into the office with him, and the others were packed outside.

"You never know what a man's secret hobby is," Yoyo said, cranking the machine. He put the record on the machine now, turned up the volume so everybody could hear, and put the needle on. Pills watched, fascinated. Yoyo, who had been curious ever since Mike started coming into his office, caught his breath. The record began to spin. Suddenly, out of the machine, came the clear soft voice of a woman:

"Hello, honey. I hope you'll play this record once in a while when you're away, because it'll mean you're missing me like I miss you from the moment you shove off. . . . Have I ever told you how much those home-coming bear hugs of yours mean to me? Gosh, darling, you could break all my ribs, having you back is so good."

Wolf stared at the record unbelievingly. Pills was looking at his fingernails. Yoyo's cheeks were suddenly flushed. In the companionway, the Kid beat it.

". . . The kids miss you and pretend you're at the table each night . . . but I don't think they know what being married to a sweet guy like you for ten years is like. I do, thank God. It means you've made me the happiest woman alive. Mike, I pray every night you'll come back, and that we'll be together for—"

Yoyo jerked the needle off.

THEY entered Dutch Harbor at night, and Quade was there on the bridge with Tex and the captain. It was very cold. The captain and the sailors wore Navy hoods and thick fur gloves. They ran no lights at first, and there were no lights ashore, but Quade could see snow gleaming on the roofs of the buildings and he saw the shore blinker light when it came on, challenging them. They blinked back, in code, and after a while there was the coughing sound of a motor approaching, and the O. O. D. made his report.

"Dutch Harbor PC patrol boat standing toward us, sir!"

They put their running lights on then, red and green, and came in with the patrol boat. When they neared the dock the captain kept talking to the sailor who was on the phones. "Left a little—all stop!" And later, "Right a little. Back two thirds!" At last they were alongside the dock. Just beyond the dock Quade saw a jeep drive up with the senior naval officer present in it, and behind it a jeep-drawn covered sled with a red cross on it.

The captain secured the bridge and he and Tex climbed down to meet the S. O. P. Quade joined them. The three of them stood huddled there until the S. O. P. finally came over the gangway, then they straightened up, exchanged salutes, and the captain said:

"Captain Cassidy, U. S. S. Copperfin, reporting, sir!" He introduced Tex and Quade, and they shook hands with the S. O. P., who was smiling and was as cold as they were.

"We received the report of your action," he said. "The ambulance sled is here for your casualties."

"They're walking wounded, sir," Cassidy told him. "But I lost a first-class torpedo man. Buried at sea."

"What about the bomb?"

"She's still in there, sir"—Cassidy smiled—"but with the detonator cap removed."

The S. O. P. nodded. "If there's time, I'd like to meet the lad who went in there with you. I've already forwarded your recommendation." He looked at the ship. "The repair officers will take charge. You're to be ready to shove off within forty-eight hours."

Cassidy's face tightened. "Yes, sir!"

The S. O. P. glanced at Quade. "You'll get your sealed orders before sailing, Mr. Quade—along with the captain."

"Thank you, sir!" Quade said. He felt a tingling go through him.

The S. O. P. returned back across the gangway. The two wounded men came up out of the hatch, escorted by Browski, and walked over after him. It had begun to snow, and it was very quiet. When the motor of the jeep started up, pulling the Red Cross sled, it sounded quite loud.

THE work had started during the night, and in the morning the Copperfin's deck was badly torn up. Workmen were removing the bomb. There were patches of snow on deck and icicles on the conning tower. Aft, the machinist's mate and chief torpedo man were supervising welding crews at work on the loosened plates. The welders were doing most of their work under the icy water with cutting torches. Overhead, almost constantly, there was the sound of American planes.

In the afternoon, Pills came up on deck, followed by Wolf, Tin Can, and the Kid. Wolf began slapping his arms in the cold.

"Which way are the igloos? I want to meet an Eskimo's daughter!"

"What you'll finish this liberty with," Pills said, "is an Eskimo pie."

They saluted the flag aft, and crossed the gangway. The road was snow, and everything else was snow. They ended up finally in the Red Cross canteen.

It was crowded, and there was music, small tables, buckets of beer—and soldiers everywhere. There was chatter, laughter, lots of noise; but once, when the music played You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To, it quieted down. It took the rollicking Here Comes the Navy to restore things to normal.

Pills thought some of the soldiers looked very young, and their faces were homesick. Whenever they laughed the homesickness went away, but it always came back.

He mingled with the sailors after that. For a while he listened to Wolf, who, between gulps of beer, was laying it on thick, trying to cheer up the Kid.

"She was sleek and trim," Wolf said, "like a fast cruiser—but kinda queenly, too, like a carrier. And there she was, coming down Sixth Street just off my port beam. Well, I rudder hard right, start maneuvering to come alongside. She picks me up in her detector about then, gives me the recognition signal with her starboard lamps, and right away we're both on batteries, something electric between us. Then all of a sudden she Fires One. 'Submariner, ain't you?' she said. 'Yeah,' I said. 'How'd you know?' 'That dolphin on your sleeve,' she said."

He paused to finish his beer, and Pills went on. He found Cookie holding forth in one corner of the room, half a dozen soldiers and sailors around him.

"I had a cake this high, see?" Cookie said. He showed them how high it was. "In the oven. And *wham!* Slope-heads! Caught us with our periscope down! Ash-canned us sub silly. We go deep. Like this." He slanted his hand downward. "No air. Pressure. Upstairs—screws. *Brrr. Brrr.* Tin cans. Back and forth, back and forth. *Brrr. Brrr.* Dropping charges. We're going nuts. More pressure. Then it happens!"

"What?" a soldier asked.

Cookie looked at him. "The cake went *flat!* In the pressure. Like a pancake! I was so sore I could have killed those dirty slope-heads single-handed!"

Pills returned to Wolf. His story had gathered a crowd, and the Kid was grinning now.

Tin Can said, "Reminds me of once when I was on—"

Wolf turned on him: "*—destroyers!* If you liked tin cans so much, whyn't you stay on them?"

Tin Can replied in effect that it was more pay on submarines and he needed the money.

"You give me a pain," Wolf said, "always talking about the same thing. If you knew what a destroyer really was—"

"What do you mean, I don't know what a destroyer really is? Wasn't I on them?"

"Sure! And what you know about 'em comes to a sum total of nothing!"

Yoyo arrived, breaking it up. He had just come from outside and his cheeks were red from the cold.

"Hear the scuttle butt?"

"What?"

"We're headed back to Frisco! Leave tomorrow night!"

"No kiddin'?"

"Scuttle butt," Yoyo said.

They began to laugh and congratulate one another. They ordered more beers. Wolf thumbed through his address book, and Yoyo had the music play California, Here I Come. Pills was glad. He hoped it was really true.

It was as though, for a while, they had all gone crazy. The soldiers looked at them enviously. Outside, it was snowing again.

THAT night, in the captain's cabin, Quade knew (or at least felt sure) that by tomorrow night at this time they would be headed for Japan.

Cassidy had let him use the cabin, since, as he said, from here on he would be bunking down in the conning tower—from whence he would be able to get to the bridge quickly when he was needed. Tonight Cassidy was staying ashore with the S. O. P.

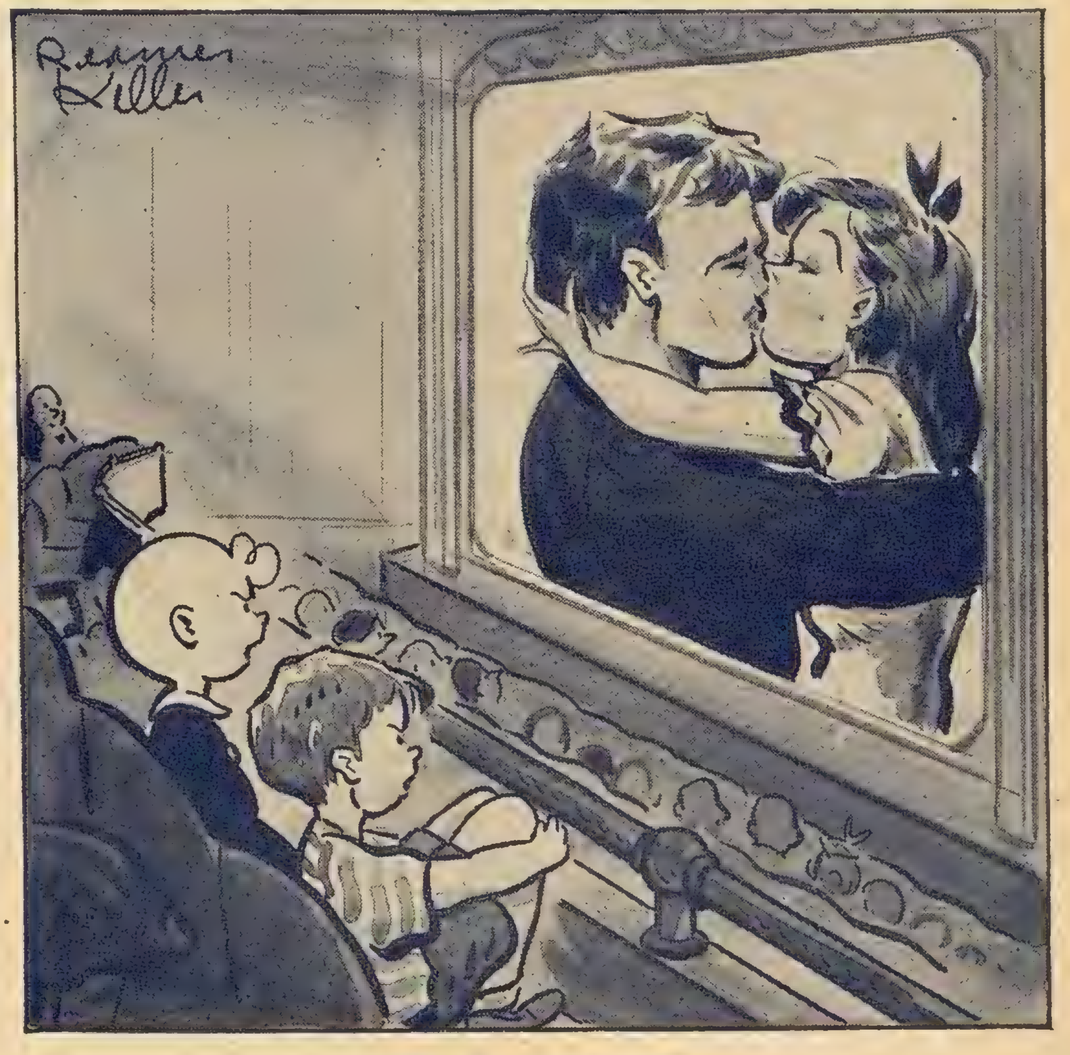
The prospect of going back to the country in which he had been raised seemed strange to him. And yet there was no qualm of emotion. He felt deadly cold toward his past—the twenty years he had spent in Japan.

Quite suddenly he wondered if he didn't feel coldly about all of his past, the last ten years, too?

He'd hardly been in the United States proper—on U. S. soil—long enough to understand it. Although an American, he was like a man who had no country. His education as a citizen was based on the New York Times and Herald Tribune, Time magazine, and Life. (He bought them all in Brentano's in Paris, in '36, that year after he left New York.)

Now, looking back, he tried to

HARDTACK



"The plot sickens!"

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remember what the country was like then, and what had happened to it, because it was not like that now.

1935. The year everybody was singing The Lullaby of Broadway and Cole Porter's Begin the Beguine. The dirigible Macon sunk, the Hauptmann trial; Italy at war with Ethiopia; the deaths of Will Rogers and Wiley Post; Huey Long's last filibuster, and his assassination; the League of Nations; the British battleship Hood; and Hitler's "Congress of Freedom" in Nuremberg.

HE'D left Washington that year, discouraged and broke, because nothing had worked out the way he had planned it. The men he'd imagined would help him gave him only free advice. Nothing was any good. He could get no appointments, European or otherwise. He was advised to leave Washington, to return home (what home, for heaven's sake?) and wait, and sooner or later his appointment would come through.

("Your name is on the list. You will be notified by mail.")

So in the fall he and Betty left Washington by bus with their last few dollars, and came to New York.

They rented an apartment in Greenwich Village—a five-flight walk-up on Charles Street. There was a closet kitchen with an electric plate, a leaky shower bath (no tub), a studio couch bed, and no rug on the floor—instead, painted linoleum that you slipped on if you weren't careful.

Somebody told him he should write articles about Japan.

He rented a typewriter for three dollars a month and went to work. The articles did not sell, and later he started writing a book—My Twenty Years in Japan; but unfortunately he did not then foresee the war (in spite of his father's lectures) and he wrote scenically—the cherry blossoms, his hikes up Fujiyama, native customs and manners.

He remembered that fall quite well, and the winter, and how they ran out of money and Betty lost weight and became pale; the first snow that year, and the landlord beginning to dun them for rent they couldn't pay. Eating boiled potatoes (without salt or butter) because they could get potatoes for seven cents a pound; he writing day and night on the book, and Betty looking for work, coming home every night at six, tired, dragging her feet.

Then one night she did not come home at six. And even at seven she was not there.

Will Betty ever return, or has she grown weary of giving up her own ambitions to further Quade's? Meanwhile, as Quade reviews their life in retrospect, the Copperfin, the first part of her mission accomplished, turns toward Japan and greater adventure in next week's Liberty.

LITTLE DAVID, PLAY ON YOUR HARP

Continued from Page 13

enemy. He wondered if it was still ticking. Better go back and see—

It took courage. The major lay, fortunately, with his face turned away, across the shoulders of Big Smoke, the sergeant, who had evidently been trying to carry his superior officer into safety.

"Scuse me, boss," Clarence apologized in a tremulous whisper. "I ain't aimin' to disturb you none, but you wouldn't want one of them low-down nasty Heinies to be wearin' yo' fine little weddin' present Miss Rose herself done give you. I'll take it to her soon as ever I kin fin' out where she lives at, I sho'ly will," he promised himself virtuously, aware that the lady might prove difficult to find.

Then he shrank back, startled. A drop of blood had oozed slowly down upon his hand. Instinct deeper than knowledge told him that the blood of dead men does not drip. He laid his ear against the officer's tunic. The major's heart, like his watch, was still very slowly, very faintly ticking.

"Gorry! Now how'm I goneter git him out o' here?" Clarence asked himself, the possibility of not getting him out of there never occurring to his mind.

The major had the broad build of a young athlete, while Clarence himself, though muscular enough in a lithe and limber way, was no such brawny specimen as the late Sergeant Big Smoke. However, he managed to get the unconscious man up onto his back, and staggered with him, bent double, toward a near-by gully, where a narrow trickle of water ran. He and his fellows had found this convenient for laundry and bathing, and even, when properly sterilized, for drinking purposes.

NOW he stood on no such ceremony. Water was water—mud, germs, and all. After copious refreshment, he gingerly undertook to bathe and dress the other's wounds—not too unskillfully, his mother having been the best nurse and midwife of her neighborhood. The officer's own emergency kit supplied the necessary bandages, sulfa drug, etc. Once, under his hands, the patient stirred and moaned a little, but lapsed again into unconsciousness. Clarence was rather disappointed in him. He had counted upon consulting the major as to what to do next. Obviously he would have to decide for himself, and he was not used to deciding things for himself.

The road, empty now, was too far away to reach with such a burden. Besides, Clarence regarded it askance, remembering what had happened there. He dared not leave his charge to seek help, because of certain furtive shadows skulking about that shadowy field of death, which might be dogs but somehow did not act like dogs. And in which direction, for that matter, was help to be found? Then the thought occurred to him that the stretcher bearers might very well have come out after dark to search for wounded. He must attract their attention somehow, even at the risk of attracting attention less desirable.

He remembered the mouth organ, still in his pocket, and put it to his lips and blew—a thin, timorous, eerie sound to pierce so much sinister and haunted silence.

"'Childe Rowland to the dark tower came,' and how!" quoted one of the occupants of a jeep which had been feeling its way without lights along the edge of the gully and had paused for a moment to reconnoiter. "Say! Am I going balmy, or do I hear something, somewhere, giving out with assorted boogie-woogie?"

HIS companion held his breath to listen. "Chattanooga Choochoo! Oh, boy, oh, boy! Then maybe we're not really lost behind enemy lines, after all."

The two, they explained to Clarence a moment later, were New York newspaper correspondents who had got separated from their assignment, and had been hiding out in the hills, hoping to establish communication with the American lines when the worst was over—which was the first he knew of the disaster at Faid Pass. For obvious reasons, they too were avoiding the open road, and attempting a short cut by starlight.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

The Big Inch, when it broke in August, gave a lake of some 42,000 gallons of petroleum to Harry Cope of Doylestown, Pennsylvania. Nothing stingy about B. I. in rationing oil, but Mr. Cope didn't want it delivered *on* his farm.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

"Who's that you've got with you, boy? Oh, I see—just another corpse."

"Nah, *suh!* I ain't got nothin' to do with no corp, not me! But I sho' am glad you gempmen come along in de nick o' time."

"Time for what?" They exchanged uneasy glances.

"Reckon we could get major some place where a doctor is at, couldn't we?" was the trustful reply.

"Good Lord, are we supposed to materialize a field hospital out here in the middle of North Africa? We haven't the least idea where we are ourselves."

Clarence, consulting his unfailing bump of direction, was able to recall a near-by native village, somewhat off the regular route of travel, through which his battalion had passed on the way up, where an old lady that lived in a kind of church with a dome on top had invited them into her back yard, to eat oranges off her trees and drink cool water out of her fountain. "A real nice kind of A-rab lady, that talked like white, and seemed mighty pleased to meet up with American colored boys."

"O. K., bo! Any kind of white-talking lady sounds good to me, Arab or not," said one of the young men. "Maybe she's got some gasoline. Let's take a chance on it, if the jeep will get us that far."

Among them they hoisted the wounded man carefully aboard, his weight supported over the bumps by Clarence. Cross-country driving in a jeep was hard to mitigate, however, and the body slumped against his own felt heavier with every jounce, so that Clarence dared not look to see whether he might, after all, be in intimate contact with a corpse. What you don't know won't hurt you, he reminded himself philosophically, and took the precaution to transfer the major's watch to his own wrist before any further developments ensued.

LED by his unerring instinct, they came within sight of the village he had promised, with a low white dome outlined against the starlight and a minaret leaning at a crazy angle. As they drew closer, however, they saw that most of the houses were mere roofless fronts, and even as they gazed, the leaning minaret leaned farther and lost its balance with a crash. Smoke lifted in lazy spirals from still smoldering heaps of rubbish, while their progress through the village square was blocked by a number of piled-up tanks.

"Geez," muttered one of the newspapermen, "they must have put up a whale of a fight here till the guns got their range. D'you suppose any of the inhabitants would be left to interview?"

"If I know natives, they took to the hills at the whine of the first shell, poor devils. No good stopping here. Let's get the hell out."

But the jeep felt otherwise. It had done its bit. When they tried to back and turn, the engine sputtered, wheezed once or twice, and gave up the ghost.

"Bye-bye, Bluebird," sighed one of the newspapermen, patting its rusty nose. "Now we'll have to try getting through on foot, damn the luck!"

Clarence gulped with dismay. "You mean, totin' major along on a shutter or somep'n?"

Once more they exchanged troubled glances. "Too heavy. Fact is, I'm afraid we're going to have to leave your pal behind," said one of them reluctantly. "We've picked up some pretty important enemy information that we've got to get into the proper hands as soon as possible, and every minute counts. There's nothing we can do but make him as comfortable as possible, and send help back for him, if we get out ourselves. Your best bet is to stick with us."

"You ain't aimin' to leave major

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to die here, all alone by hisself?" Clarence demanded blankly.

The other winced. "When it comes to dying, I suspect every man is pretty much 'alone by hisself.' I know how you feel about it, brother, but you've done all you could—all anybody could. Come on, if you're coming."

But Clarence hesitated; why, he could not have said. Perhaps it was some racial habit of faithfulness; perhaps a more ignoble preference for enduring the ills he had, rather than fly to others that he knew not of. Besides, he had recognized his environment.

"EF you gempmen was to help tote major in thoo dat little low gate yonder, what leads into de A-rab lady's back yard," he suggested, "I reckon us could make out pretty good till somebody comes to git us. Dat was mighty fine drinkin' water, and I see a lot of sassy fat pigeons struttin' around. A person could live a right smart while on squab meat and free oranges."

They agreed at last. But after they had reluctantly left him there, having first noted down with care names and identification numbers, and thrust into his not unwilling pockets all the money and cigarettes and chewing gum they could spare, he felt his confidence oozing out of him.

The arcaded shadowy court was a haunted sort of place, the house surrounding it on three sides fallen into ruin. Only one portion left intact and still surmounted by the low white dome marked it as the dwelling, or *zauia*, of some sort of Moslem potentate. In the center, water dripped from a tall fountain shaped like a shallow goblet, brimming over into an octagonal basin green-lipped with moss.

Feeling a strong need of human companionship, he doused his charge liberally from the fountain. "Mr. Major, suh," he pleaded aloud, for the comfort of hearing his own voice, "couldn't you please wake up now an' just say somepin'? It's kinda skeery, all alone in a place what you don't even know where you're at."

"This is the *zauia* of Djebel Ain," said a low voice close behind him. "What are you doing here?"

Clarence turned with a strangled yelp. The lady who had befriended him, or her ghost, was standing there tall and spectral in a flowing white robe and veil, but with a quite unghostly pistol pointed steadily at his head.

He tried to explain how he came to be there, but she interrupted. "I heard. Your engine made almost enough noise to wake the dead—but not quite. The Germans are too thorough. Why did you not go on with your companions?"

He tried to tell her about the major, but she was already on her knees, examining the unconscious man with the aid of a flashlight she produced, feeling him all over with deft and knowledgeable hands. "H'mm! In shock. Possibly some internal hemorrhage or a concussion."

Under her touch the major stirred and breathed, almost inaudibly, "Rose—"

"Lissen at him! Attaboy, maje!" encouraged Clarence, with quite paternal pride. "Keep right on talkin'! Dat's his wife's name he's sayin' now—Rose."

"It also," said the lady in her low voice, "used to be my name, once. Quick, boy, help me get him out of here. They are likely to return at any moment."

"Who is—not none of dem Heinies?" asked Clarence with renewed apprehension.

"Yes. A detachment is encamped not far beyond our village, left behind probably to take care of dead and wounded. Not that there are any wounded," she added grimly. "Their own machine guns saw to that. Strafing dead and dying men—"

"B-but where is our own army at?" stuttered Clarence.

"Some distance back in the hills, I think. They've been retreating through here all day, pausing now and then to make a delaying action. . . . Hush! Listen!"

A sharp crackle of rifle fire sounded. The lady sighed. "I am afraid that means your friends did not get through. Come, we must carry your officer to a safer shelter."

Between them placing the limp body on a rug, they managed to drag it to the far end of an inner court where, behind a thick screen of ilex growth, a low iron door was set into the hillside.

"Our prehistoric air-raid shelter," the lady explained. "A French tenant we had used it to store wine."

From within, as she opened it, came a dank musty odor, also a faint whimpering as of some small creature in pain. Putting aside a leather screen, she revealed a large rock chamber, dimly lit by a central lantern, with a curtained iron bed at the back from which Clarence politely averted his gaze. One glance had shown his not inexperienced eye that the occupant of it, tossing and moaning, was in imminent need of his mother's professional services.

THE lady went to the bed, said something reassuringly, and drew the curtains. "That is a young inmate of my household who was unable to leave with the others when the bombardment began, so I remained here with her," she explained. "It won't be long now; I think our other patient will not be too disturbed."

In one corner a kettle of water was boiling over a charcoal stove, and a table near the bed displayed some businesslike-looking instruments and a supply of surgical dressings laid in readiness.

"Why, you got things just like a horspittle ward!" approved Clarence, who had once had occasion to spend a very enjoyable sick leave in such an institution.

"This house is, or used to be, a species of hospital," the lady answered, "although not the sort you are familiar with, probably. My husband was a Moslem gentleman who had a great many people dependent on him, a *sherif,* as they are called, and he humored me by giving me the use of several properties in different parts of his province, where native women could come to have their babies under the same sort of care we give them in America."

"America? I certainly thought you was a sho'-nuff A-rab lady, ma'am."

Clarence had taken her use of idiomatic English quite for granted. To him it was man's natural speech, and all other tongues mere outlandish gibberish.

"Ah, but I am! I married into the Shorfa, as descendants of Mohammed are called; which makes me very much of an Arab lady—a *sherifa.* But I happen to have been brought up in your own part of the world, in Chicago."

"No, ma'am, dat ain't my part of the world," corrected Clarence firmly. "I's a Southern boy, I is, raised in Paducah, Kentucky. But I sho' am proud to meet up with a lady sheriff! No wonder you know how to handle a gat so good."

She said, faintly smiling, "I've never handled a 'gat' in my life, but people can do what they want. Just as I've learned to handle surgical instruments when necessary. Come, scrub your hands, and help me here." While she spoke, she rolled up her sleeves, sterilized a hypodermic needle, got out sponges.

"W-what we goneter do?" Clarence asked in some dismay.

"We're going to probe for bullets, remove a few bits of shrapnel, and sew up whatever may need sewing up. Then we're going to wrap your friend in warm blankets, put a hot-water bottle at his feet, and leave the rest to divine Providence."

"PRAISE Gawd, amen!" he made devout response, feeling, as he watched the movements of those swift, sure, steady hands, that all his troubles were over.

But he was wrong. No sooner had they lifted the major, still deep in his drug, onto a freshly sheeted mattress, than a great noise of clacking from the court outside attracted the lady's attention. "Back already!" she muttered. "Storks make reliable sentries. Another searching party, I'm afraid."

"Gorry! Is they goin' to search in here?"

"Not if I can help it. This boy's in no condition for a German prison camp. I'll go out and do my best to keep them off." She frowned toward the bed, where the low moaning was broken now by an occasional sharp cry.

"Nature'll take care of Fatma, poor child! It's yourselves you must look after. Wait! I have an idea—" Hurriedly she brought a long white robe and head scarf like her own, also a pair of heelless leather babouches. "Quickly. Put these things on over your own—it's lucky you have no beard, but do not forget to use your veil. Remember, if they do discover the cave, that you are my woman servant, Zaïda, who stayed on to help me here when the others left. Bolt the door after I go, and don't open unless I tell you to."

"Yessum. But major—what'll I do about him ef they come?"

She thought rapidly. "Pull his mattress under Fatma's bed and arrange the sheets to hide him well before you unbolt the door. Say nothing, don't understand a word, look as stupid and frightened as you can."

That part, Clarence admitted to himself, would be easy enough. "But s'posin' they was to start treatin' you rough, ma'am—does you want me just to don't do nothin' a-tall?"

SHE gave him a friendly smile. "Ah, I'd forgotten that you are an American boy! But the Germans are not quite savages; an old woman should be safe with them. Besides, they would hardly dare to lay hands on a sherifa of Morocco; not yet"—her hand lifted—"or a Farquhar of Chicago, I think! Whatever happens, remember that your first duty is to your superior officer."

Clarence lost no time donning his borrowed finery, even practicing a few coy feminine gestures and at-

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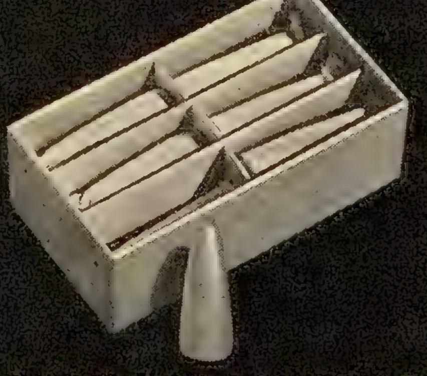

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Of Tired Kidneys

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titudes. The major, he thought complacently, would certainly have a right to call him Gertrude or Mabel now! Then, in order to be forehanded, he very carefully dragged his charge, mattress and all, as far under the bed as possible, having first pulled it a little out from the wall to provide air.

"Scuse me, ma'am," he apologized as he did so. "I don't aim to bother you none. Just you go right on moanin'. But major needs all de breaf he can git."

He averted his gaze delicately from a rift between the curtains through which a tortured young face, dripping with sweat, stared up at him with glazed eyes that met his own as unseeingly as a wounded animal's.

"Why," he told himself, startled, "dat sho' looks like a colored gal!"

Then from between the curtains came a dark little groping hand, desperately seeking human aid and comfort, clutching at his own with the grip of a drowning creature.

Clarence was oddly moved. "Da's all right, sister," he said very gently. "You ain't alone. Don't be skeert! Just hold on by me ef it helps any."

She was still holding on by Clarence when he heard the voice he was listening for outside the door, very clear and distinct: "Certainly, Herr Oberleutnant, if you are interested in my little makeshift hospital, enter, by all means. Zaïda," she called louder, "open, please!"

"And who," asked a voice in guttural English, "is this Zaïda, *hein?* You have told us, madame, that no one remains except yourself—"

"And the patient I spoke of, and a young servant who preferred not to run away with the others, feeling safer under my protection."

"So? A young woman servant?" repeated the German, glancing with interest at Clarence—who remembered too late to draw his veil. Then the intruder burst out laughing. *"Um Gotteswillen!* With such a face, your servant has surely no need to veil herself!"

The sherifa drew aside the leather screen. At that moment, deprived of her last support, the suffering creature in the bed reached the limit of human endurance. She sat upright and shrieked, again and again, in the unmistakable agony of woman entering her mortal claim upon immortality.

The intruders turned as one man and fled. "You see," said the sherifa, "why I felt that you might not care to linger, gentlemen. Now, if you will excuse me, Herr Oberleutnant, I think that I am needed here."

"Gewiss, ganz gewiss!" he said, bowing. "I am a family man myself."

DAYS passed, during which Clarence lost all sense of time, engrossed as he was with his various womanly occupations; aiding the sherifa in the care of both her patients; attending to the commissary department, which proved more ample than he had hoped; occasionally venturing outside, secure in his female habiliments, with a small brown alibi in his arms which he handled quite expertly—being the experienced eldest of a large family circle. In the village, a detail of German soldiers was busy digging, burying, burning, restoring the ruin they had wrought to a certain grim tidiness, after their fashion, but avoiding the sherifa's domain, obviously upon orders. Only once there was a moment of anxiety, when the Herr Oberleutnant himself returned unexpectedly, to surprise Clarence and his charge taking the evening air beside the fountain.

But he had merely come, as a family man, to offer felicitations. *"Jawohl.* only a healthy he-child has such lungs, *hein?"* he said in his careful English. "So, we have here another fine little African Storm Trooper for Der Führer!" He enclosed in the tiny curling fingers a small German coin.

CLARENCE was, as a matter of fact, enjoying the hardships of war. His major, under the care of Providence and the sherifa, was slowly drifting back to life and consciousness; while he himself felt another beautiful friendship coming on, despite their lack of any tongue in common, between himself and the infant's mother, a shy, dusky, graceful little creature, one of the household of an elderly Arab merchant of the place who had no objection to a touch of Negro in his concubines, the sherifa explained, since it made them more prolific.

"There, didn't I tol' you she was colored?" exclaimed Clarence, highly gratified. "An' her husband ain't ever tooken her to de preacher neither—ought to be 'shamed of hisself, a nice little gal like dat! Maybe he got killt an' ain't comin' back nohow. I got me a great mind to—"

"No, you don't, Don Quixote," said the major laconically. "None of that! If you try to create a rescue for every lady of color you fall for over here, you'll have to turn Mohammedan yourself, and that would never do for a good shouting Baptist. Besides, what could you do with a wife and family in a German prison camp?" he sighed. For it seemed unlikely that they could escape detection much longer.

Already those of the former native inhabitants who had fled to the hills were slipping back, with the faithfulness of cats to familiar haunts, to take up the precarious business of life again. Even the mutter of artillery had died into space. The war seemed to have rolled on past this little lost village of Djebel Ain forever.

Yet it was returning citizens who brought the first intimation that the tide of victory was no longer a German tide. That it had been checked somewhere in the hills beyond. "Jus' de way Big Smoke said—like a crawfish advancin' backwards a piece so's to git forrander!" Clarence gleefully assured the major.

upon whom the news acted like a tonic.

"No, no, not yet! It isn't safe for you to venture into the open," protested the sherifa. "Remember, we're still under enemy supervision."

But the next morning Clarence, who, still modestly robed and veiled, spent much of his leisure sharing the stork's sentry watch from the top of the ancient village wall, came hurrying down to report that the German encampment near the village was being broken up and retreating in haste in the general direction of Tunis.

"Yippe-e-e! The Yanks are coming!" cried the major in a shrill Rebel yell that startled Fatma's baby into active competition. "Gertrude, you fetch me my pants, or I'll get out of bed as is—and for cripe's sake, take off that Ku Klux masquerade, and stop mincing around with that mewling pickaninny in your arms like a dad-blamed wet nurse!"

But if the Yanks were coming it seemed to be by another direction. Not until some days later was Clarence able to detect, from his eyrie, a single motor vehicle speeding along the narrow byroad that led to their village; which proved to be a Red Cross ambulance, sent, its driver explained, to find an American officer, reported as having been left dying, somewhere in this vicinity, in charge of a Negro enlisted man.

"Dat's us!" beamed Clarence, who had met the ambulance at the village gate with an appropriate selection of organ music. "Only we ain't de kind what dies easy. Step right dis way, gents!"

THERE was suddenly no time for farewells, the ambulance being in haste to rejoin its rapidly advancing hospital unit. At last, Major Simms, holding both the sherifa's hands, found himself unable to speak, so that she kissed him on each cheek, dimly smiling. "One for that other young wife named Rose, my dear," she said, "and one for America, my America, that has long since forgotten mad Rose Farquhar who dared to marry out of her own race."

"Come back to it now, ma'am!" he urged. "We need your kind of madness. You're wasted among these ignorant debased Arabs."

"Wasted? Ah, no! These ignorant debased Arabs, who were my husband's responsibility, have become mine."

"At least, let us get you away from the fighting front."

"Safety?" she said wonderingly. "Is there safety to be found anywhere nowadays? No, no, my dear, I do very well where I am; an old woman always feels safer near her husband—who is buried, you see, in the one part of our *zauia* that is still standing, the vault with the dome over it. Only quite important people are allowed to be buried with domes over them, you know! I hope to share the honor."

Clarence meanwhile, in the restraining presence of white folks, was having difficulties exchanging suitable farewells with his latest beautiful friendship, who gazed at him through large tears and thrust into his arms her baby, saying something he did not understand.

"Fatma wants to give you her little son," translated the sherifa, "to take with you to America. She says you have the first right to him."

"No, ma'am, 'tain't no such a thing!" protested Clarence in some alarm. "I jus' let her hold on to me, sort of, when he was bornin', so's she wouldn't be so skeert."

"Perhaps that's what she means—men haven't often been kind to Fatma," said the lady. "At least I think she will want to name her baby after you."

"All right, let her," he agreed magnanimously. "Name of Clarence Teeters—T, double e, t, e, r, s—only," he said, "tell her she better call him somethin' handier—like Buster, or maybe Little Fat."

"LITTLE FAT, son of Fatma," murmured the major. "Quite a title! Aren't you going to give him a token to remember you by?"

Clarence considered his few possessions—the dice, the razor, the tin harmonica. Then he recalled the chain on which his identification tags hung—a genuine silver chain, the gift of one of his white ladies at home, which he took off and placed around the infant's neck, keeping one tag for himself. "Reckon Uncle Sam'll buy me another one," he said largely; and added, "Aw, gwan, pretty!" as Fatma kissed his hand.

Later, Major Simms, glad of the dubious comfort of the ambulance stretcher, his head still turbaned in bandages like a maharajah, was gratified to observe his missing wrist watch strapped to the arm of his faithful attendant.

"Well, well, glad to see that turn up!" he commented. "I'd begun to think it was A. W. O. L. for good."

Clarence's look was dewy with acute innocence. "I was jus' keepin' it safe for you, boss," he explained, as he hastened to unstrap it. "Them A-rabs is terrible ones for thiefin' things."

"So I've heard. Keeping it safe for me, were you? Well," smiled the major, "now you can just go on keeping it safe for yourself, by way of accolade—if you know what that means."

Clarence stared at him, unbelieving. "Does it mean a gif'? Aw, naw, suh! Naw, Mr. Major, dat ain't no way to do! What'd Miss Rose say if she cotched you givin' away dat fine little gold ackalade she done give you herse'f on yo' weddin' day, with Mizpah wrote inside it?"

"She'll say"—and Rose's husband closed his eyes dreamily—"she'll say it was cheap at the price, bless her! Mizpah—May the Lord keep watch between thee and me—and no pun intended," he added, grinning.

THE END

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BANZAI NIPPONOMICS

Continued from Page 15

Americans and British in and around Shanghai in the first year of the Jap occupation. The full cost of keeping a soldier in China, in the year before Pearl Harbor, was $3.20 a day, American cash. That included moving him over to China, as well as maintaining him and his equipment.

When cross-examined, war experts admitted that $3.20 was too high. They promised to cut this shocking bill in time. Have they done so? Well, we may be sure that the same methods used on food and steel have, for the past eighteen months, been used on the soldiers. Half technology, half thievery, with a dash of slavery.

Today the Japanese are raising food, making clothes, building roads, and erecting giant forts with Chinese chain gangs. One of our own Intelligence Service men, in the months before the last American party left Shanghai, made rough counts around that desolate city, and he tells me that within fifty miles of the Bund there must have been fully a quarter million chain-ganged Chinese coolies. He also said that, as soon as the Japs have finished a fort, they shoot all the coolies who worked on it, lest the coolies sell information about it for the price of a bowl of dried grasshoppers.

The chain-ganged receive 1 cent a day of the beautiful New Order money, plus board and room and burial services. No clash between capital and labor ruffles the peace of Nippon. For there is no capital—just New Order paper. And there is no labor—just slaves.

The true cost of supporting a Jap soldier in China today must be somewhere around $2 a day. And this makes due allowance for the excellent food he gets. Never in Old Nippon did a man eat so well as the common soldier overseas now eats. Ask any Yankee or Aussie who has captured Jap supplies. To the poor little farm boy from Japan, his Army rations are banquets.

HERE ends Lesson I on How to Run a Global War on Practically Nothing. But here begins your headache, my friend. For you are about to apply this lesson to your own affairs. Inhale deeply, please. It's going to hurt.

After we have deloused Germany, we must turn to the vaster and filthier job of sterilizing Japan. What will it cost? Avoid fancy guessing. Stick to facts the experts verify.

From our own War Department, OPA, and other high sources we learn that about ten full-time workers in factories and mines and on farms and railroads and ships are needed to support one Yank front-line soldier. From factory cost accountants and efficiency engineers we learn that the wages we pay these ten workers amount to somewhat more than one third of the total cost of the goods they make and the services they render.

In the heavy industries, wages make up about one third of the final cost of products, while in the extra light, extra fine products the wages may run as high as half a product's final price. Let's be conservative to a fault. Let's say that wages are only one third of the true cost. What do these two facts imply?

10 workers ×2,000 hours a year of work equal 20,000 man-hours of work a year for just one soldier.

20,000 man-hours ×60 cents (average wage) equal $12,000 of yearly wages for just one soldier.

$12,000×3 equal the total cost of the goods made for just one soldier in one year, namely $36,000.

Don't overlook the fact that this is the cost of supporting a soldier overseas, not at home. Never mind for the present why the bill is so huge. There's a reason. No, there's a flock of reasons. And all sound, too.

As we entered the midsummer of 1943 we had about 2,000,000 soldiers in foreign fields of battle. So we were spending about $72,000,000,000 a year for their complete support. This squares neatly with our known outlays for war, doesn't it?

It is better to give than to lend, and it costs about the same.

—Sir Philip Gibbs.

To support the same number of Jap soldiers in China, the Nips must spend only $2.3 billions a year even at the high old rate of 1941.

If the Nips have cut costs to the $2-a-day level, they are spending only $1.46 billions a year to maintain 2,000,000 fighters in China.

So, if arithmetic still holds true both east and west of Guam, we must spend more than $31 against every dollar the Japs spend on soldiers in China if we send our men to China to mop up the Japs there. We may have to spend $35 for every Jap dollar, too.

Well, where do we get off?

The Japs are going to fight a defensive war, using China as their base. Nothing is clearer now. They have been holding us at bay in the remote archipelagoes while they drove their millions of slaves all over eastern China and in the Philippines and the Dutch East Indies, building highways and railroads and forts and harbors as defenses against the inevitable onslaught. The slaves cost them about 6 cents a day, all told. For the cost of one American battleship ($100,000,000 now) they get the labor of 1.67 *billion* man-hours. When they stole 360,000,000 pounds of rice in Thailand, the Malay States, and Burma, they cut slave costs still more deeply. And it is likely that, since they first swarmed into China, they have stolen enough provender and raiment to keep 20,000,000 slaves passably alive for several years.

Before Hitler passes, these Nips may easily have 4,000,000 well equipped soldiers well intrenched behind great fort walls and in bomb-proof shelters all along the China coast and around each Philippine city. To match them we may need our own 4,000,000 fighters in Asia, and we shall have to spend $144 billions a year to maintain them there.

But can we send 4,000,000 men to China? Alas, no. If we need ten workers back home for each soldier in Asia, we'll have to find 40,000,000 workers to support such an invading Army. Over and above these we must have 5,000,000 government workers (from the villages up to Washington); and that would leave, out of our peak manpower reservoir of 60,000,000, only 11,000,000 workers to care for 131,000,000 of us here at home to act as a reserve Army and to function as a home defense. It can't be done. A reserve Army of only 2,000,000 would be absurd; the War Department wants an over-all Army of more than 10,000,000. With 4,000,000 abroad eventually if not now, that would leave 6,000,000 and more here at home, part for reserves and part for home defense. And that, I am pained to report, would leave only 5,000,000 workers to feed, clothe, house, care for, and serve our entire home population of 131,000,000. (The remainder is abroad, remember.) It just can't be done.

SO what?

All free people on this earth must join in annihilating the Japs. For Nipponomics leads to a world of slaves who eat rats and husks, and die like rats whenever their masters have no further use for them.

The free people must forget costs. Americans must buy War Bonds whether they can afford them or not. They must lock up all cost accountants who warn them that we shall go broke stamping out the Japs on their home grounds. If we must go broke, all right—we go broke. But a penniless man in a free world is richer than a millionaire in the New Nippon.

A system which combines Genghis Khan with Edison and Langmuir will, if left free to expand, soon put us all on a Saiki diet and on a coolie pay roll. For the inexorable law of life is that Cheap drives out Dear. Commit these lines to memory—recall them whenever anybody deplores our having to carry on the war in Asia:

Cheap money drives out dear money.

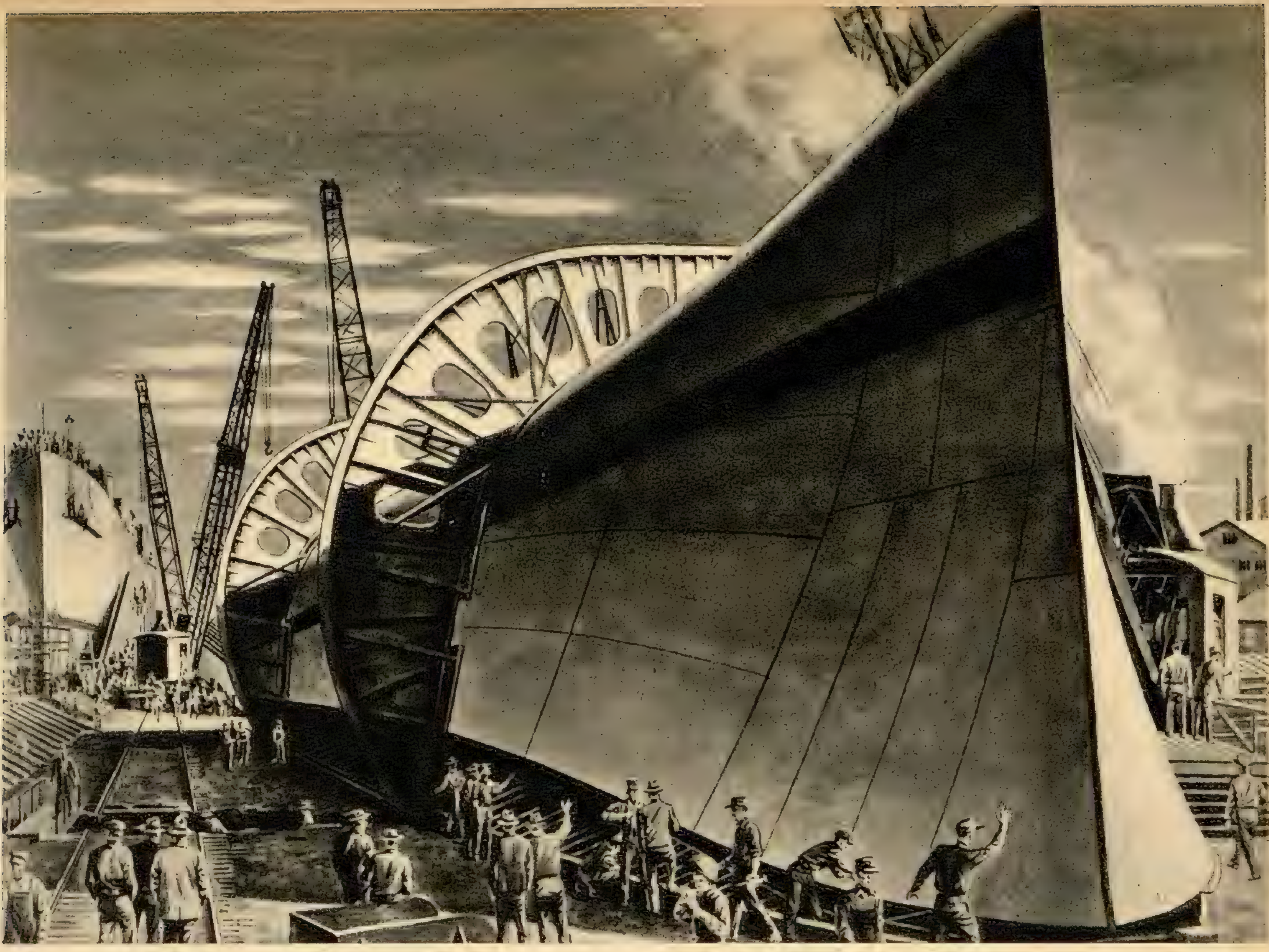
Cheap workers drive out dear workers.

Cheap goods drive out dear goods.

Cheap standards drive out dear standards.

The most expensive luxury in all the world is freedom. It comes high, but we must have it!

THE END



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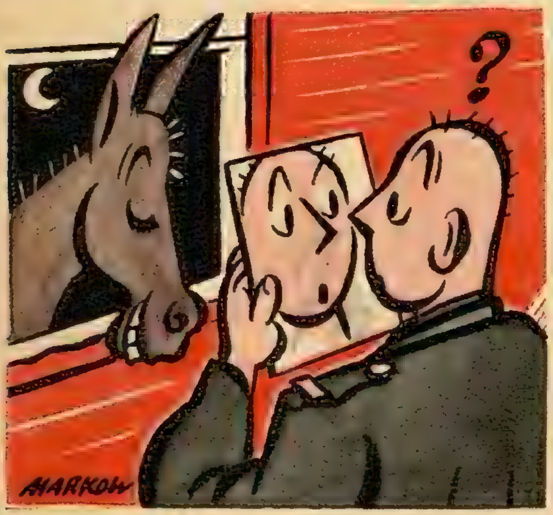
THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

A FEW weeks back I told about the origins of the nicknames "doughboy," "boot," and "gob." Since then the letters have been pouring in asking for the origins of other Army and Navy terms and customs.

I don't mind confessing that I had to look some of them up. Here are a few for your collection:

Where does the expression "brass hats" come from? From the British Army in World War I. We borrowed it. The caps of British staff officers were full of gold embroidery, which looked like brass from a distance. Tommy Atkins only saw these big shots from a distance, so he started calling them "brass hats." Our doughboys picked it up.



Shavetail

What is the origin of the red stripe on the marines' dress uniform? Tradition has it that this red stripe down the trouser legs is a symbol of blood shed in the Mexican War.

How come silver outranks gold in the Army? That's an interesting question, since gold rates higher most everywhere else. The answer is that silver was formerly the only metal used for Army insignia and was worn by the upper grades only. When insignia for lower grades were established, it was more economical to introduce gold rather than junk all the silver insignia.

Why is a second lieutenant called a shavetail? The term probably came from the Army mule. When the Army bought new mules, it sent them to the various units with their tails closely shaved. New second lieutenants sometimes resembled these shavetails in obstinacy and unpredictability. However, there are other versions of how the nickname originated. If you know any, let's have 'em.

What is the origin of the neckerchief worn by sailors? When first introduced it was considered a practical part of the uniform, useful as a sling for an injured arm, as a bandage, or as a tourniquet. British sailors wore neckerchiefs of various colors prior to the death of Nelson in 1805. After that the neckerchief was changed to black in mourning for him, and black it has remained.

When and why did the Army change from the old blue uniform to khaki? In 1898 volunteer troops in the Spanish-American War abandoned the heavy dark blue woolen uniform of Civil War days and donned a lighter garb made of khaki. The War Department found this so much better that it was made regulation. Our uniforms are much the same today, except that we call the color olive drab.

Now please don't anybody ask me the origin and meaning of *Snafu.*

OLD SARGE.

* * *

I am in love with an Army nurse, and she feels the same way about me. In fact, we've been "that way" for over a year. Now I'm in the Army, a mere private, and she's a lieutenant. That leaves us behind the eight ball, see? (Officers are not supposed to get too chummy with enlisted men, and all that.)

We are dying to get married. Is an Army nurse stationed in this country permitted to get married, and would I then be able to be "chummy" with my wife?

Pfc. G. McM., Fort Clark, Tex.

I didn't know I was running a lovelorn column, but here goes: There is no rule against an Army nurse marrying in this country. However, she must report her marriage immediately, so it may be entered on her record. If you married the lieutenant, all the rules about relationships between officers and enlisted men would go by the board. The husband-and-wife relationship takes precedence over all others. There'd be no objection to your being seen in public together—just so you both observed the common-sense rules of good conduct.

* * *

If a man has previous flying experience, will the Army give him additional flight training as pilot of a "grasshopper" plane used in liaison work with artillery and infantry units?

Cpl. C. Q. D., Camp Pickett, Va.

If you want to fly a "grasshopper," submit your qualifications in full and file a request with your commanding officer for transfer to Observation Liaison of the Field Artillery Command at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

I just received the posthumous Purple Heart for my father. Have I a right to wear it? I am so proud of it. My dad was a real hero.

J. H., Covington, Ky.

I'm sure the whole country is proud of your dad, too. The medal is to be kept and treasured by you, but unfortunately not to be worn. Official Army and Navy decorations are to be worn only by the persons to whom they are awarded, and in the case of posthumous awards the medals are entrusted to the family. It is perfectly all right to display it in your home.

* * *

I was dishonorably discharged from the Marine Corps for desertion. But it was in peacetime, Sarge. I would never be yellow enough to desert in wartime. Could I get a break with the Army now? I am dying for a crack at the Nips.

P. R., Portland, Ore.

A deserter rates pretty low with me, but if you've paid your penalty and are looking for a fresh start, here's the dope: You are subject to induction under Selective Service, regardless of your dishonorable discharge. Report immediately to your local draft board and give them the full facts. Request immediate induction. You will be sent to your induction station and the officers there will pass on your acceptability to the Army.

* * *

Was there ever a rank of Admiral of the Navy? If so, who held it? (The answer better be good, Sarge, because I've got five bucks on it!)

"Chummy"

Yeoman 1/c H. J. C.,
Somewhere in the Pacific.

I don't know which side you put the fin on, sailor, but here's the answer and here's hoping. Yes, there formerly was a rank of Admiral of the Navy. It was held by only three men: David G. Farragut, David D. Porter, and George Dewey. After Dewey died in 1917 the title ceased to exist.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

THE FAMILY HAS A LOVE AFFAIR

Continued from Page 18

"How do you stand it?" mom said. "I'm in an absolute aspic."

"We'll probably never see him again," June said blithely.

"Of course we will. He'll be here Sunday, rain or shine. I think I'll get my hair done on Saturday."

"You're ridiculous," June said. "Big girl like you!"

"Yep, I certainly am," mom said shamelessly. "I'm the patriotic type."

On Thursday night he did telephone. The whole house held its breath after dad answered. "Hiya, Joe! We've wondered what became of you."

In a hoarse whisper June said, "Don't tell him that." And dad said, "June says I mustn't tell you that. . . . Sure, boy, she's right here." The twins wanted to talk to him, but mom held them off while June took the phone. She turned her back on the four listening faces. He didn't say anything for a moment after he heard her voice; he just let a kind of warm silence float between them, and then he said her name as if it were a new kind of wonderful sentence.

"JUNE," he said. "A guy who had that would have summer always in his heart."

She swung her eyes beseechingly toward mom, who tried weakly to thresh the listeners away.

"Ask him to come down on Sunday," mom said.

Joe seemed content just to have June there, within reach.

"I've been thinking and thinking. You don't mind, do you?"

"No," she said in a stifled voice. "I don't mind a bit."

"You want me to come on Sunday, don't you?"

"Of course." What was this, the Gallup poll? All in favor?

"Well, listen, darling. It's my birthday on Sunday. I'm going to bring mom a present—I used to give my own mother one when I had her. . . . Don't you tell her, will you? But I wanted to be sure and get her gloves the right size. What size is it, sweet?"

"Six," June said. "Oh, Joe, that's nice of you!"

Mom was hissing, "Six? Why, that's too late! Why can't he come to dinner? Give me that phone . . ."

As soon as she had hung up, June told them . . . not about the gloves, but that it was Joe's birthday next Sunday.

"Too bad we don't know him a little better . . . we could give him a little present," she said regretfully.

"Know him better?" dad said. "We know him well enough."

"Why, of course," mom said. "We'll simply heap him with gifts . . . nothing very expensive, you know . . . just kind of family things. . . . I'll have Phanny bake a cake."

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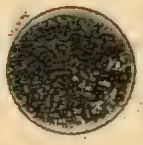
The Truth about Soap Shampoos



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"I can make him a hot-dish mat," Peep said rapturously. "I bet he'd love to have a hot-dish mat."

"Of course he would," dad said.

They got through the week somehow. June kept worrying for fear it would "look funny" . . . giving him all those birthday presents when they had seen him only once before.

"This is different," mom said. "This is wartime. And besides . . ." Of course it was the "besides" that made all the difference. And it seemed as if they had known him forever. Certainly since mom was June's age and had fallen in love with somebody who looked like him!

The birthday party was wonderful, and Joe was simply bowled over with surprise. He never had had a cake baked for him with candles! Phanny's black face was fluid with feeling, on account of the way he thanked her for that cake . . . you couldn't help loving him just to look at Phanny's face. And little Peep, her exclamation point of dark hair quivering with adoration, blushed as if Joe had added ten years to her age when he lifted her up in his arms and kissed her.

"Darlin', that's the sweetest present any girl ever gave me. If I ever do anything to get me a medal, I'm going to have it pinned right smack in the middle of that pretty thing and send it home to you."

"GOSH," said Jeep, whose gift had been a hoarded package of bubble gum, "if you do get a medal, and if you do send it home to Peep, c'n I borry it sometimes?"

"You sure can, fella," said Joe. "Feeling the way you people make me feel, I'll probably win a mess o' medals. I'll send 'em home and you can wear 'em."

One reason Joe appreciated everything so much was because he had very little in his life. He told them about it, but not to get any sympathy—you could see that.

"I remember once when I was about ten . . . not much bigger than Jeep here," he said . . . "I wanted a paper route. Everybody said I was too little. Kind of a skinny little sardine, I was. . . . Well, anyway, the truck came around and dumped off the bundles of papers. I couldn't even budge my bundle. So the next day I took my sled . . . somebody had given me a nice little sled for my birthday . . . and I put it right down on the pavement just where the bundle was going to fall."

"And what happened?" Mom's eyes were dewy with anxiety.

"Well, sir, they heaved the papers off the truck, and sure enough they landed on my little birthday sled . . . and it flattened out like cardboard." He roared with mirth, but mom could hardly keep the tears out of her eyes, and June said to herself fiercely, "I'll make all that up to him sometime. . . ."

When it was time for him to leave that night, something strange came over Handy. Instead of seeing, as anybody just naturally would have, that Joe and June wanted to walk down to the railway station alone, he tagged along. Cheerful and blind. Deaf too, because everybody passed out hints and more than hints.

Joe himself said, "Listen, pal. It's been lovely being in the bosom of the family. But the time has come—it's definitely come."

"I don't get it," Handy said genially, limping along beside them. "You can't mean you want to get rid of me?"

"You tell him," Joe said to June.

"Sure," Handy said maddeningly. "You tell me, if there's anything you really want to know, June."

That left June no chance but to pretend she didn't quite grasp the situation.

"O. K., then," Joe said. "If that's the way it is. That'll give me a chance to work things out differently next week."

After he got on the train, Handy and June walked back up the hill, and June made up her mind she wouldn't say a word to him about the way he had acted.

"I guess he probably thought I was jealous," he said gently. "Although he probably knows I haven't anything to be jealous about. You have to have something to begin with . . . some kind of a claim or a hope or something . . . to be jealous."

For some reason that made June uncomfortable, and she tried to change the meaning of it. "You just like being with him," she said, "the way we all do!"

He looked at her, a long, slanting look.

"Sure," he said. "That's it." He limped along in silence. "That was quite a story about his sled, wasn't it? Very pathetic."

"Why . . . you *are* jealous!" she said incredulously.

"Suppose that's what's eating me?" Handy said thoughtfully.

"I was pretty ashamed of you," she said in a motherly scolding way.

"Yep," he agreed. "And you'll see it'll get me nowhere in the end."

It did get him nowhere, of course. But it got June somewhere. For that was how come the next week Joe didn't come to Devon. Instead, he telephoned mom and asked if it would be all right to have June come up and spend Saturday with him in Providence.

"Why, I think it would be lovely!" mom said, and you could see her practically going herself, in her imagination. You could see her being nineteen again, and going to meet dad.

Saturday afternoon June knew the moment she saw him standing bareheaded outside the Providence railway station, that something was wrong.

"HE'S nervous," she said to herself. "That's all. He's just as nervous as I am. After all, this is really our first date together by ourselves, without the whole family kibitzing." She felt a flood of joy and a strange calm confidence in herself.

"Hello, angel," he said. "You really got here!"

"I really did," she said. "Everybody sent love, all sizes and shapes."

"Good," he said brusquely.

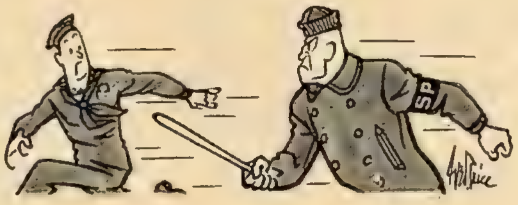
There were crowds of people—men in uniform and drab breathless women meeting them, and children tagging along.

"Let's go some place where we can talk," Joe said. "The fact is, everything I planned has been blacked out."

They were on the street now. He took her arm and they walked across the big open park toward a tall hotel.

"We'll have something to eat first, and then we'll see," he said vaguely. He was nervous and jumpy. It wasn't

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S
FICTIONARY *(Unabashed)*



BLEWJACKET: The sailor scrammed.

ARKUMENT: Mr. and Mrs. Noah square off.

EGGS-EGGUTIVE: Headman in a hen house.

CONN.FERENCE: A gathering in the Nutmeg State.

PILLGRIM: The doctor who landed at Plymouth Rock.

SKIRTESY: Gal-lantry.

MEADOWTATE: To ponder out yonder in the pasture.

MADGICIAN: He can't get the rabbits out of the hat.

BOWL WEEVIL: The worm who slides over the foul line.

YESTIMATE: To calculate the number of affirmative votes.

at all as she had imagined it would be, but she kept talking on, faster and faster, trying to make it seem as if they were having fun.

"Listen, June," he said, leaning across the little table, when they were settled. "I should have telephoned you and told you not to come. But it was too late. You'd started."

"You mean . . . you didn't want to see me?"

He looked at her in a desperate, frightened way, and behind his eyes she could see his mind, panicky and upset . . . almost as if it were falling through space. She thought in a blaze of revelation, Why . . . he's going to grab at some lie and try to make me believe it!

THEN his expression steadied itself. Yes, a lie, like a little trapeze, had swooped across the emptiness and he was grabbing it to save himself.

"I wanted to see you so much I had to let you come, even though it's going to hurt you," he said softly.

"Why is it going to hurt me? I mean . . . if you still like me?"

He held her face with his eyes a moment, in that special way he knew of holding a girl's face. "There hasn't been time enough for me to make you really care for me," he said, quite sure of himself now. "It would just be mad to think you'd had time yet . . . and now I'm being sent across."

"But you've not finished your training," she said in a gulp.

He looked a trifle disconcerted. "It's too important for me to tell you about it, June. We're not free to talk about it."

"But I knew you'd go sometime, of course," she said. "We can write to each other . . . can't we?"

"Oh, sure," he said. "That's right. I'll send you an address later." There was something shameful in the way he said that . . . as if he were brushing her off. She had a wild premonition that she'd never hear from him . . . that she'd just go on day after day waiting for the postman . . . having mom and the twins know.

"I don't understand, Joe," she said. "You're not telling me the truth. I can see that."

His eyes slid off of her face, and then came back in a strange expression, almost a begging kind of expression. Then, before either of them could say anything more, a torpedo exploded. There was a scuffling beside their table, and a white-faced private had grabbed Joe by his shoulder and dragged him to his feet.

They were glaring at each other, eye to eye, and Joe was sputtering weakly. "Now, listen, Mike. . . . There's nothing to be excited about. . . . This is just an old friend . . . an old family friend . . ."

Without a single word Mike struck him on the jaw, a clean neat clip which cracked back Joe's head and left him rocking a moment on his shoes.

The name band hiccuped to a stop, and then leaped in again noisily, to cover up the confusion. People were on their feet all around, and the manager, a nice gray-haired man, appeared from nowhere.

"Nothing to be excited about," Joe was saying to everybody. The soldier wasn't saying anything; he was nursing his fist and biting his lips.

"I followed you over to the station," he said at last. "I thought you were trying to run out. But now I see you're up to something else."

Joe, in command of the situation in spite of the flame of scarlet on his jaw, was putting everybody at ease. Joe was taking care of the way things *looked.*

"Sorry, folks . . . just a little misunderstanding. The guy's so glad to see me, he lost control of himself." Joe was laughing, and he reached out and clapped the soldier on the shoulder cautiously, and when nothing violent happened, he flung his arm confidently around his shoulders, as if they were affectionate friends. Mike muttered something apologetic to the room, and the two of them slumped down at the table.

Joe swallowed hard and began smoothing the moment over in his own inimitable way. "June, this is an old friend of mine. He's not usually so informal with his fists."

Mike looked at June earnestly. "I don't know what you think, miss," he said. "But I'm going to tell you the truth. I've come here to see that this heel marries my sister. She's upstairs right now, getting dressed, and in an hour from now . . ."

His face was twisted with feeling and his voice had a brittle edge which threatened to split into a sob.

"I used to think this was the swellest guy I'd ever met," he said. "Our whole family thought so. That's one thing about him—he's a thorough heel, but he knows how to act like a hero. He knows how to make nice people like him. Not just girls. Kids, old ladies, guys like me."

"Oh, come," said Joe, as if this were flattery which he was too modest to claim. Mike made an eloquent helpless gesture. Joe's accepting his words as if they were a compliment expressed the whole thing better than any description could have shown it.

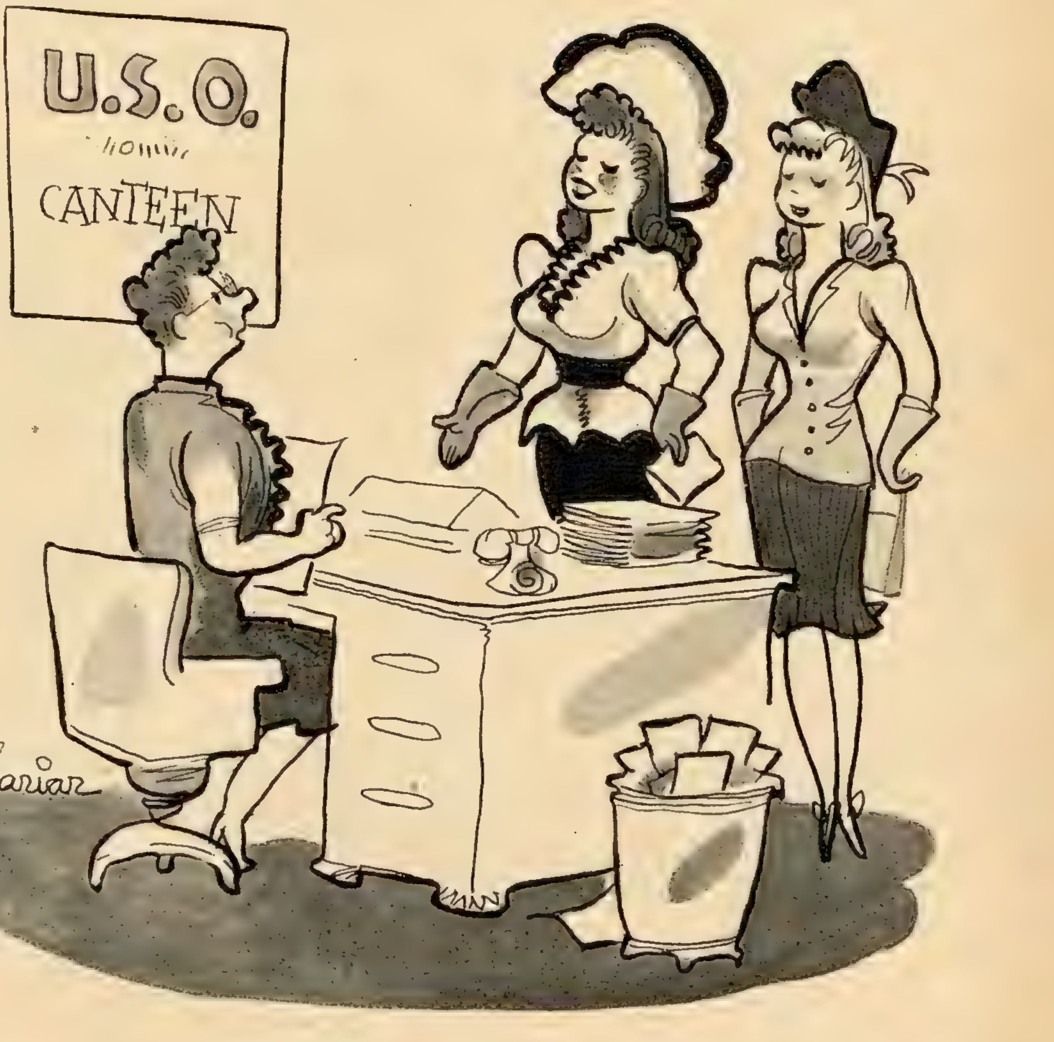
"Listen to him," he said to June, who had sat there saying not one word. "He could squirm out of any spot, that guy. He could make even me think I popped him on the jaw a minute ago just out of playfulness. That is, he could have once. But he went too far."

"DON'T think a thing about popping me, Mike," Joe was saying magnanimously. "Tell you what you can do to make up for it. You can see that June gets back on her train. Would you do that for me?"

In a turmoil, June realized she was in the midst of as ugly a moment as she would probably ever meet in her whole life, a sad and sordid moment which this stranger called Joe was glibly converting into something else as quickly as he could.

At the door of the hotel, Joe said

THE HOME FRONT



"We'd like to build some morale."

good-by to her. He was still jaunty, but his eyes couldn't quite meet hers in their old confident way.

"I'm sorry it turned out like this," he said. "It would have been better for you if you'd just gone on thinking that I was being sent off to war. I was only trying to spare you."

Mike said, "Oh, sure. You're always trying to spare somebody. Mostly from finding out what kind of a so-and-so you are. Very bighearted of you."

June said steadily, "I hope the Navy can make a man out of you, Joe. Somebody who *is* the way you *seem.*"

Mike walked back with her across the common to the station.

"You're the one in the scene that's lucky, miss," Mike was saying. "I'd give anything on earth if somebody could have put my sister on a train before it was too late.

"It mixes you up," he said. "But every once in a while somebody like Joe . . . just sort of learns the tricks. He knows how to look like the real thing, and act like it, too . . . and underneath he's all phony. Know what he did?"

She shook her head.

"Last March he let us give him a birthday party, and it wasn't even his birthday! When I found out what he'd done, he just laughed. 'You enjoyed doing it, didn't you?' he said."

She was on the train at last, sitting in a huddle close to the window, not crying . . . not even wanting to cry. Mad, really. Mad for everybody's sake . . . for that poor girl who was marrying Joe tonight, and for little Peep who looked seventeen when he kissed her . . . and for good old Phanny, wiping her eyes on her apron because Mistah Joe was so tickled with her cake . . . and for mom, who had been reminded of her own young love. And she was mad besides for the sake of all the nameless unknown women everywhere who have been taken in by the counterfeit coin of men like Joe Martell, while wonderful, kind men like dad and Mike . . . and Handy McGurk . . . stood helplessly by and wondered.

She thought of Handy suddenly, and she wanted terribly to see him . . . because he was somebody you could trust forever. Suddenly she felt healthy and free and young, laughing there to herself, finding nothing sad in herself but only a grown-up droll wisdom.

THE train was pulling into their station now. She hadn't made up her mind what she would tell them at home. She got off the train. There, with that funny Harlequin's face turned up expectantly, was Handy.

"Who're you waiting for?"

"You." He grinned and took her arm. They walked along in the opposite direction from June's house. It wasn't quite dark—a lovely twilight time with the houses lighted and the frogs playing their cellos.

"I counted on your coming back early," he said. "I thought it wouldn't take you all evening to get wise to that guy. You see people differently when you're alone with 'em. I was counting on you, June."

"He . . ." She tried to think of a quick way to tell him. But she couldn't improve on Joe's own word for himself. "He was a heel."

"He was a good-looking likable heel. And a liar besides," he said.

"How did you know it?"

"Remember that story he told about the sled somebody gave him for his birthday? Well, if last week *was* his birthday . . . early in May . . . how come somebody back in his childhood gave him a sled for his birthday?"

"You're wonderful," she said, and squeezed his arm.

"Be a big disappointment to mom and dad," he said. "Nice people like them wouldn't understand anybody like Joe. Don't let's tell 'em."

"I'll have to tell them something." She stole a look up at his earnest profile, so homely and good and honest. "I'll tell you what. Suppose I tell them . . . it's Handy McGurk I'm really crazy about."

He glanced down at her in quick panic. "They'd know that was a whopper," he said gruffly.

"But it isn't," she said. "It's . . . it's awfully true!"

THE END

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THE NAVY ISN'T KIDDING—Continued from Page 30

it, young John Doe learns to taxi, take off, climb, turn, spiral, and glide. He is shown out-of-wind landings, stalls, spins, and compass instruction. Discipline is tough. Any tendency to get wild in the air is ruthlessly suppressed. Air traffic at one of these flying schools is comparable to peacetime automobile traffic; even the most minor infringement of regulations may mean an accident.

After his reaction and adaptability have been tested by formation flying, he is taught to land on the darkest night with a few flares set up along the runways. It is not as easy as it sounds. At each stage of this primary instruction, John undergoes a series of checks with strange instructors. If he gets an "up check," he moves on to the next stage. A "down check" may end his flying career.

The air over Glenview, Illinois, one of the stations I visited, was thick with Yellow Perils. As the Navy DC-3 in which I was flying came down to land, I could see them in hundreds, lining the grass edges of the runways. More were progressing in an orderly line to the runways, while others, circling at 2,000 feet, made bright patches in the sky.

GLENVIEW, twenty-five miles northwest of Chicago, is the Navy's largest primary training school. Situated at the old Curtiss airport it covered a mere 230 acres in March, 1942, with a personnel of 140 men and officers. There were eighteen instructional planes. In November, 1942, eight months after the Navy had decided to develop the base, Glenview comprised 1,200 acres. Into its five miles of runways and roads was poured a total of 1,300,000 square yards of concrete. Its astonishing array of buildings, topped by the flight control tower, house 1,000 aviation cadets, 3,500 enlisted men, and some 500 officers. Connected with it are some twenty-six auxiliary training fields and a carrier qualification unit with its aircraft carrier on Lake Michigan.

Pride of Glenview is the B. O. Q. (Bachelor Officers' Quarters), a vast two-story luxury hotel, planned and built and run by hotel experts commissioned into the Navy.

At the Glenview Carrier Qualification School advanced students learn the art of dropping their machines on the deck of a flat-top. Some say this is the hardest task you can set a flyer. Circling over the Wolverine, cruising on the misty waters of the lake, I agreed. From 1,000 feet the deck of the carrier looked distressingly tiny.

Before attempting his first landing with his instructor, the student gets a thorough ground course in the classroom. Using miniature plastic planes, he goes through the theory of carrier landing from A to Z. He sees movies of aircraft carriers in action, listens to firsthand tips from experienced carrier pilots. He learns the signals of the landing signal officer (paddle man), who has the first and last word as to whether he can land or not. There is no room for mistakes on the flight deck of a carrier.

From the classroom he goes to the airfield, to take off and land in a dual-control scout bomber or torpedo plane on a flight deck laid out on the ground—the real thing, except that if he overshoots he lands on the field and not in the "drink." When he has qualified at this, he makes his first landing on the carrier. Finally comes the most ticklish work of all—night landing on the carrier. This is essential for amphibian operations, and today all Navy carrier pilots are perfecting this technique.

Glenview flies day and night. I watched the aviation cadets emulating owls in the small hours. The air seemed alive with machines. At regular intervals, one a minute, they touched the lighted runways and flew off. Not a single crash, not the suggestion of a ground loop. "Why should there be?" said my instructor escort. "Each of these kids gets enough dual-control instruction to make him as safe as a combat pilot. He wouldn't be doing his night flying if he wasn't safe."

The French have always had "the right word" and their use of it has never been better illustrated than in the case of the two German officers who were inspecting rooms offered for rent.

"What do you charge for this pigsty?" queried one Nazi.

"One pig—50 francs; two pigs—100 francs," was the answer given by the Frenchman, who smiled not a bit as he spoke!

Later I learned why these fledglings are so slick and neat at their work. The Navy gives them intensive instruction on the Link trainer. The Link simulates a machine in flight. It has the instruments of a real plane. The pupil takes off, climbs, banks, dives, stalls, does everything he might do in the air, but if he makes a mistake, he doesn't kill himself. The instructor, who may be a Wave, shows him his mistakes on a chart.

When he has mastered the little machine, the cadet gets some experience with "rough air." The Link tosses and bumps. He has to correct the errors and fly level. Then the hood is put over the cockpit and the student flies "blind." No wonder night flying presents no terrors when he gets to it. With several hundred hours of operational flying behind me, I "flew" in one of these Links and came out red-faced. Most of the time I had been flying just a few feet off the ground, the instructor told me.

Rear-seat men on dive bombers and torpedo planes are as important as pilots. A rear-seat man acts as radio operator and gunner. His job is to ward off attacks from enemy fighters while the pilot concentrates on his job of dive-bombing or flying a straight course to launch his deadly torpedo.

At Lexington, Oklahoma, the Navy operates the world's largest gunnery school. Here trainees learn to use the .30- and .50-caliber guns which are the terror of Jap Zeros and Nazi FW-190s. Before Pearl Harbor the Navy had no school devoted entirely to gunnery. Rear-seat men learned gunnery with their squadrons. Today every rear-seat man must go through this university of destruction. Before graduating he must be able to hit a moving target at 1,000 yards and recognize an enemy plane in a seventy-fifth of a second. He learns to use the latest gun sights, which give him a 100-per-cent chance of bringing down his enemy. He learns to judge range and speed of an enemy aircraft with split-second timing and accuracy, and he emerges with marksmanship second to none.

AFTER initial instruction on the guns he is going to use, the student is able to take his gun to pieces and assemble it blindfolded in a matter of seconds. He then learns to shoot from fixed pedestals, and to flip the trigger of a .50-caliber machine gun to give short bursts instead of long ones. A short burst enables him to keep the gun under control. In the classroom he is indoctrinated in the rudiments of aerial gunnery. "It is like shooting ducks," said an instructor explaining the "mille" sighting system; "only airplanes go faster."

By means of ingenious motion-picture devices—reminding the men of their penny-arcade shooting days—the pupil learns recognition and aerial gunnery. He also practices turret firing with real .50-caliber guns. The trainees shoot from varying ranges at fabric targets attached to gas engines running on rails between trenches. The targets are so arranged as to reproduce the speed of an airplane at a certain distance. They approach and retreat from sundry angles. Using tracer and armor-piercing bullets, their noses tipped with color to register hits on the white fabric, the rear-seat men must score a definite number of hits, first from a stationary turret and then from one set on a truck driven at twenty miles an hour.

These rear-seat sharpshooters are surely going to be a headache for enemy pilots.

From Oklahoma I flew to Corpus Christi, Texas, one of the Navy's intermediate training bases. There cadets fly 450-horsepower trainers, learn to land on the water in Curtiss Seagulls and in the famous Catalina flying boats. With sixteen months of training behind them, the boys win their golden Navy pilots' wings and are gazetted ensigns in the Navy or second lieutenants in the Marine Corps.

Corpus Christi is the largest naval air station in the world. It consists of a main station, built on Flour Bluff, and six auxiliary stations. The main station covers more than 2,000 fenced acres and cost more than a million dollars to construct. The task of clearing the area, which had been covered with mosquito brush and scrub oak, still seems incredible to the local inhabitants. In the entire 2,000 acres there was only one building, an erstwhile roadhouse. This base is now a Navy town, complete in every detail. It has miles of paved roadways, landscaped gardens, a swimming pool, a modern hospital, churches, recreation halls, and its own transportation system.

There is no curfew system here. Trainees and personnel are expected to show up for their hours of duty. Bringing such a large number of people back to the station at fixed times would put an impossible strain on the transportation system, which must cover some 14,000 acres.

Commandant of Corpus Christi is Admiral Perry Mason, formerly in command of the gallant U. S. Aircraft Carrier Hornet. The officer in charge of the cadet regiment is Lieutenant Colonel Richard Mangrum, the first marine aviator to land planes on Henderson Field, Guadalcanal. He won the Navy Cross for a heroic attack on a Japanese cruiser.

Flying instruction is given on Texan trainers and Vultee Vanguards. Students fly blind in the Vanguards, with their tails painted red to warn other pilots. Those who have been selected for patrol bomber work receive dual instruction on the Catalinas, the Navy's best patrol bomber with a distinguished war record. A Catalina flying for the R. A. F. brought the German battleship Bismarck to its fate. In the Aleutians, Catalinas spotted the Jap armada coming to invade the islands and harried it ruthlessly. Under instructors back from combat duty, the students soon learn that the "Cat" can do almost any job that can be handed a flying boat in wartime.

Graduation ceremonies are held at Corpus Christi twice a week. After receiving their commissions, the pilots go to one of the stations under the Operational Training Command, of which the Navy has ten. There they fly the machines they will use in combat, Wildcat fighters, scout bombers, torpedo planes, patrol and twin-engined land-based bombers. The latter is a new department for the Navy, foreshadowing intensive operations from island bases in the Pacific. With an eye to the extensive use of land-based bombers, the Navy has opened special navigation and horizontal bombing schools.

Such is the Navy's aviation program. If I were young, I would want to be a Navy aviation cadet or a rear-seat man. If I had a relative in naval aviation, I should feel mighty happy to know he is getting the best of everything to fit him for his job, and will never be allowed to risk his life in a job for which he is not completely qualified.

It is all very "salubrious," to use a Navy term, and all very bad news for the Axis. The Navy is certainly not kidding when it asks for, and gets, that four and a half billion dollars for air development.

THE END

DO AMERICANS WANT A NEW WORLD?—Continued from Page 11

war—changes such as those embodied in the Beveridge Plan. When the British Institute of Public Opinion conducted a poll on postwar reforms similar to the poll taken here, it found that nearly six out of every ten Britishers interviewed (58 per cent) thought changes or reforms were needed. British youth was found especially desirous of change.

The contrast between the two countries is nowhere better revealed than by the comparative reception given the Beveridge Plan in England, and its counterpart, the National Resources Planning Board report, in the United States. In England the postwar blueprint offered by Sir William Beveridge has had widespread comment and enthusiastic support from the people. In the United States the Resources Board report on "cradle-to-grave" security made a very slight impression on the public. Only one voter in eight is familiar enough with the report to cite any point dealt with in it.

Another related attitude that bears watching is the public's irritation over government control of private affairs. The country considers such control necessary in wartime; the great majority are willing to go even further, in making sacrifices, than the government has yet asked them to. But the cumulative effect of the rationings, of the ceilings, of endless regulations to meet and forms to fill out, will likely be to make the public sick and tired of strong central government in the future peacetime. There is a distinct probability that when the war is over the chief cry of the people will be to "get the government off our necks."

There are already many signs that such an attitude is here. Politically the crusade is being led by Middle-Western farmers in revolt against endless questionnaires from WPB, OPA and the Department of Agriculture, and the red tape required to purchase even the most insignificant repair part for a farm tractor.

Obviously, if a chronic business depression with widespread unemployment follows in the wake of the war, we may witness a recurrence of popular demands for further reforms with the government doing the reforming. But for the present no such trend seems to be in the making.

What Americans *do* want changed is the system of international relations which plunged us into war.

THE country is developing a new international viewpoint. The American people have no doubt whatsoever that we will win the war. But many are afraid we may lose the peace. This fear has stimulated a tremendous public interest in postwar planning. The public's thinking on these matters, as revealed in conversations with scores of thousands of voters polled, can be summarized about as follows:

The majority have apparently come to the conclusion that co-operation with England, Europe, and the rest of the world presents less risk than isolationism. This attitude is far from unanimous; many of our citizens are suspicious of such an internationalist policy and sincerely question its wisdom. But the general principle to which more than three fourths of our voting population commits itself is that the United States should take an active part in world affairs after this war. The majority of our people are willing, if necessary, to take three important steps.

First, they are willing to join a league, or association, or concord of nations, provided such a league is given more power than the last League had.

Second, they favor the establishment of an international police force to try to keep the peace.

Third, they favor a permanent military alliance between the United States and England.

Each of these propositions is supported by sizable majorities in various polls that have been taken—a postwar league by 73 per cent, a world police force by 74 per cent, a British military alliance by 61 per cent. Moreover, there do not appear to be any sharp differences by geographical sections. Polls find that nearly three fourths of the voters in the supposedly isolationist Middle West are in favor of American postwar collaboration. The state which currently shows the lowest vote for such collaboration is not in the Middle West at all. It is West Virginia. But between the vote in West Virginia and the vote in the most internationally minded state today, Vermont, there is a difference of but a few percentage points.

A far more important factor is degree of education. Surveys have found that voters who have had some college education are the most internationally minded, while those who have not gone beyond grammar school are the least so.

This little known fact has, incidentally, an important bearing on Republican Party strategy. The G. O. P. on the whole draws its support from voters in the higher income and education levels. This accounts in large part for the pressure within the party to commit the Republicans to an internationalist platform—a pressure which came to the surface at Mackinac Island. President Roosevelt, because of his international attitude, is today finding more favor with the upper-income voters than ever before in his regime.

The trouble with our foreign policy after the last war, according to Walter Lippmann and others, was that we made extensive commitments stretching as far around the world as the Philippines, but did not at the same time maintain either the military and naval force or the system of alliances necessary to back up these commitments in a showdown. Today the American people are in no mood to repeat this mistake. In fact, the majority of them believe that every able-bodied young man should be required to spend one year in the Army or Navy during peacetime, not only to ensure an adequate number of trained soldiers in case of trouble, but also because such a program would automatically ensure the maintenance of munitions, ships, aircraft, and other implements of war necessary to train the men.

When it comes time to write the peace after this war, the American people will likely adopt a much harsher attitude toward Japan than toward Germany. The average American's hatred for Japan, polls find, far exceeds his dislike for Nazi Germany. He considers the Japs a treacherous and barbaric people outside the pale of civilized nations. Only 8 per cent of Americans think we will be able to get along better with the Japs than with the Germans after the war.

As for Germany, the average American confines his hatred largely to the Nazi leaders. There are many experts who consider this tendency deplorable. Heinz Pol, for example, argues in his recent book that our real foe is the deeply ingrained philosophy of Pan-Germanism which permeates many classes in the Reich.

If he is correct, then something had better be done soon to pound the point home to the American people, for their present tendency is to think only in terms of stamping out the particular ideology and leadership of the Nazis. They want a pretty thorough job done when it comes to that. Only 2 per cent favor lenient treatment of Hitler and his gang, while the largest number think the Nazi leaders ought to be shot, hanged, or imprisoned, if they are still alive.

THE problem which perplexes the American people probably more than any other is what to do about Russia after the war. It is probably wise to recognize frankly and openly that differences exist between Russia and the United States. Moscow and Washington entered into a "shotgun marriage" in June, 1941, when Hitler attacked the Soviets. The Russian invasion of Finland two years before and the Moscow-Berlin pact of 1939 were fresh in the minds of the American people, and friendship with Russia was at a low ebb. Today the American people have a far more favorable view of Russia. In April the Institute surveyed American opinion on the question, "Do you think Russia can be trusted to co-operate with us after the war?" The largest single number, 44 per cent, voted "yes," while 34 per cent said "no," and the rest were undecided.

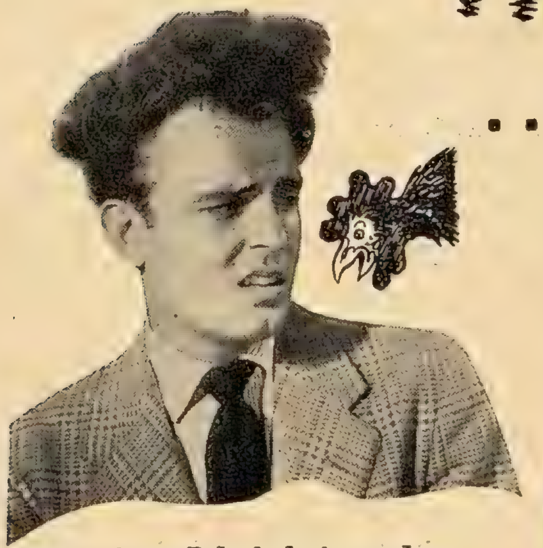
While this was a far more favorable view than would have prevailed a year earlier, nevertheless the total affirmative vote was less than a majority. Nor would a military alliance with Russia after the war meet with anywhere near the same public enthusiasm as a military alliance with Britain. In a recent poll 39 per cent favored a Russo-American alliance, while 37 per cent were opposed and 24 per cent undecided.

Many experts say that the future peace of the world will depend largely on how well the United States and Russia can get along together. If that is true, the survey results suggest the need for a reeducation of the American public to a better understanding of Russia, her problems, and her place in the world.

THE END

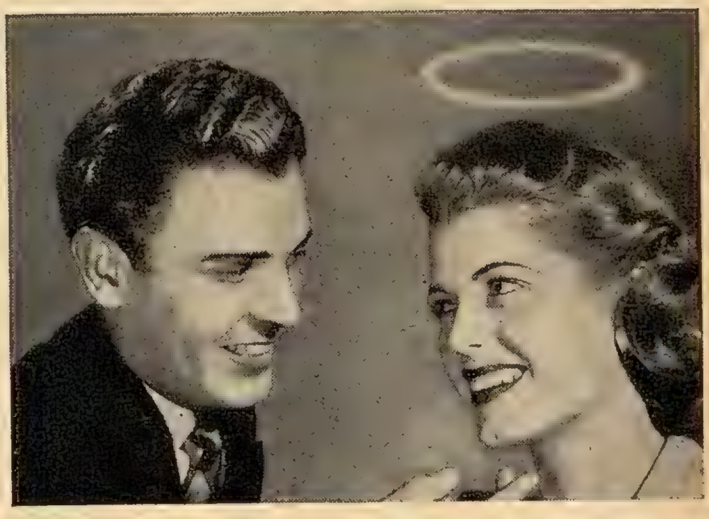
"HENPECKING"

... That's what my darling accused me of



Here's how John's hair used to look an hour after he combed it (not to mention the ugly dandruff scales that messed up his coat like chicken feed). I told him he was using too much water daily as a dressing. Water that robbed his hair of natural oils, leaving it dry, wild and woolly.

"Henpecking!" That's what John accused me of when I complained about his dried-out hair. But he did something about it. Too much, in fact. He got some lay-down grease that made his hair shine like ten-dollar patent leather shoes.



"You're Peaches," John said, when he tried the bottle of Kreml I bought for him. "Kreml is certainly *right* for me—*right* because it's never drying, never greasy—*right* because it does more for my hair than anything else I ever tried." (You're *right*—Kreml is right for better-groomed hair!)

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Makes hair feel softer, more pliable, easier to comb. Removes ugly dandruff scales and relieves itching of scalp they cause. Kreml also relieves breaking and falling of hair that's dry and brittle due to excessive daily use of water as a dressing. Use Kreml daily as directed on the label. Try Kreml today!

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

Unhappy Betty Field is a changed person when Robert Cummings unmasks her after the Mardi Gras festival.

Dame May Whitty invites Thomas Mitchell to read the palm of Edward Robinson. He finds both good and bad.

Aerialist Charles Boyer finds Barbara Stanwyck—a woman he knows only from his dream—on board ship.

BY HARRIET GOULD

FLESH AND FANTASY

(Universal)

Charles Boyer, Barbara Stanwyck, Betty Field, Robert Cummings, Edward G. Robinson, Dame May Whitty

FLESH AND FANTASY might well be 1943's most unusual film. Both in its subject matter and in the manner of its presentation it is far off the beaten track. In a sense it is even experimental, dealing as it does with people's reactions to dreams and fortune tellers.

But there's nothing "arty" about it. In spite of his nebulous subject, Director Julien Duvivier keeps his camera's feet on the ground most of the time. His thesis—that man is master of his own destiny—isn't obscured by trick shots or other flights of technical fancy.

Flesh and Fantasy is actually three films in one. Each sequence is based on a well known short story and, although they are completely unrelated, Duvivier has combined them into a co-ordinated, sensitive film.

The first episode, which stars Betty Field and Robert Cummings, is based on a story by Ellis St. Joseph. It tells of an ugly, emotionally crippled girl who finds not only the love she is seeking but beauty as well by first finding herself. A tender, mystical love story, this sequence comes closest of the three to sheer fantasy.

The second episode, based on an Oscar Wilde story, features Edward G. Robinson with Thomas Mitchell, Dame May Whitty and C. Aubrey Smith. This episode, which deals with the power of suggestion, and tells the story of a famous lawyer who is driven to murder by the prognostications of a fortune teller, is the closest to everyday reality.

The third and best sequence—a combination of reality and fantasy—presents Charles Boyer, Barbara Stanwyck, and Charles Winninger. It is based on Laslo Vadnay's story of a tight-rope artist who dreams he sees a beautiful woman screaming as he hurtles to death. He actually meets the woman later, and Duvivier explores the psychological possibilities of this "coincidence" to a thought-provoking climax.

Duvivier, responsible for such French film classics as Un Carnet de Bal, Pepe Le Moko (Algiers), and The Golem, co-produced Flesh and Fantasy with Boyer, co-authored it with a slew of writers, and kept it before the cameras for eight months—four months longer than most A films. And his efforts have not been in vain, for Flesh and Fantasy offers an adult challenge to your imagination as well as being a top-of-the-heap movie.

PAULETTE GODDARD

PAUL HENREID

DEANNA DURBIN

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

FILM	GIST	LIBERTY SAID:
BEST FOOT FORWARD (M-G-M) Lucille Ball, William Gaxton	*Musical comedy* (a glamorous movie star spends a hectic weekend at a boys' military academy).	From the Broadway play . . . fresh-as-paint production numbers . . . good tunes . . . nicely paced and thoroughly entertaining. (8-14-43)
CLAUDIA (20th Century-Fox) Dorothy McGuire Robert Young Ina Claire	*Comedy-drama* (a pair of newly-weds discover that being adult doesn't mean you're grown up).	A good picture . . . sentimental, humorous, and real as apple pie . . . a solid treat . . . McGuire rates huzzas. (9-25-43)
FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS (Paramount) Ingrid Bergman, Gary Cooper, Katina Paxinou	*Drama* (the screen version of Ernest Hemingway's great novel of love and war in Spain).	One of the *must* pictures of this or any other year . . . long, perhaps, but superb in action and direction. Breath-taking Technicolor. (8-28-43)
GIRL CRAZY (M-G-M) Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney	*Musical comedy* (M-G-M's version of the Gershwin stage show that started Ginger Rogers and Ethel Merman off in 1930).	It's a lulu . . . not at all dated . . . outstanding performances . . . top-notch production . . . wonderful timeless Gershwin tunes. (10-30-43)
HEAVEN CAN WAIT (20th Century-Fox) Don Ameche, Gene Tierney, Charles Coburn	*Comedy-drama* (a man dies and applies for admittance to hell, sure heaven won't have him. He tells the story of his life).	Delightful and adult satire . . . moves at a sprightly pace . . . good cast . . . witty and subtle situations and dialogue. (8-21-43)
LASSIE COME HOME (M-G-M) Roddy McDowall, Donald Crisp, Dame May Whitty	*Drama* (the poignant story of the love and devotion of a dog for her master. Taken from the late Eric Knight's novel classic).	A natural for children and an unsophisticated extra treat for adults . . . superb acting . . . beautiful Technicolor. (10-16-43)
PRINCESS O'ROURKE (Warner Bros.) Olivia de Havilland, Charles Coburn, Robert Cummings	*Comedy* (princess in exile chooses an American flyer for her prince consort—and ends up plain Mrs. O'Rourke).	Sprightly crisp comedy . . . delicious Cinderella story in reverse . . . witty and sparkling dialogue. (11-6-43)
SAHARA (Columbia) Humphrey Bogart	*War drama* (an American tank crew lose their company and make their mark on North African sands).	A swell all-male cast . . . story might have been taken from yesterday's headlines. (11-6-43)
SWEET ROSIE O'GRADY (20th Century-Fox) Betty Grable, Robert Young	*Musical* (an ex-burlesque artiste goes swanky and is put in her place by a Police Gazette reporter. Time: the roaring '80s).	Lush, colorful . . . easily the best of the recent Grable musicals . . . lilting tunes . . . good cast. (11-6-43)
THE CITY THAT STOPPED HITLER—STALINGRAD (Paramount)	*Documentary* (a dramatic record of the 162-day Battle of Stalingrad).	Double-checked *must* on your list . . . you'll cheer . . . your first chance to see Russia's secret rocket weapon. (10-16-43)
THIS IS THE ARMY (Warner Bros.) U. S. Army	*Musical* (movie version of those two great all-soldier shows—Yip Yip, Yaphank and This Is the Army).	As good as the original—and better in spots . . . heart-warming film packed solid with entertainment. (9-11-43)
THOUSANDS CHEER (M-G-M) All-star cast	*Musical* (Metro's parade of stars plus José Iturbi and a nice love story).	A horn of plenty in Technicolor . . . long, but a whopper of a show . . . almost every Metro star takes a turn. (10-23-43)
WATCH ON THE RHINE (Warner Bros.) Paul Lukas, Bette Davis	*Drama* (the story of an anti-Fascist who fights and lives for freedom).	Sensitive, intelligent movie . . . has depth and significance . . . wonderful script, acting . . . one of the year's best. (9-4-43)

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

Whether or not you care about that hick town called New York, those of you who are show-minded will appreciate the amazing demonstration of public interest in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures that's taking place.

★ ★ ★ ★

The main stem, the white way, the hardened artery or whatever you dub the crossroads of the world boasts several first run motion picture theatres. And with only a few exceptions each theatre is playing an M-G-M attraction.

★ ★ ★ ★

At the Astor—the de luxe long run house—they're still playing M-G-M's "Thousands Cheer" which has everything that is anything. More stars than there are in heaven.

★ ★ ★ ★

At the Radio City Music Hall, they're playing "Lassie Come Home"—Eric Knight's remarkable story filmed in technicolor with a perfect cast that includes Roddy McDowall, Donald Crisp, Dame May Whitty, Edmund Gwenn, Nigel Bruce and Elsa Lanchester.

★ ★ ★ ★

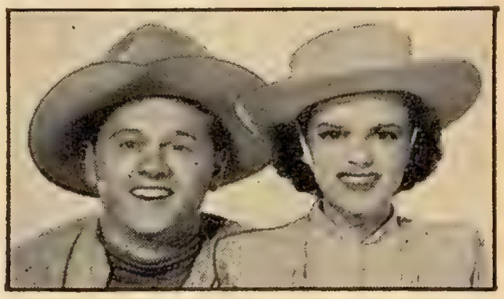
At the Capitol—at the moment of going to press—they're still talking about the run of the gay and tuneful "DuBarry Was A Lady". At the Globe they're finishing the nth week of "Salute To The Marines". At the State they've just ended "Swing Shift Maisie" and at the Rialto, "Hitler's Madman". At the Paramount they're playing the Red Skelton-Eleanor Powell-Jimmy Dorsey musical comedy "I Dood It".

★ ★ ★ ★

So you see it was a legitimate celebration they held, changing the name of Broadway to M-G-M Way.

★ ★ ★ ★

With the attractions coming, every Main Street in America will go M-G-M—which is the way they should go.



"Girl Crazy" is about to tread the boards —or rather grace the screens—of all the best theatres. We think you'll go for this one also.

★ ★ ★ ★

Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland do their stuff in a way that is delicious, delightful and de-lovely. They got rhythm.

★ ★ ★ ★

As for us—we've always been on the M-G-M bandwagon.

—*Leo*

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MUST WE DRAFT LABOR?

Continued from Page 25

Another plant installed a medical clinic and knocked absenteeism down from 4 to 2 per cent.

Turnover and absence rates are highest among women workers. A Seattle plant found that 70 per cent of the quits were women. Surveys indicate that only 10 per cent of the women who quit ever go back to work. Conditions in war communities usually discourage women from working. In Seattle, women quitting their jobs explained that it took an hour and a half to get to work. Lack of child-care facilities is another factor. In New Orleans, child-care facilities were enlarged and 300 new women workers were brought into industry as a result.

Housing conditions are so bad in many communities that it would be impossible to bring workers in from other areas even with a manpower draft. Authorities in San Diego, for example, say they need 7,000 new houses immediately. Even the chicken coops are tenanted there—and by war workers, not chickens.

Wage differentials, resulting from clumsy government policy, are responsible for high quit rates in many industries. On the West Coast, for example, the War Labor Board froze wages in such a manner that the shipyards were able to pay much more than the aircraft plants for virtually the same work.

The proposed manpower draft would assign workers to jobs, but it wouldn't keep them from quitting those jobs nor from being absent from work. So there is every reason to believe that turnover would increase, rather than decrease, where people were serving involuntarily. The conditions which cause quits and absences now would, therefore, have to be corrected under any circumstances. Opponents of the labor draft feel that when such conditions are corrected, the crisis will be over.

THE experience of Dayton, Ohio, would tend to bear this out. Early this year Dayton was designated as a labor-shortage area and it appeared that it would be necessary to transfer war contracts out of the area. Business, labor, and government officials got together and worked out a plan. Features of the plan were: an agreement among employers not to bring in outside workers who would further tax community housing and transportation; a ninety-day moratorium on hiring while big industrialists tried to revise their manpower requests downward; a drive to get women to work; an agreement by local merchants to stay open at night for the convenience of war workers; a drive to get rooms in private homes for war workers; and an improvement in transportation. The plan worked wonders. Turnover and absenteeism were cut in half, and now WMC has declared that Dayton "is no longer an acute labor shortage area."

The question is always raised as to whether industry is using to the fullest extent the labor it has. WMC officials declare that there is a 25-per-cent waste of the labor now employed. Bernard Baruch, in his recent report on the manpower situation, blamed the cost-plus-fixed-fee contracts for this lack of efficiency.

It has been proved that much improvement can be made in labor utilization. Experts surveyed one airplane factory, ordered the release of 1,500 workers, and watched triumphantly as production went up. In a Midwestern plant a study resulted in the release of 500 white-collar workers. A West Coast shipyard was able to bring the time required to build a ship down from 900,000 to 250,000 man-hours.

CONDITIONS that cause a wastage of labor are usually easy to correct. A welder in a shipyard may spend eight hours a day in the yard but put in only two hours of work. His boss wants him on tap all day so he will be there at the exact moment he is needed. It is hard to staff the night shift in aircraft plants. So when workers come in during the day, they often find that the night shift has not made the particular parts needed in their department. So a part of the day shift is idle until the deficit is made up. These conditions can be corrected through close labor-management co-operation, it has been shown.

WMC has been successful, in certain areas, in applying enough pressure on workers to get them into the right industries. In Buffalo WMC set up a system under which the Employment Service was able to control hiring. Of 30,000 workers assigned to jobs in the area, only 212 refused to take them. The tight control established in this area enabled the community to get through the crisis without losing production.

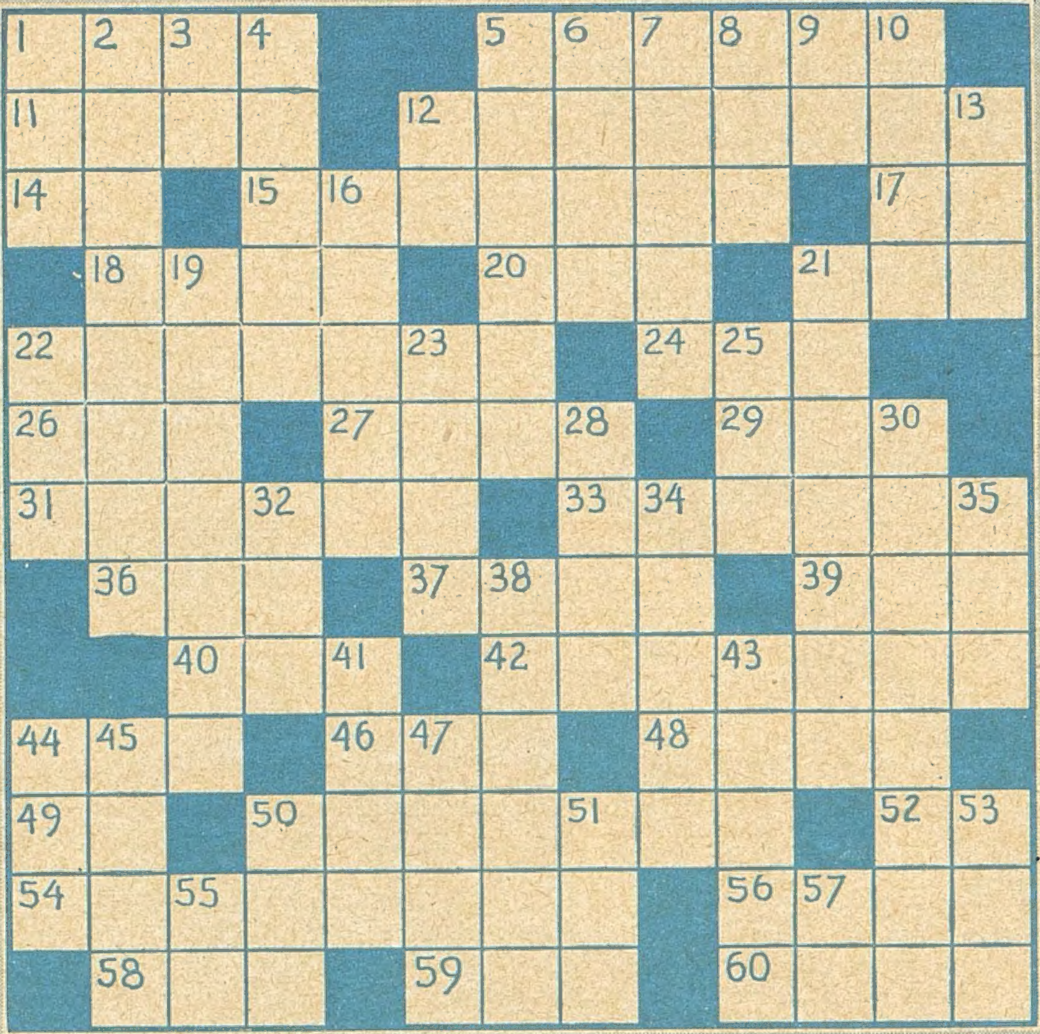
Our experience so far indicates that there are many things which can be done to relieve the manpower situation before it becomes necessary to draft labor. The West Coast has become the great laboratory where the voluntary method of labor recruitment is getting its last great trial.

It is generally known in Washington that Justice Byrnes, WMC Chief McNutt, and WPB Director Donald Nelson have just about made up their minds that a labor draft is going to be necessary. It was Baruch who insisted that the West Coast scheme of "voluntary compulsion" be given a trial. If the rate of production of planes, ships, and munitions drops, due to manpower troubles, McNutt is going to do a lot more enigmatic smiling—and perhaps some talking. Because a lot of people are going to be asking that question about the labor draft.

THE END

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORDS

BY TED SHANE



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HORIZONTAL

1 If the waiter yells "Clean the kitchen for two," what've you and your girl ordered?
5 Name a Chinese river boat
11 What boat did Jason sail for the Golden Fleece which could utter prophecies?
12 What extraordinary things do all religions have in common?
14 A rear-rank buck private's called a what in this war?
15 Fliers call that self-inflating life preserver a what? (two wds.)
17 The Pharaohs claimed whom as their godpapa?
18 How He —— to Her Husband, by G. B. Shaw
20 Query
21 The air bladder of what well vitamined fish is made into isinglass?
22 What are "gentlemanly preferences"?
24 Suth'n Cunnels allegedly end all sentences with what?
26 What's the square root of 12100?
27 What comedian goes "Ngong. ngong, ngong"?
29 What was the American Legion of the Civil War?
31 What's "deep South" for peanut?
33 The members of what Filipino tribe did MacArthur especially commend during Bataan?
36 Conjunction
37 Ancient history written by a pulp writer is called a what?
39 What's slang for a diamond ring?
40 Mortimer Snerd's a what?
42 What's the name of the new Army rocket gun?
44 ——, amas, amat
46 What fish has recently gone to war, is a military secret, too?
48 From what Italian family is the present English ruling dynasty descended?
49 What word, if doubled, means mediocre?
50 Jack Dempsey was once known as the what Mauler?
52 What once deadly disease is now entirely curable by rest, fresh air and proper food? (abbr.)
54 Magnets, attracting iron shavings, do what to them?
56 What's the most frequently given household item in romance?
58 What couldn't Adam stand in his later years?
59 California rain's called what?
60 Who's being groomed for next Prime Minister of England?

C	R	E	A	M	P	U	F	F	S	■	B	L	E	W
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Last week's answer

VERTICAL

1 Droop
2 What's a million million?
3 Abbreviate for example
4 What do Swedish boys like when they grow up?
5 George Fitch created what famed college?
6 Who was least loved on Olympus?
7 Chinese actors all wear what? (pl.)
8 % (abbr.)
9 Ring Lardner wrote a book about whom?
10 Who was the last of the Caesars?
12 In what state was Longfellow born? (abbr.)
13 What does "triste" mean in English?
16 Eggs spoiled while hatching are said to be what?
19 10 raised to fifth power equals what?
21 Ancient Britons made a tank by attaching knives to the wheels of a what?
22 49 Horizontal and this make what Edna Ferber title?
23 Cannoneers have hairy what?
25 Hugh in Italian
28 What's the capital of Latvia? (Not Moscow)
30 A Radio City Music Hall dancer's a what?
32 What's slang for woman's most uplifting sartorial item?
34 Looks of admiration
35 What's the only thing the British Eighth Army's said to stop for?
38 How did the Germans leave Naples?
41 Name one of the Four Freedoms from
43 What Indian sounds like an address to a master?
44 Via what did Cleopatra reach the pyramids?
45 Othello was a what racially?
47 Who was Geraint's wife?
50 What queen did Shakespeare call a midwife to men's fancies?
51 What was one of the few things a Victorian woman could do to earn a living?
53 Name the biggest striker in London
55 Name a battle Washington lost (abbr.)
57 —— lib

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

WORKERS! WHO SUFFER
'FACTORY' ITCH
SKIN RASHES
Zemo promptly relieves torture!

First applications of wonderful soothing, medicated *liquid* Zemo—a Doctor's formula—promptly relieve intense itch and burning of simple skin rashes, eczema and similar skin and scalp irritations due to external cause. Zemo also aids healing. Backed by 35 years' success! Clean, stainless, invisible Zemo won't show on skin.

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SINASIPTEC often loosens and flushes nasal passage clear of clogging secretions that may cause pounding headache pressure. Ask for SINASIPTEC at drug stores.

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ITCHING SKIN
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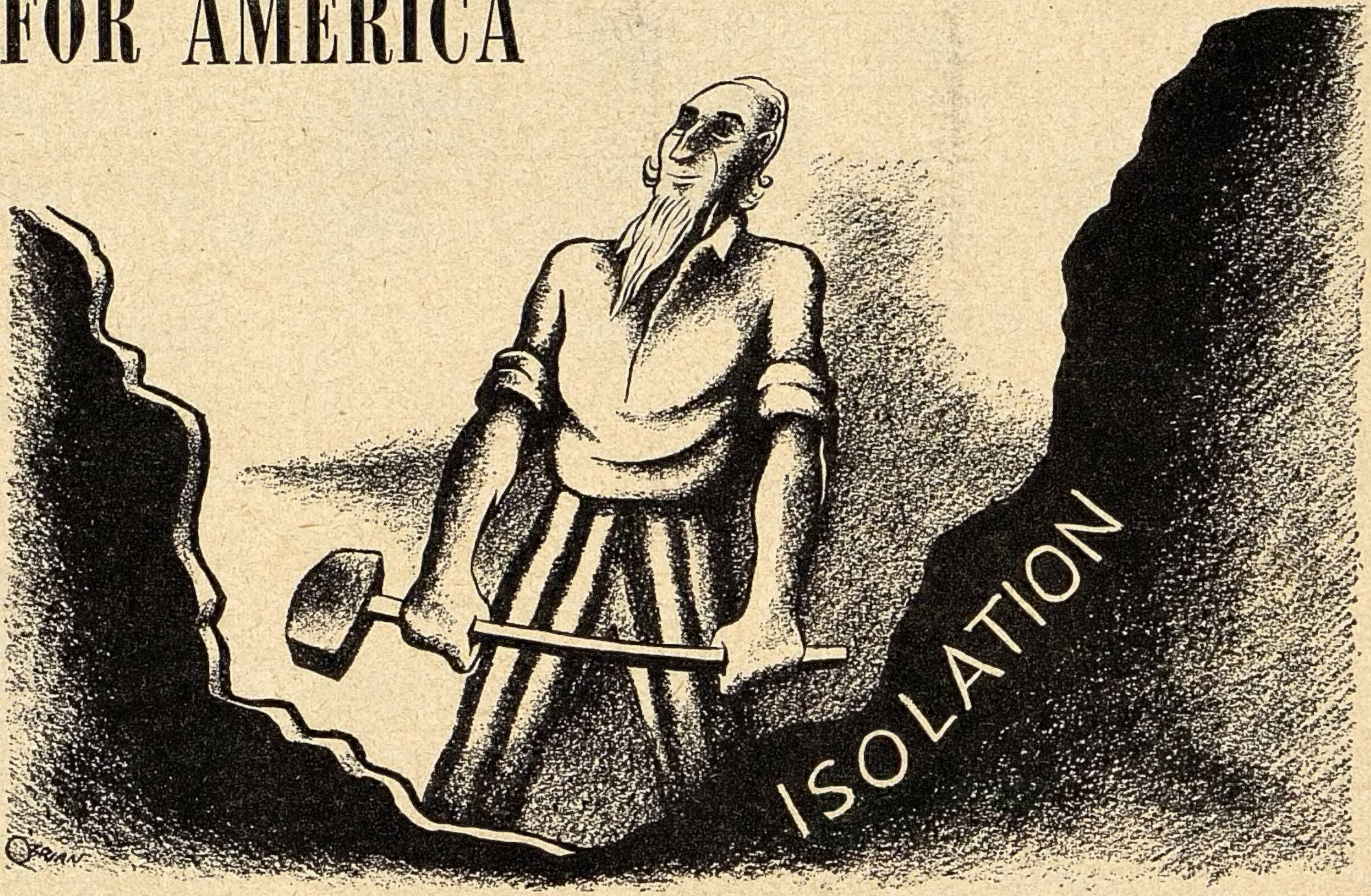
Help Kidneys
If Back Aches

Do you feel older than you are or suffer from Getting Up Nights, Backache, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatic Pains, Burning, scanty or frequent passages? If so, remember that your Kidneys are vital to your health and that these symptoms may be due to non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles—in such cases Cystex (a physician's prescription) usually gives prompt and joyous relief by helping the Kidneys flush out poisonous excess acids and wastes. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose in trying Cystex. An iron-clad guarantee assures a refund of your money on return of empty package unless fully satisfied. Don't delay. Get Cystex (Siss-tex) from your druggist today. Only 35c.

Cystex
Helps Flush Kidneys

NO MORE ISOLATION FOR AMERICA



IT is now apparent the people of the United States have made up their minds to participate in some form of international organization after the war is over.

We do not know as yet what form this organization will take or what the extent of our participation will be. However, having made up our minds to participate, it is more than likely we will go whole-hog into whatever scheme is eventually decided upon.

Evidence of America's decision to cooperate in some sort of world order is to be found in the expressed opinions of our major political parties and of the leading figures within them. Evidence is also to be found in the present preoccupation of Congress with various resolutions designed to give expression to public opinion. The arguments in Congress over the form of such resolutions mean little. At present no actual proposition for American participation in world affairs is up for consideration.

It is inconceivable that when a definite proposal is made it will be turned down—if it is within reason.

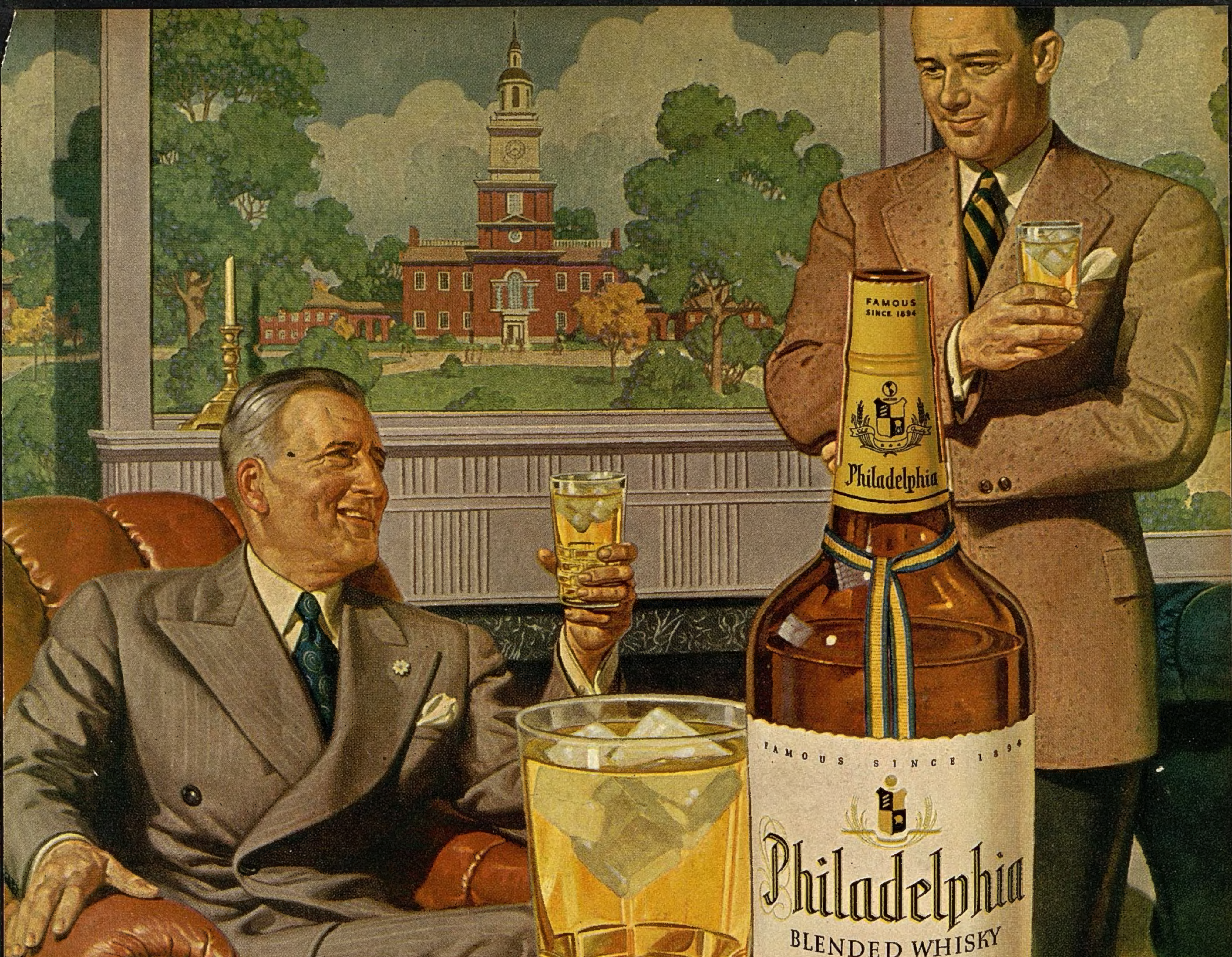
Thus America reaches and passes a milestone in her history and embarks upon a new road of international policy. We don't know what twists and turns this new road will take. However, our traditional policy of keeping our fingers out of world events did not give us what we seek. We want to remain at peace and to continue our development unhampered by the awful waste of war. We have not been able to do so. So therefore we've decided to take a hand in directing world events.

It will cost us money to travel the road of international co-operation. We will have to pay our share of the cost of whatever armed force is required to assure peace. We will also have to give way occasionally in economic matters in order to eliminate some maladjustment which might lead to conflict. But, whatever the cost, it can only be peanuts compared with the price we have had to pay and are now paying for isolation. Wars on a global scale are terrifically costly affairs. We are far better off to spend a billion or so a year on international co-operation than two hundred billion, plus much blood and suffering, to straighten out affairs once they have gotten into a mess.

Isolation, we have found, is a very costly policy indeed.

We are currently the most powerful nation in the world, but we have no assurance that we will always remain so. For the sake of humanity in general, for our own safety, and for our pocketbooks it is fortunate we have come to the conclusion that we must seek a peaceful and orderly world in cooperation with other nations of similar intent.

Paul Hunter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Philadelphia
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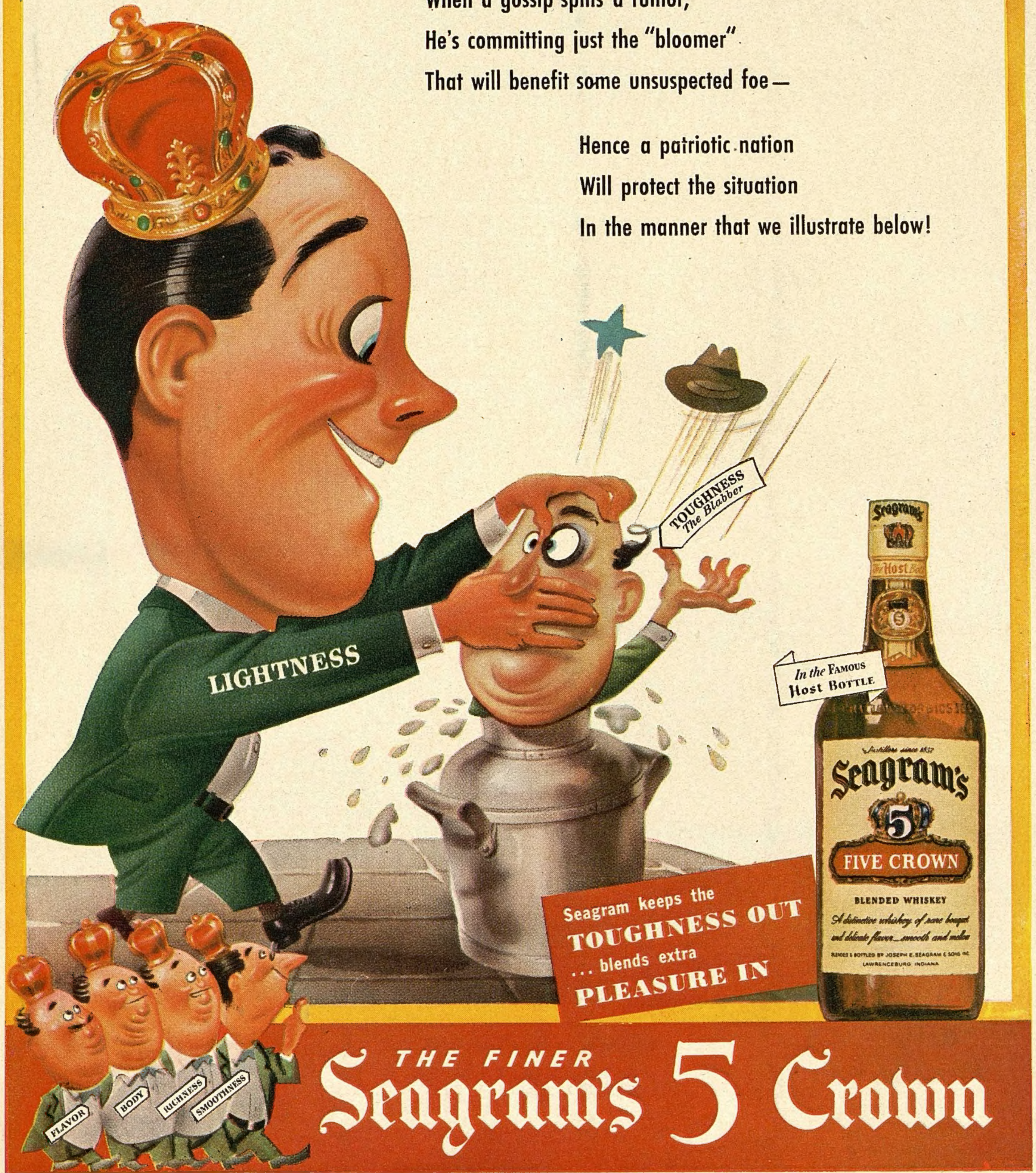
"SOME TONGUES SHOULD BE CANNED!"—

say the 5 Crowns

When a gossip spills a rumor,
He's committing just the "bloomer"
That will benefit some unsuspected foe—

Hence a patriotic nation
Will protect the situation
In the manner that we illustrate below!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TOUGHNESS The Blabber
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The Host Bottle
In the FAMOUS Host BOTTLE
Distillers since 1857
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5
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BLENDED WHISKEY
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